

ULY

THE CANDIDATES AND THE HYPHENATES

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EDITED BY EDWARD J. WHEELER

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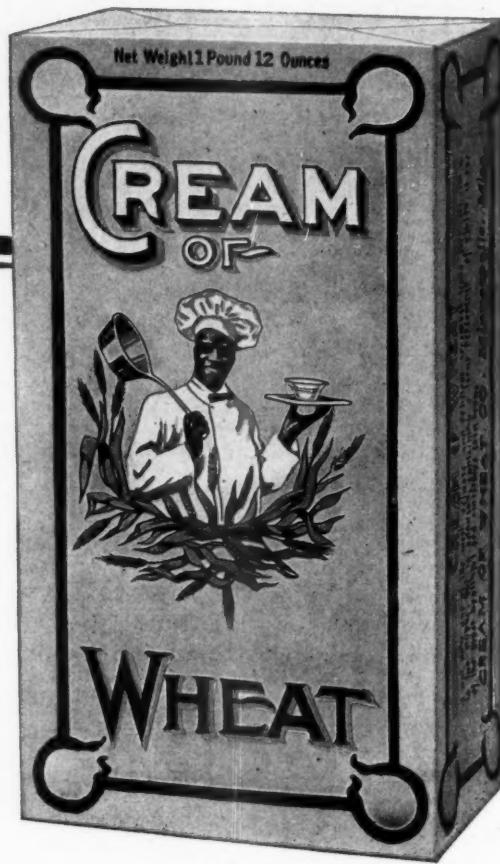
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CURRENT OPINION

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A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

THE PRESIDENT CALLS OUT THE NATIONAL GUARD TO PATROL OUR MEXICAN BORDER

"I WONDER," said Nicholas Murray Butler a short time ago, "whether we are really making peace or war in Mexico." The answer just at this writing seems to be obvious. We are making neither. We are certainly not making peace and technically we are not making war. But as raid has followed raid on the territory of the United States, and as notice has followed notice from the Mexican authorities that our troops must stay no longer on Mexican soil, the most hopeful of Pacifists can see little chance of averting technical as well as actual hostilities. According to newspaper estimates, some 300 Mexicans have been killed since our first punitive expedition started across the border four months ago. Since then all the available mobile forces in the regular army have been added either to the expedition itself or to the border patrol. About 4,000 troops of the National Guard from Texas, New Mexico and Arizona were added over a month ago. And on June 18th the President's call was issued for "substantially all the State militia" to be sent to the border "wherever and as fully as General Funston determines them to be needed for the purpose stated." On the same date the news came from Juarez that General Gonzales had received orders from General Obregon calling upon all Mexicans to enlist "for service against foreign invaders." This call, it is reported, has been issued to all the military commanders of Mexico and contemplates an army of 500,000 men. General Trevino has notified General Pershing that any further movement of troops under the latter's command either to the east, west or south will be regarded as a hostile act. General Ricaut has notified General Funston that if any more of our troops cross the border his troops

will at once attack them. All men in Juarez have been notified to meet in the plaza "to practise and prepare in the event that there is a break with the United States." All railroad tracks on the Mexican end of the International Bridge at Brownsville have been destroyed. Our troops under General Pershing occupy a line about 380 miles long from Columbus, N. M., to Namiquipa, in Chihuahua, and the Carranzista troops envelop them in a gigantic V, the apex of which lies south of Namiquipa and the two lines of which extend on either side of our troops up to points near the border. That is the situation as we go to press.

Carranza Charges That Raids are Organized With Our Aid.

THREE raids have been made on our territory. The first was at Columbus, the second at Glenn Springs, the third at San Ignacio. The pursuit of the first raiders by our troops called forth a protest from Carranza. The pursuit of the second band of raiders called forth a long and formal letter terming the pursuit a violation of Mexican sovereignty, declaring that the contradiction between "the protests of amity on the part of Washington and the acts of distrust and aggression on the part of American military authorities" should be brought to an end, and winding up with a request for the immediate withdrawal of our troops from Mexican soil. The third raid, as already stated, was followed by the notice from General Ricaut that pursuit would be followed by an attack upon our forces. Thus events have progressed toward a hopeless impasse. We point out to Carranza that the continued raids show the necessity of the presence of our troops on Mexican soil

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and the inability of his troops to preserve order. Carranza responds with the charge that "the greater number of the bands which take the name of rebels against the Constitutional Government are provided and armed and



MUST WE LEAVE IT TO EUROPEAN DOCTORS TO OPERATE?
—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

perhaps organized on the American side, under the tolerance of the authorities of the State of Texas and, it may be said, even of the federal authorities of the United States." He does not rest with this impeachment of State and Federal authorities. He charges that "continuous aid" is given to the rebels by "the American Catholic clergy" in the hopes of bringing about intervention. While Carranza's charges and demands are regarded by many American papers like the Chicago Tribune and the Washington Post as insolent and humiliating, the N. Y. Tribune thinks his general position is unanswerable once the principles of the projected Pan-American compact are conceded to be valid. The Indianapolis News expresses the common view of our press when it says that if Carranza really wishes to get our troops out of Mexico he can best do it by showing by deeds rather than by words that their presence is no longer necessary.

Is Mexican Sovereignty an
Idealistic Fiction?

MEXICAN sovereignty is a fiction, according to the *New Republic* (New York). Its government is unable to perform those essential functions which entitle it to respect and consideration. It is unable to afford even semi-security to the lives and property of aliens resident in Mexico. It is unable to prevent marauding outlaws from making murderous forage into American territory. While insisting on all the privileges of a sovereign state it is ignoring most of the responsibilities. Mexican sovereignty is not a sacred legal abstraction, but a living political instrument to be justified by its fruits. President Wilson will only make headway by discarding the idea of possessing a fictitious sovereignty and by interfering sufficiently to establish a minimum standard of good behavior. On the other hand Luis G. Brossero, ex-editor of the *Mexican Re-*

view, now in this country, points to the alleged retirement of one-fifth of the debt of the Carranza government in two months and the consequent rise in value of the peso from one cent to four and a half cents gold, the collapse of Villa's insurrection and the beginning of stable government by the decree of the freedom of the municipalities. Decrees for protecting labor from oppression, we are told, the organization of unions, provisions for education, redistribution of common lands and proportionate taxation have been enacted. "Our enemies want to spread anarchy in Mexico in order to force the United States into intervening." One journal, which has steadily sustained President Wilson's non-intervention policy, the *N. Y. Times*, now sees nothing ahead of us but to follow in Mexico the course pursued in Cuba. It says:

"It is a question for immediate and grave consideration whether we ought not now to make an end for all time of the Mexican menace to our peace and security, first by taking such measures, following the Cuban precedent, as will establish in Mexico a government capable of maintaining order at home and fulfilling obligations abroad; second, by thereafter maintaining an armed force sufficient at any time not merely to defend our border, but to give meaning and authority to any demand which we may have occasion to make upon our unstable neighbors to the south, should they again fall into evil ways of turbulence and lawlessness."

Between the college graduates and party platforms the country ought to find out what's the matter with it.—*Knoxville Sentinel*.

American forces in Mexico are resting on their arms and Carranza is waving his.—*Baltimore American*.

We always knew Hughes was only pretending he couldn't talk.—*Washington Post*.



"AM I INTERVENING, INTERFERING, OR JUST 'BUTTING IN'?"
—Cesare in N. Y. Sun

WILSON, HUGHES AND THE NEW POLITICAL LINE-UP

FOUR years ago it was freely predicted that there would never be another national nominating convention. President Wilson himself, if we remember aright, made that prediction. Yet last month three parties were holding national conventions in Chicago at the same time—the Republican, the Progressive and the new party, or semblance of one, calling itself the Woman's Party. The country has seen political circuses before, but never before a three-ring circus. The Woman's Party did not try to make any nominations. They were after woman suffrage planks in the platforms of the other parties and they got what they went after. Every party in sight now has endorsed votes for women. The Republicans nominated Charles E. Hughes for President on the third ballot. The Progressives nominated Theodore Roosevelt by acclamation. The Democrats, a week later in St. Louis, nominated Woodrow Wilson by acclamation. Three nominations and an aggregate of only three ballots must break all records. The three nominees for Vice-President—Fairbanks, Parker and Marshall—were each named in the first ballot or by acclamation. The three platforms were adopted with but little contest outside the committee rooms and not any very lively contests there. A La Follette man offered a minority report in the Republican convention and it received three votes. There was no minority report in the Progressive convention. In the Democratic convention there was a minority report against woman suffrage and, after a lively but not bitter debate, it received 181 votes. "For the first time in twenty-four years," the N. Y. *Times* observes, "the Democrats enter a presidential campaign as a united party, without dissensions, with nobody sulking, all supporting their candidate with loyalty and confidence." Mr. Bryan was present—as a press correspondent. He was called on twice for a speech and he responded with a cordial eulogy of the President and with a general approval of the platform.

Effect of This Election on the Fate of Europe.

WE are all used to being told in every campaign that the fate of the country is at stake. It is a new experience to be told that the fate of the world is at stake. Yet that is what the editor of the London *Daily News* has to tell us. The issue in this election, he says, is not merely to decide between this party and that, but "to decide what America stands for with regard to the future of the world; and with that decision not the interests of America alone but the interests of Europe and the whole earth are bound up." He goes on to remark that the United States is "the greatest potentiality on earth" and its awakening to the need for preparedness is "a world-shaking portent." He sees in it, however, a portent not of evil but of good. "We cannot save ourselves," he cries out, speaking for Europe. "Left to ourselves we shall pursue the old path to ruin. The devil's engine of secret diplomacy will start weaving its webs on a new platform. . . . The Old World cannot save itself alone." Back of the watchword of preparedness in this country, the London editor finds "an idea so sane, so full of hope, that this distracted Europe might be expected to seize on its

promise as a shipwrecked sailor seizes at the raft." It is the idea "that the power of America should be used to deliver humanity from the toils in which it has been enmeshed in the past; that it should be the weapon of the new dispensation; that the affairs of men shall henceforth be subject to the arbitration, not of force, but of justice." Just how clearly that idea was in the heads of the delegates in Chicago or St. Louis may be a question; but it is obvious that never before in a series of national conventions in this country was the general sense of our future relations to the rest of the world such a dominant feeling as in the conventions last month. One-third of the Democratic platform, one-half of the Republican platform and two-thirds of the Progressive platform are devoted to such subjects as Americanism, preparedness, protection of American interests in foreign lands and on the high seas, our Pan-American relations, our duties after the war is over in helping to secure permanent peace.

Dominant Purposes of the Three Conventions.

THREE dominant purposes were evident at the three conventions. That in the Democratic convention was the vindication of the President's policy of keeping us out of war. That in the Progressive convention was the nomination of Roosevelt. What set it afame was his magic name, the hullabaloo lasting an hour and a half. In the Republican convention, the dominant purpose was not bound up with any particular issue or person. It was to secure a reconciliation with the Progressives without submission to their demands for the nomination of Roosevelt. The only thing that could have set the Republicans afame would have been some dramatic scene of reconciliation. It did not come and the orators of that convention labored in vain to kindle a conflagration. "Not that the men were indifferent," so runs the interpretation of one acute correspondent, "but that they were weighed down by the immensity of their task, their inability to solve their problem, and their fear, amounting almost to a conviction, that they would be unable to find a way to solve it." Whether it was finally solved in the nomination of Hughes still remains uncertain. It is true that Mr. Roosevelt has



T. R.: "THIS HURTS ME WORSE THAN IT HURTS YOU"
—Morris in the *Independent*

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refused to accept the nomination on a separate Progressive ticket and has announced that he is "out of politics." It is also true that many of the Progressive leaders have announced their satisfaction with the Republican platform and Mr. Hughes's note of acceptance, and the Chicago *Tribune* and other Progressive papers are fast swinging back into the Republican ranks. But the official attitude of the party has not been determined at this writing, and Mr. Roosevelt has not made his refusal to run final and conclusive. There is little doubt, however, that the career of the Progressive party, as a separate organization, has run its course. "Hughes," says the *Chicago Tribune*, "is a man whom every sincere Progressive, from Colonel Roosevelt to the least of his followers, may and should actively support." One of the chief inspirations of the whole movement, it asserts, came from his administration as governor of New York, and his note of acceptance discloses that his position to-day is "virtually identical with Mr. Roosevelt's."

**Effect of Hughes's Candidacy
on the Supreme Court.**

ONE issue that may be heard from in more and more tremulous tones as the campaign progresses is that which arises from drafting a Supreme Court Justice into service as a Presidential candidate. It has already been heard from. The Charleston *News and Courier*, which concedes that Mr. Hughes is the strongest man the Republicans could have named, says that his troubles are now just beginning. For instance: "He must explain to the country first of all why he has followed a course which cannot but menace the integrity of the Supreme Court in the future—which lays us open to the peril that hereafter we may have as members of that tribunal men of ambition with an eye open for political

opportunities." The Chattanooga *Times* sees in his nomination "one of the most regrettable things in our history," and regards its acceptance as "a step in the direction of prostitution of our tribunal of last resort." It reasons as follows: "Once let the supposition be established that a seat on the Supreme bench is to be regarded as in the line of even possible promotion to the presidency, and all our years of absolute reverence for and supreme confidence in the character of that bench must become mere memories of better times and better things." The N. Y. *Times* also sees in the Hughes candidacy "the seed and origin of a perilous change in the American polity, the unbalancing of the balance of powers under the Constitution, the demoralization and degradation of the Supreme Court." Samuel Untermyer, the New York lawyer, expresses himself as follows:

"Until now we have rested secure that this great court and every member of it were dedicated beyond recall to the sacred duty of construing and safeguarding our Constitution, and that here, at least, neither political ambition nor political expediency could enter. Henceforth our people will have to scan with a jealous eye every decision of that court affecting the rights and obligations of labor and of corporations and every construction of our Constitution involving principles of economic government and social justice."

**Precedents for the Nomination
of a Judge.**

THERE was much talk of placing a plank on the subject in the Democratic platform, but, according to what seem like authentic reports, President Wilson himself prevented that and nothing was said on the subject. The N. Y. *Evening Post* thinks such a plank would have been a piece of campaign buncombe, and it treats the issue in the following way:

"The one party that in all our history has shown a marked fondness for nominating judges as presidents and governors and mayors is the Democratic. From the days of Levi Woodbury and Stephen A. Douglas to those of Allen G. Thurman and Alton B. Parker the Democrats have never thought of judicial office as a bar to any other. And, of course, if there is any principle involved, it applies to judges of the highest courts of a State as well as to Federal judges."

The N. Y. *Sun* recalls that Alton B. Parker was chief judge of the N. Y. Court of Appeals when nominated for the Presidency by the Democrats, and retained the office for a month after his nomination; and "neither that great court nor Judge Parker suffered in good repute, in usefulness or in any other particular." The *Evening Sun* goes farther. It insists that "in any reasonable view the Republican party has done the Court an honor in selecting one of its members for the highest, the most honorable office in the gift of the people." The Topeka *Capital* also thinks that the Court has actually gained in the precedent set by the course of Justice Hughes, and in the future any member of that Court who conducts himself in any less studiously non-committal and disinterested way will be damned by public opinion. "It is far from a negative attitude that Judge Hughes adopted; it is a positive stand in defense of the Supreme Court, an attitude to be historic in itself, a new chapter in American judicial tradition."



THE CANDIDATES AND THE HYPHENATES

THE first struggle of the presidential campaign is to determine who shall wear the label as candidate of the hyphenates. The struggle is not to get possession of the label but—as in some of the games of our childhood—to escape being found in possession of it. The whole force of Mr. Roosevelt's attacks upon President Wilson has been for "pussyfooting" in the controversy with Germany and in dealing with the alleged disloyalty of certain German-Americans. Mr. Roosevelt himself is denounced by his enemies—the N. Y. *Journal of Commerce* among them—as "the leader of the Teutonic spirit in this country," in that he is trying to centralize and militarize the country *à la* Germany. It was Professor Münsterberg who, a few months ago, commended Mr. Roosevelt as being, of all our public men, most fundamentally in sympathy with German aims and methods. Now it is the turn of Mr. Hughes. Before he ever knew that he was a candidate, certain German-Americans were loudly claiming that his nomination was a great victory for them, and Frank I. Cobb, the most brilliant editorial writer of our day, was filling his fountain pen for a series of editorials in the N. Y. *World* arraigning Mr. Hughes as the German-American candidate and hurling into space such questions as, "Can the Kaiser Defeat the President?" The Democratic press, especially in the East, has taken up the cry in the effort to put the Republican candidate on the defensive at the very start. President Wilson has been able thus far to appropriate the slogans of Peace and Prosperity, tho Carranza may yet break the force of one of these slogans and the railway strike may injure the other. He has made a heroic effort, even to marching in a preparedness parade, to appropriate the slogan of Preparedness. If now the slogan of Americanism can be appropriated for him in the very beginning of the campaign, it will be a brilliant beginning. And the bitterest foes he has in the country are, with the usual Teutonic skill in diplomacy, doing their best to help along the effort.

Glee of German-Americans Over the Nomination of Mr. Hughes.

HARD upon the nomination of Mr. Hughes a German newspaper in Illinois—the Illinois *Staats-Zeitung*—published three pages of German-American comment, nearly all of it exultant, explaining at the same time how the nomination of Hughes and the defeat of Roosevelt was a double victory for the German-Americans. The Teutonic Sons of America held a meeting of their National Council in Chicago and passed a resolution calling upon "all American citizens of Teutonic extraction or sympathy" to give their support to the Republican ticket. The German-American Alliance held a mass-meeting to celebrate the nomination of Hughes and the defeat of Roosevelt. The Illinois secretary of that Alliance, Louis E. Brandt, rushed into print with a shout of triumph, saying that "the campaign for Hughes was planned six months ago." The most outspoken Democratic paper in the country published in German—the *Wächter und Anzeiger*, of Cleveland—which even supported the Democratic ticket in the free-silver campaign, now flings out a banner for Hughes and Fairbanks, saying: "We are not enamored of Republican doctrines, but we welcome the fact that the American people has been spared the

necessity of choosing between Wilson and Roosevelt. The voters have an opportunity to reject the candidate who has shown by his deeds that he stands for England and that his policies are shaped in England's interest." The Cincinnati *Volksblatt*, the Cincinnati *Freie Presse*, the St. Louis *Westliche Post*, the New York *Herold*, the *Fatherland* and a host of other papers published in German sounded the same pean of joy until the *Herold* cried out in warning against "overdoing our business."

"Can the Kaiser Defeat the President?"

THE outpouring of glee with which German-Americans have professed to hail the nomination of Mr. Hughes has been promptly seized upon by the N. Y. *World* and treated as a Democratic asset. In its editorial, "Can the Kaiser Defeat the President?" it says:

"No other issue of the campaign is so vital as the issue that this vote [of German-Americans] presents. The followers of the Kaiser in the United States have set out to destroy President Wilson politically for the crime of being an American President instead of a German President. They have adopted Mr. Hughes as their candidate and made his cause their cause. They have decreed that President Wilson must be defeated because the foreign policies of his Administration are not satisfactory to the German Empire."

The *World* does not raise any question whatever of the undiluted Americanism of Mr. Hughes; but—

"Whatever Mr. Hughes may say, whatever Mr. Hughes may do, he is the German candidate for President of the United States. He may not welcome this professional German support, but without it he could not have been nominated and without it he cannot be elected. . . .

"If Mr. Hughes should be elected President, his success would inevitably be regarded throughout the world as a tremendous victory for Germany in the United States. It would be a notice to all civilization that the German vote, and through the German vote the German Government,



holds the balance of power in American politics. It would proclaim to the nations that no President of the United States could hereafter hope for reelection unless his foreign policy was satisfactory to Berlin and the Kaiser."

A number of Democratic papers in the East have been prompt to follow this lead. The Brooklyn *Citizen* finds the Republican party convicted of assisting "in the election of a German viceroy as President of the United States." It fails to see that Mr. Hughes can do anything to remove the stigma. "He is in a dilemma from which there is really no escape."

Earnest Calls on Mr. Hughes to Repel Teutonic Support.

THAT these assaults have disturbed some of those counted among the sure supporters of Mr. Hughes is evident. The N. Y. *Tribune* calls upon him for "a prompt, frank and specific statement upon the Hyphen question" and warns him that "continued silence will be fatal." It does not think his note of acceptance or his subsequent statement about being "an out-and-out American" answers the need, for they are statements that even those who cheered the sinking of the *Lusitania* profess to endorse. "If," says the *Tribune*, "the German-American interests are identified with any candidate, that candidate will be defeated by Americans, without regard to party. Only Mr. Hughes can decide whether his candidacy shall have this label, and only he can prevent it." The Chicago *Evening Post* sees in German-American support "the most dangerous boomerang that any presidential candidate can have offered him," and while it thinks that his statement about his undiluted Americanism will be conclusive for those who know his character, he will have to go further soon and add "a denunciation of separatism, disunion and disloyalty," the application of which to the German-American Alliance will not be uncertain. "On this matter," says the N. Y. *Evening Sun*, "he should speak out at once. He cannot speak too explicitly or too emphatically." The Philadelphia *North American*—a Progressive paper—has a long editorial on "The Embarrassment of Mr. Hughes." "Unless Mr. Hughes," it remarks, "can in some convincing manner dissociate himself from the characterization fastened upon him, he will be in danger of losing the support of vast numbers of patriotic Americans." Nor does it see how he can do this, for he "can hardly hope to win his case with words, be they ever so strong, for in this particular method of campaigning his Democratic opponent has him beaten, as the saying is, to a whisper." It sees the Progressive vote already divided because of this issue. "Many of them will vote for their own candidate, scores of thousands will vote for President Wilson."

Deplored the Advent of the Hyphen Into the Campaign.

APPARENTLY this quick turn in the campaign has taken the Republican and many independent papers by surprise. They resent with indignation the attempt to fix upon Mr. Hughes even for a day the German-American label. The Pittsburgh *Dispatch* thinks that many of the Eastern papers are suffering from a form of Germanophobia and are injecting their hysteria about Hyphenates into everything. "There is not and there should not be," it says, "any question of the thorogoeing Americanism of either Mr. Wilson



HELPING WOODROW

—Johnson in *Saturday Evening Post*

or Mr. Hughes. It should not be made a subject of controversy, even in degree. It should be assumed as a matter of fact that the candidates named for the Presidency of the United States by the two great American political parties are American through and through. It should not be so much as discussed, but accepted as a matter of course." The Indianapolis *News* takes about the same position. It has words of high praise for President Wilson's Flag - Day speech and it deprecates any effort to call in question the true Americanism of Mr. Hughes. "The men who are embarrassing him by their support," it says, "care nothing for him, their only purpose being to defeat Wilson." The N. Y. *Evening Post* sees in this attack upon Mr. Hughes "an insult to the intelligence of the American people." It does not deny that a situation has been created with which Mr. Hughes will have to deal, but it has full confidence that "he will set every doubt at rest and put his assailants to the blush." In the meantime it deplores the attempts to make everything in this campaign turn upon a foreign war or foreign sympathies or the birth-records of American voters. The N. Y. *Press*, at one time a Progressive party paper, refers to the *World* editorials as "that blatant nonsense, that brazen perjury, that dishonesty unashamed," and predicts that it will "be glad enough to drop this slanderous and fraudulent issue" as soon as Mr. Hughes gets on his campaign clothes. The Cleveland *Plain-Dealer* is also looking to Mr. Hughes to put a speedy quietus on this issue. It says: "Quite aside from whatever influence it might have on the vote in November, the attempt to draw a racial line in America is deplorable. To conduct an American presidential campaign on the issues of the European war would be an almost unthinkable abrogation of Americanism. From a purely practical standpoint it would doubtless react against its originators. There are enough real Americans—of American, German or cosmopolitan origin—to register their rebuke against such an effort."

PRESIDENT WILSON AS A GERMAN CATSPAWE IN THE EYES OF THE BRITISH

A SERIOUS doubt on the subject of President Wilson has for some weeks haunted the foreign offices of the entente powers, a doubt first suggested, perhaps, by the admonition of the London *Post* that he beware lest German diplomacy make a catspaw of him. The thing most dreaded by the organs of the Allies has, according to some of them, happened at last. Mr. Wilson has been lured by the Wilhelmstrasse into what may become a false position. He has been drawn into the vortex of German world politics. There is little doubt of the perfect good faith of the President in those organs in London and Paris and Petrograd which have modified of late their original high estimate of the Wilson sagacity. The Germans have jockeyed him into an attitude of pacifism which may imperil his prestige as the ruler of the greatest of the neutrals. An attempt of the kind was long foreseen, discussed, discounted in dailies like the London *Times* and the Paris *Débats*. These and others have suspected a tendency in the Washington mind to draw away from the outer rim of powers and to take, in some things, the attitude of Berlin. The idea was strengthened when the President made his now famous southern speech on the subject of "lifting some sacred emblem of counsel and of peace, of accommodation and righteous judgment, before the nations of the world." The hint was not relished in any capital of the entente. Events since then have confirmed some fears in London and in Paris. Germany is "using" Mr. Wilson.

London's Decision to Influence American Opinion.

READERS of London dailies need not be told of the anxiety with which England has been noting the activity of German press agents in the United States. There grew up in consequence a dread that the cause of the Allies had been prejudiced from Maine to California. Warnings on the subject were sounded in the London *Times* and in the Paris *Figaro*. They ascer-

tained with dismay that the original keenness of American interest in the war had abated. In the Middle West, said the London *News*, the greatest war in history was inspiring only a languid interest. The tremendous issues of the conflict, the direct interest of America in the outcome and the meaning of the prolongation of the struggle were all lost sight of in the activities of a German propaganda. England was held up to execration as the obstinate mistress of the seas bent upon a policy of rule or ruin. A tendency in Mr. Wilson to regard Germany with less than the antipathy deemed proper in London forced the hand of the Asquith ministry. After a series of cabinet conferences it was decided to arrange a few historic interviews. The reticent Sir Edward Grey communicated himself to the American public through the Chicago *News* and the discreet Arthur James Balfour laid aside the rule of a lifetime to tell Mr. Edward Marshall, for the benefit of readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia), what mastery of the seas means. It is hinted that other journalistic surprises are to come if it should turn out that President Wilson does not read the warning on the wall. For the time being he does not enjoy such a "good press" in Europe as was his earlier in the year. Mr. Wilson's object, as Europe understands it, is most succinctly stated in the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*—he wants to score an important diplomatic triumph and thus secure his reelection next autumn.

"Peace Where There Is No Peace."

THE President of the French Republic was quick to take his cue from London. Paris newspapers of importance express a hope that Mr. Wilson will not press peace at a time when the idea has no meaning. The French press is but an echo of the British press in wondering whether Mr. Wilson reveals of late a perfectly clear conception of the nature of this war. It is set forth for his benefit by the daily which enjoys the reputation of being most in touch with an important element in the foreign office under Sir Edward Grey—the London *Post*:

"If the Allies prevail in this struggle, then indeed there may be that peace for which President Wilson honorably longs. A new era in international relationships will have been opened—an era in which 'the still small voice of humanity' may hope to make itself increasingly heard. The appeal of the nations to law and justice will lie. 'The sacred emblem of counsel and of peace, of accommodation and of righteous judgment,' may be lifted by America with assurance that it will not be lifted in vain. But if Germany should prevail, it is not only her present adversaries who will go down. All those ideals which are near to President Wilson's heart will go down just as surely, and America herself will have to concentrate her thoughts and energies not on any 'emblem of counsel and of peace' but on the means of securing her own standards of civilization from the most ruthless and formidable challenge that a nation ever faced. To preach peace now, to think of peace, is not merely an indiscretion but a betrayal of the highest interests of humanity—of all those interests, indeed, which should be most especially dear to the pacifists of all persons else. There is no room for the meditator, unless he is will-



THE NEW MEANING
—Spencer in Omaha *World-Herald*

ing that evil should be saved from overthrow; and that liberty and right should be content to creep on a broken wing. The people of this country have not put everything at the hazard for a mere fault of temper, or from a miscalculation of the chances. They know well that they must win or perish; and they are determined, at whatever cost, to win."

Mr. Wilson's Ambition an Honorable One.

NO discredit attaches to Mr. Wilson if he displays too openly for the moment his ambition to put an end to the horrors enacted before his eyes in Europe. This is conceded by all the inspired organs of the Allies. They are afraid, however, that in some manner he has become blinded to the realities of the struggle. He has succumbed to the wiles of the Wilhelmstrasse. The Paris *Temps* can not forgive him but the London *Post* believes he is still to be brought to reason. The horror of war and the passion for peace may have bred in the President an illusion. This illusion is in effect that all war is due to misunderstanding or to a fault of temper. Accommodation is always possible between two belligerents. Every legitimate interest can be safeguarded by discussion around a table. The English conservative organ adds:

"The criticism of events has been so unmercifully severe upon this illusion that it is occasion for some astonishment to find how tenaciously it is still entertained, not merely by doctrinaires but by men conversant with affairs, whose eminently rational and humane minds cannot resign themselves, apparently, to the fact that there are some antagonisms which in their nature are irreconcilable—that cannot be composed by any mediatory and pacific influences. In purely private and municipal relations this fact is indeed recognized. The incorrigible repugnance of Right and Wrong is not doubted. No society attempts to parley with the law-breaker. But when the phenomena are raised to the international scale it is assumed that the case is altered, that the boundaries of Right and Wrong become indeterminate, and that good will can reconcile the sharpest and most fundamental antagonisms.

"Unhappily, this is not so. . . .

"If this country and her Allies are to-day at death-grips with Germany, it is not because they have been unable to recognize their own interests or because they have misconceived the spirit and purpose of their adversary. They know better than any intermediary can tell them what they are fighting for, and they recognize that in their ordeal no 'sacred emblem of counsel,' in the direction of compromise with the Power against which they fight, can be of the smallest service to them. If ever there were one, this is a war in which there can be no 'accommodation' without invoking a disaster as great as defeat itself. The conflict is as fundamental as that between Right and Wrong; and there can be no more compromise with the enemy possible than there could be between Right and Wrong. Either the Allies break the Germanic Power or the Germanic Power breaks the Allies. Short of that conclusion, there can be no issue."

Neutrals Must Not Be Impatient for the End of the War.

THE strong and clear statement of Sir Edward Grey on the subject of the aims of the Allies given to the Chicago *News* comes at a most opportune moment in the opinion of the *Westminster Gazette*. As the war drags on from month to month, it adds, there is danger lest it should come to be regarded as a mere

blind welter of European anarchy in which all parties are equally to blame. The neutral world needs constantly to be reminded of its origins and of the necessary objects of those who are fighting "German aggression." Sir Edward Grey takes us back to the beginning and leads us forward to the end. The original sin of Germany, in England's view, is that she deliberately refused to settle her quarrel by peaceful means. Great Britain proposed a conference before the war came at all. Then, says Sir Edward Grey, "I requested Germany to select some form of mediation, some method of peaceful settlement of her own." She would not come forward with any such suggestion:

"Then the Emperor of Russia proposed to Germany to send the dispute to the Hague Tribunal. There was no response. Our proposal of a Conference was rejected by Germany; Russia, France, and Italy all accepted it. Our proposal that Germany should suggest some means of peaceful settlement met with no success, nor did the Czar's proposal of arbitration. No impartial judgment of any kind was to be permitted to enter. It was a case of Europe submitting to the Teutonic will or going to war."

In those few sentences, according to the *Westminster Gazette*, organ of English liberalism, we have a complete and sufficient summary of blue books, yellow books and gray books recording the lamentable twelve days before the war. "We need to burn it into our memories and to take all possible means to prevent its being forgotten by the neutral spectators of the war." Hence those interviews from Balfour and Grey.

Scolding Germany All Over Again.

WHY did Germany behave as she did in dragging the world into Armageddon? There can be but one answer, replies the *Westminster Gazette*. She wanted war and she wanted it because she thought she was strong enough to impose the Teuton will by force of arms and to shatter all who ventured to oppose it:



"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY FRENCHMAN TO DO HIS DUTY"
Kirby in N. Y. *World*

"A body of doctrine has been compiled in Germany since the war to prove that she is waging a defensive war against a conspiracy of nations determined to shut her in. But we need not read very deeply into this to discover that she considered herself to be shut in by any Power which either thwarted her will or entered into arrangements with other Powers which conflicted with her ultimate but unavowed ideas of Policy. We were accused of shutting her in when we settled our differences with France and Russia. The Russians were accused of shutting her in when, after repeated blows from the mailed fist, they began to think it necessary to look to the defenses of their Western front. Even the Balkan States were suspected of the same design when, at the end of the first Balkan war, they began to consider the possibility of a peaceful confederation for their own benefit. The Teutonic will required that France, Great Britain and Russia should pursue their quarrel's for the convenience of the Central Powers. Pan-Germanism was threatened by a confederation of peaceful States on the road to Constantinople. The natural evolution of Europe towards peace, which only required the consent of Germany to give it permanence and stability, had to be smashed in its beginnings, lest Germany should be hemmed in—that is, deprived of her opportunity of encroaching on her neighbors and waging aggressive war on them.

"Our main purpose in this war is to make an end of this tyranny."

Mr. Balfour on the Freedom of the Seas.

LONDON dailies hope that American opinion will be sufficiently influenced by what Mr. Balfour has to say regarding "freedom of the seas." Germany has had much to say on that topic in the United States, observes the London *News*. Americans, and perhaps some Americans in the confidence of President Wilson,

seem to have an idea that freedom of the seas, as Great Britain understands the term, means a swaggering policy in all waters. Now freedom of the seas, as Mr. Balfour points out, is a phrase of many meanings. The London *Times* elucidates:

"There is the freedom of the seas for which England and the Dutch fought in the past, and which we have constantly upheld to this day. That is the freedom which gives all nations, great and small, equal rights of navigation and commerce upon the high seas in time of peace. We have vindicated that freedom, primarily, no doubt, because it is of vital interest to us as an island Power, whose very life is upon the waters. But if we have upheld it for ourselves, we have administered it as a trust for mankind. While our maritime supremacy was most complete, the cause of liberty, of nationalities, and of progress has thriven in the Old World and in the New. Our Navy has policed all oceans, to the great benefit of peaceful traders under every flag. To evil-doers it has been a terror in all waters, but it has not been an instrument of wrong or of oppression in our hands."

That is not the "freedom of the seas," we are told, which Germany seeks. The "freedom of the seas" she wants is "freedom to paralyze the sea-power of the maritime States, and first of all the sea-power of England."

The Kind of Peace that England Wants.

NOBODY wants peace more than the English want it, declared Sir Edward Grey to the Chicago *News*, and the London *Times* chimes in that "that is certain." But England will not hear of a peace, adds the London daily, which leaves the "wrongs of this war unredressed." Any other peace would be but an encouragement to the enemies of all peace to repeat their aggressions and their crimes:

"There are pacifists who lose sight of these truths, and who do not attempt in their suggestions to 'discriminate between the rights and wrongs of this war.' We are glad Sir Edward has reminded them that all counsels which ignore the distinction must be ineffective. There can be no peace while we are able to fight, except upon the Guildhall terms. We demand from Germany the recognition by her action, if not in words, that her ideal of brute force has failed, and that our ideal of freedom of justice and of law has conquered; and we demand from her at the same time reparation for the wrong she has done and penalties for the crimes she has committed. Her onslaught upon her neighbors was wanton. Nobody thought of attacking her; there was no coalition against her, and she knew that there was none. Relying upon her preparedness and upon the unpreparedness of her neighbors, she suddenly assailed them. They all know why they are at war with her. They all know what her victory would mean to them for generations. Therefore they are all resolved, as we are, to fight on until they can restore the reign of public law in Europe with deeper foundations, an ampler jurisdiction, and more effective sanctions than in the past. That decision must commend itself to all who reverence freedom and law throughout the world. Sir Edward Grey has done well to expound its significance in the free press of the greatest of neutral nations."

Whose Brand of Peace Is to Be the Genuine?

THE most pacific statesman in the world can not welcome peace at any given moment nor on any given terms, declares the radical London *Chronicle*,



A SPRING OFFENSIVE
—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

believed to be in closest touch with the liberal and advanced element in the Asquith ministry. It selects from the words of Sir Edward Grey the following paragraph for neutrals to mark and digest:

"When persons come to me with pacific counsels, I think they should tell me what sort of peace they have in mind. They should let me know on which side they stand. If they think, for example, that Belgium was innocent of offense; that she has been unspeakably wronged; that she should be set up again by those who tore her down, then, it seems to me, they should say so. Peace counsels that are purely abstract and make no attempt to discriminate be-

Maybe it takes three million of the five million soldiers Great Britain has raised to read the American mails.—*Jacksonville Times-Union*.

Isn't the English capacity for disaster marvelous?—*Chicago Evening Post*.

tween the rights and the wrongs of this war are ineffective, if not irrelevant."

These are words which needed to be said, the London radical paper says. The English have heard, it thinks, perhaps rather too much sometimes about the desirability of the neutral world suspending its judgment in order that it may some day mediate between the belligerents. "The truth is that if any government is later on to mediate usefully between Germany and the Allies who are bringing her crimes and aggressions to book, such a mediator will have not to be neutral in regard to those crimes and aggressions."

Europe may get together at any time, but there is no chance of peace in the United States before November 7th.—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer*.

The problem is not licking the Russians but keeping them licked.—*N. Y. Evening Sun*.

THE REAL MEANING OF THE GREAT BATTLE AT SEA

LITTLE doubt exists in the minds of the naval experts of Europe on the subject of Admiral Jellicoe's accuracy in affirming that the Germans suffered as much loss as the British in the great North Sea fight. There may be technical considerations of a hair-splitting kind to comfort the followers of Admiral von Tirpitz, concedes the expert of the Paris *Figaro*, and the expert of the Paris *Temps* hopes that since the Germans are so delighted with what they accomplished they will emerge again speedily with the same result. The large question has to do with command of the sea, notes the expert of the Paris *Débats*. Has it been affected in the slightest degree by the result of the collision? The reply must be in the negative. Would that command be affected by a repetition of the encounter with the same result? Again we must reply in the negative. This, too, is the best face that can be put upon the matter from a German standpoint in the opinion of the *Petit Parisien*, and the expert of the *Gaulois* calls attention to the highly technical language in which German experts explain the "victory" to Berlin newspaper readers. There has been no panic in any financial center of the allies, adds the *Petit Journal*. A time can not be foreseen, however prolonged the war, when dominion of the seas will not be in the hands of Great Britain. This is the large fact from which the French extract comfort.

Motive of the Germans in Fighting at Sea.

If anything were needed to convince the allies of the severity of the domestic crisis in Germany, the dash of their high-seas fleet into the North Sea would supply it. That is the unanimous verdict of the London press. The "sortie" of the other day had been anticipated for some weeks. It was deemed imminent. In fact, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (Paris) published on the fifteenth of May an elaborate study of the subject by the noted Admiral Degouy. The London *Nation* warned the admiralty in definite terms that the pressure of the people at home left the German authorities no alternative. The dash must be made. It would have to come without delay. These intimations make it difficult to explain the undoubted fact that Admiral Jellicoe was surprised. His dispositions were not adequate. The

explanation in the London press, so far as it affords a clue to the subject at all, is that the Admiral knew the enemy would not emerge if he were too obviously in overwhelming force. He withdrew his heavier units, the super-dreadnoughts, for the purpose of misleading the Zeppelin patrol. The German airships hover constantly over the whole North Sea. The mists, the mines, the alarms from every quarter make a patrol in force at all points impossible. The great ships must be forever on the move lest the submarine be provided with a stray target. In these circumstances, the Germans had but to watch until the chance for a dash seemed good. Admiral Beatty took a tremendous risk with the battle cruisers, and the super-dreadnoughts could not come up in time. The Germans went back badly damaged. Their victory consists in the fact that they went back at all. Such is the tale that emerges from the expert comment of the Allies. The tale is incomplete. Details must be supplied by history. The Rome *Tribuna* dismisses the matter as an episode, a collision, things remaining much as they were. (The Giolittian organ is not satisfied with British conduct of the war.)

Conflicts of Testimony Regarding the Sea Fight.

ZEPPELINS, mines and submarines are mentioned in German accounts of the "victory" of the high-seas fleet. British accounts make light of these adjuncts to traditional tactics. The details being apparently suppressed by both sides, the experts make guesses. The gaps left by the censor indicate that an occasional guess has been too shrewd. The line of least resistance in guessing is suggested by the expert of the Manchester *Guardian*, who does not think Germany really risked a decisive fleet action against Great Britain. "Her whole object at sea has been to discover the means of evading our overwhelming naval supremacy. The means that she has taken are the airship, the mine and the submarine." England does not yet fully realize, he concedes, that the airship has importance as a challenge to sea-power. In the opinion of the Italian experts, gleaned from the *Giornale d'Italia* and other dailies, Admiral Jellicoe may not have been able to deal effectively with the Zeppelins. The evolutions of French ships in the Mediterranean and of

Italian ships at the entrance to the Adriatic have been complicated by the presence of combatants in the air, ready to drop bombs on vital spots. The idea is taken up by the expert of the British daily, who tells us that not until the mistress of the seas can deal with the airship precisely as she would deal with any other scout or raider will the full theory of British sea-power be restored as it was before the war.

The Dread that Haunts the German Admirals.

If the British fleet ever seriously undertook an operation against the German littoral, either directly from the North Sea or indirectly by way of the Baltic, Berlin would resort to heroic expedients. Was something of the kind in the mind of the men who planned the dash into the North Sea? The subject engages the experts of the Allies and it is perhaps significant that they are not permitted to discuss it without reserve. The voyage that resulted so tragically for Lord Kitchener seems to have had some connection with the project. His plan for a cooperation of the land-forces with the sea-forces in the event of an expedition of the sort has been discussed from time to time in the Paris *Temps*. The Germans, as Admiral Degouy, greatest of French experts, has said more than once, profess to take this possibility lightly. The unassailable character of their coast line has long been a dogma with naval experts at Wilhelmshafen. There was, nevertheless, some scheme in the grand strategy of the Allies involving action in the Baltic and in the North Sea. The dash of the German ships may have had reference to that. The voyage of Lord Kitchener was undoubtedly connected with it.

Effect of the Sea-Fight Upon the Plan to Invade England.

In spite of the belief expressed by Prime Minister Asquith recently that the invasion of England must always be taken into account in disposing of her armed



"THE BLOOMIN' LIARS!"
—Rehse in N. Y. *World*

millions, the French experts insist upon the impossibility of any such invasion as one lesson of the sea-fight. The Germans, emerging in force, aided by Zeppelins, can not command the sea for fifteen minutes, says the



THE WRONG HOLE

—Cesare in N. Y. *Sun*

Paris Echo. Napoleon told his chief of staff that if he could command the Channel for four hours he could land near Dover. The Germans, to make good a plan for invasion, must hold the North Sea for a day at least. Their wildest claims of "victory" do not suggest that they held the sea in any strategical sense for a single instant. The bogey of invasion is therefore disposed of for good. We must remember, adds the Paris *Journal*, that the German fleet returned weakened to its refuge, so weakened that German sea-power may be said to exist no longer. It will take five months at least to put the damaged units in a state of repair and those repairs must be inadequate, seeing that the stores of metal and of fiber are depleted. On the other hand, German control of the Baltic is compromised, altho the Kaiser continues to call it his sea. In fact, the vigor of the Russian offensive against Austria in recent weeks has been interpreted in the French press as proof that the German menace from the Baltic is no longer taken seriously at Petrograd.

Mystery Investing the Naval Operations of Last Month.

THAT events of a critical character impend on all fronts is clear to the naval experts of the Allies in view of the mystery still investing the great sea-fight of the war. Complaint has been made in Parliament of this reticence in the past with reference to other battles but, as the London *News* observes, the mysteries of the war are now greater than ever. Admiral Jellicoe observes that the Germans are concealing facts, but

the London press suspects that the admiralty at home conceals facts. The London *Times* says that Germans put forth mendacities for the sake of "drawing" the English and the London *Post* is certain that detailed narratives of German operations in Berlin organs are manufactured for the sole purpose of misleading the allies. The trick is an old one, we read, copied from the example of the great Napoleon. It has been flagrant ever since the battle in the North Sea, altho it was common enough before that historic encounter. Thus special copies of some Berlin papers have been printed because they would be "smuggled" to England and there

The mistress of the seas has need of a beauty specialist.—Baltimore *American*.

spread misconceptions on the subject of the movements of German troops. All this has to be taken into account in studying the naval and military operations of the past month, which emerge in a cloud of contradiction with one side impugning the veracity of the other. Even such a detail as the destruction of Zeppelins by guns mounted on the British ships remains in obscurity, the London dailies reporting brilliant successes in these maneuvers, to the amusement of the Germans, who insist that the British gunners could not hit even the cruiser *Elbing*, exposed to a continuous fire at close range.

What's the use of naming a fighting ship the *Invincible*, anyway? Time some ship was named the *Uncertain*.—Omaha *World-Herald*.

INAUGURATION OF COMMUNISM WITHIN THE GERMAN EMPIRE

CONSTITUTIONAL lawyers in Germany are understood to be puzzled by the new and drastic powers exercised by Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, Minister Helfferich and Herr von Batocki. There seems little doubt that a food dictatorship on a basis of domestic communism was authorized some weeks ago at a secret meeting of the Bundesrath and that changes in the higher bureaucracy are concerned with administrative details of the plan. Beyond this all is conjecture, because the German press reaches the outside world irregularly and its comment has to be picked up very often by extracts in English, Italian, French, Russian and other dailies. Even these scraps are not informing because there is so much secrecy about official policy at Berlin just now. Making allowances for error due to inadequate details on the subject, it would appear that "a new scheme of tremendous scope for controlling the feeding of the whole population," as the London *Post* calls it, went into force when Helfferich left the finance ministry to wrestle with home affairs. The measure is affirmed by the French papers to have precipitated another of the recurrent crises between the military magnates and the civilian element under Bethmann-Hollweg, the Chancellor winning all along the line. He is the master, Helfferich finds the plan. Von Batocki, an experienced bureaucrat of the Prussian school, will see to the execution.

Measuring Out the Meals in Germany.

WHAT causes the food crisis in Germany, as the Italian papers, often conflicting with English papers, inform us, is not the want of enough to eat but the inadequacy of means of distribution. This made a policy of communism necessary, says a writer in the Rome *Tribuna*. The military will not supervise the general kitchen, as some London dailies seem to think. They are merely to enforce the orders of the bureaucrats. What success the scheme has met with so far, how practical the plan is, how the feud between Bavaria and Prussia over the constitutional tangle was adjusted—these details remain in a mist of foreign press discussion. The original suggestion, as the *Westminster Gazette* (London) understands it, was that each community should, "through chosen officials," undertake "the entire feeding of the people," putting

an end not only to individual buying but to family cooking. The local officials would not merely confiscate all food at prices determined by themselves. They would see that it got cooked and then distribute it to the population. There would be no difference between the rich man's meal and the poor man's meal.

The Closing of Germany to the Outside World.

THREE may be enough for everyone to eat in Germany, but the London press has concluded that there is not. Doctor Helfferich, with all his genius, and Herr von Batocki, with all his experience, can never, the British papers suspect, find a solution for the crisis precipitated by the blockade. The one solution is annihilation of British sea-power. Meanwhile the press of the Allies finds space for details of bread riots, of altercations between housewives and butchers, of complaints suppressed, of truths untold. The tale told in the German dailies that find their way into neutral countries is relatively rosy; but the London *Nation*, a reliable paper with excellent sources of information and never prone to put an imaginary face upon situations, says that discontent in Germany is created not only by lack of food but by the necessity of standing hours in long queues "to get the wretched dole of fat or bread or soup at the end." This is the situation which compelled the bureaucratic reorganization of the empire last month—for it is a reorganization of a heroic kind, the London *Post* adds. There has been a marked departure from German constitutional practice involving obliteration of Bavarian and Saxon and other sovereignties.

Is Germany Beaten to Her Knees?

PRACTICALLY the whole press of the Allies views the relapse of Germany into a form of communism as the beginning of the end of the war. It is the explanation of the long agony of Verdun and of the dash of the fleet into the North Sea. It is the explanation of the elimination of Emperor William from anything but a decorative connection with the German government, a point concerning which the Paris *Figaro* and the Paris *Débats* give the most surprising details. The most fantastic tales are told of the disorganization of the old German life. Instead of order in the large

towns there is insubordination among the young, sickness among the middle classes, downright starvation among the poor. The distress causes fierce discussion between conservative organs like the Berlin *Post* and Socialist organs like the Berlin *Vorwärts*. In the midst of the comfort afforded their readers by organs in London and Paris, we find the Italian press sounding a note of alarm. The German genius for organization is well known, says a writer in the *Gornale d'Italia*. The experiment undertaken by the bureaucrats in Berlin may not succeed; but it will have the undoubted effect of prolonging the German resistance.

Imperial Example Set by the Palace Kitchen.

EMPEROR WILLIAM may not interfere in the internal administration of Germany, but he sets an example of abstemious living which Roman dailies admire. He adheres rigidly to the diet prescribed for officers on duty at the front, according to the *Stampa*, while in the palace at Potsdam the Empress receives committees of housewives to discuss "field kitchens." The whole imperial circle is on short rations. The soles are dropping from shoes of exalted functionaries, and councillors of high rank are received formally with patches on their trowsers. The mystery of the crisis to the domestic mind is stated by the *Vorwärts*. Is there enough food in the country for all or have the members of the bureaucracy been misled in asserting that the trouble is solely with the means of distribution? One of the first steps of Doctor Helfferich when he took charge of the home department was to institute an inquiry into this very subject. There was an inquiry into the same thing about six months ago which discovered that there was plenty to eat. Why the whole matter is to be gone into again nobody can tell. The Italian paper says the former investigation disclosed the fact that there was enough to feed well-to-do people. Now the poor are to come within the scope of the investigation.



GERMANY'S NEW RULER
—Kirby in N. Y. World

**Political Atmosphere in Berlin
Superheated.**

A CERTAIN disintegration in the German imperial government has been terminated by the new ascendancy of the Chancellor, according to the press of Switzerland, always well supplied with gossip of this



HEART OF THE SIMPLE GERMAN FOLK
Will its sacrifice save the Hohenzollerns?
—Rogers in N. Y. Herald

character, passing from the *Gazette de Lausanne* to the *Berne Bund* and on down to Italy where, as the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* sarcastically says, it is worked over for the British market. The intimation is that for some little time past there have been two German governments. One is purely military. The other is bureaucratic and civilian. Each sought to gain the Emperor, not that his influence is by any means so great as the outside world imagines, but because of his popularity at home and his moral effect abroad. The Emperor strove to be neutral; but in the end he had to go over to the element headed by his Chancellor. The reorganization is taken to mean that the old fissure is at an end. When the Chancellor gives orders they will be obeyed. The issue was thrashed out in the *Bundesrat*. There is no division now even between the political factions, the Socialists in the *Reichstag* being for a war to the last ditch. Herr Liebknecht has been put down. His small following does not count. Germany foresees the supreme agony.

German Tricks to Get Supplies into the Fatherland.

WHATEVER the real truth regarding the internal condition of Germany where food, fats, rubber and metals are concerned, there is no doubt to the *London Mail* that all sorts of tricks are played to obtain supplies. The cakes of soap passing through Holland that contained a chemical needed in making high explosives are now as famous as the "starving baby,"

who got so much milk from the United States. Another demand was for rubber from this country for surgical purposes. Among later expedients was what the British paper calls the "barefaced robbery" of the occupied districts of Russia, Belgium, Serbia and the near East generally "to foster a demand that American philanthropists be allowed to feed these starving people." The starving Poles were to have been fed in part by Americans; but the scheme has led to tortuous negotiations reviving the old British charge that Germany plays tricks that divert the supplies from intended beneficiaries. The starving state of the population in Serbia, Montenegro and Albania complicates the discussion of the local German problem. The Allies are, in a word, suspicious of any scheme, however disinterested, that may mask a German subterfuge.

Prolongation of the Feud Between the Militarists and the Civilians.

UNTIL the experiment of communism has been fairly tried—and it seems that it must be—the feud between the militarists and the civilians in Berlin

The height of optimism: A New York merchant has sailed for England armed with a German passport.—N. Y. Morning Telegraph.

will be less bitter. Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg is to enjoy the support of the financiers, the industrial magnates, the bureaucrats and the moderate factions in the Reichstag. These are the impressions of the London *Mail*, and they gain weight from the recent utterances of the *Zukunft*, Maximilian Harden's famous organ. It is an open secret that the commercial interests use Harden to attack the military magnates. His latest effusions are somewhat cryptic and allegorical, but they indicate that the Ballins and the von Gwinners do not mean to give the Crown Prince and the Falkenhayns any latitude. The official theory in Berlin is that the armed forces of Germany exist to win the war for her and not to rule the domestic situation. That seems to be the real significance of the assertion in the *Zukunft* that public opinion in Germany is not to be muzzled any longer. But if the experiment of communism succeeds, what then? Germany, replies the London *Chronicle*, will be the first Socialist state. It would be a grim sarcasm of Fate that developed the first Socialist state out of militaristic needs.

Denizens of darkest Africa are fully convinced that civilization consists in khaki, helmets and shootin' irons of unusual range.—Washington Post.

UNCERTAINTY OF PLAN TO PUT IRISH HOME RULE INTO IMMEDIATE OPERATION

SIX Ulster counties will, it is understood, be left out of the operation of the Home Rule act which otherwise Mr. Asquith wants to put in force at once. The Irish members of the Commons who gathered at Dublin last month to hear Mr. John Redmond explain the scheme of David Lloyd George do not relish this detail. Mr. Asquith got back from Ireland convinced that "castle government" has broken down; but the *Freeman's Journal* (Dublin) wonders that he will tolerate any of it even at Belfast. The dispute on this point may be submitted to a popular vote in the north, it seems. The London ministerial organs meanwhile echo Mr. Asquith's appeal to the Commons to abstain from any word that might jeopardize the settlement now in sight. The appeal itself was made to a thronged House. The Prime Minister, says the London *Telegraph* in its account of the proceedings, spoke with the utmost solemnity. "He uttered his words slowly amid tense silence and his actions were as measured and as studied as his sentences." The Commons looked "only as they look on high occasions" and "to such occasions the genius of the Prime Minister is exactly suited." To such an appeal there could be but one response, says the London organ, and Mr. Redmond made that response. Mr. O'Brien chimed in. Sir Edward Carson did likewise.

Forgetting the Past at Dublin.

THE best guarantee to the Irish people of the good-will of the government at Westminster, thinks the ministerial London *News*, would be the immediate relaxation—"to the furthest limit consistent with the safety of the commonwealth"—of the restrictive measures still in force over a large part of the sister kingdom. The Liberal daily says it does not ignore the difficulties facing Mr. Lloyd George or any other states-

man setting out to achieve a lasting settlement of the Irish question:

"Apart from personalities, there is every reason to approve the procedure the Government has adopted. It is impossible to overestimate the responsibility resting on Mr. Redmond, Mr. Devlin, and Sir Edward Carson. A basis of settlement accepted by them could be repudiated by no responsible school or party in Ireland. But a council of conciliation of which they were the only members would be conspicuously incomplete. To-day the settlement of Irish differences is no Irish question alone. It affects, and vitally, Great Britain, the Empire, the whole Entente Alliance, and in a very different sense the Teutonic Powers whom the soldiers of England, of Ireland, and the Empire have died to resist. Foremost among our grounds of belief in a successful issue of the negotiations now initiated we would place the fact that they are directed by an English Minister speaking with the voice of a united Cabinet, whose supreme task it will be to keep constantly before the men called into counsel with him that sense of the greater issues reflected in the plain but wholesome words—as true of Ireland as of England—used by Sir Edward Carson yesterday, 'Remember, there is a war going on, and your country is at war.'"

Severe Test of David Lloyd George.

IN entrusting the Minister of Munitions with the task of helping the Irish factions to bridge their differences, Mr. Asquith did wisely in the opinion of the radical London *Chronicle*, unwavering in its support of Home Rule. Mr. Lloyd George's genius never shines so gloriously, it says, as when he is finding "middle ways" on which opponents can unite. "He has by general consent an exceptional gift in that direction." Then, too, altho he was a member of the cabinet which put Home Rule on the statute books, Mr. Lloyd George has been in association with Sir Edward Car-

son since the war began. The mediation of Lloyd George would be less alarming to the men of Ulster than that of most Home Rulers:

"If the Sinn Fein rising has taught anything, it ought to have taught all Irishmen that the method of 'civil war,' when it passes from the stage of carrying arms to that of using them, entails great calamity upon the places where the arms are used. Belfast and Cork have something to learn as well as Dublin herself from the ruins of Sackville street. Then again there is the moral, to which the Prime Minister alluded, which comes straight out of the experiences of the war itself. Irishmen of all parties and creeds have been fighting the common enemy together with Englishmen, Scotsmen, Welshmen, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, and South Africans; and how can we be so bankrupt in statesmanship as not to secure for the future a settlement enabling Irishmen to live at harmony within their island, and at the same time establishing Irish national sentiment as a reconciled and satisfied aspiration making for the strength and not the weakness of the Empire? Lastly, it should be evident to every Irishman, as to every Briton, that an early solution of this problem would make a real addition to the strength of the Empire in its present hour of strain."

Will the Irish Settlement Settle Anything?

WHILE the organs of Prime Minister Asquith congratulate him upon his mode of disposing of the Irish crisis, and while even the London *Telegraph*—never a Home Ruler—wishes Mr. Lloyd George well, we find the London *Post*, Conservative, pessimistic indeed. Mr. Asquith's new plan, it announces, has aroused no great hopes in the minds of either British or Irish members of the Commons. As a device for shelving the subject for a time it may be clever. Martial law, we are told, still prevails. Mr. Asquith showed all his old cunning in stifling discussion in the Commons, an arrangement made behind the scenes, much to the disgust of Mr. Dillon, who wanted to "break out afresh" and of Mr. Healy, who would have attacked the Redmondites. The Ulster members are willing enough, apparently, to withdraw their opposition to the Home Rule act if Ulster be permitted to remain statutorily an integral portion of the United Kingdom. The Redmondites are as much opposed to this as ever. Then there is the riddle of the relation of the British treasury to the financial details of the new scheme, a riddle sufficiently complex to inspire suggestions that England settle the Home Rule question to suit herself and force her plan upon the Irish. Irish Home Rule has broken down, thinks the London *Post*, before it has come into operation:

"We have been going a little further into the causes of the Dublin trouble, and we venture to say that a cure might be found where no one seems to look for it. Before the war the rate of wages in Ireland was miserably low. Now that prices are so far screwed up, they are low beyond what it is fair to expect workmen to stand. The Dublin revolt was to some extent an economic revolution. According to the Board of Trade Buff-book for 1912, the rate of wages for laborers in Dublin was only 66 per cent. of the London rate, altho rent and retail prices combined amounted to 93 per cent. of the London standard. In other words, the Dublin laborer had 27 per cent. less of a margin to live upon than the London laborer. In the country districts of Nationalist Ireland the farm laborers are paid just a little more than half what an English farm laborer is paid. Is a political change going to settle that economic evil? We doubt it. On the contrary, we believe that the

people who are behind the Nationalist movement are the very people who most grind down and sweat the Irish poor. What Ireland wants is a measure of protection for her industries, so as to raise Irish wages. Such a measure would do more for Irish happiness and tranquility than all the political measures and constitutional nostrums in the wallets



THE LION'S SHARE
—Sykes in Philadelphia *Evening Ledger*

of our lawyer-politicians. We are sorry for the Irish people: they are the sport of the politicians. The Irish abroad look upon Ireland less as a cause than as a cock-fight, and the Irish politicians are not thinking of the interests of Ireland but of keeping their own heads above water. As for the English politicians, they do not begin to understand Ireland."

Impossibility of the Old Irish Government.

WHATEVER be the fate of the suggestions of David Lloyd George, there can be no question of the continuance of the thing known as the government of Ireland. Even that firm enemy of Home Rule, the London *Times*, admits as much, drawing, in fact, a picture of chaos in describing it. Not only was Ireland left to her fate by the "castle government," we read, but the persons responsible for her tranquillity and welfare were in complete uncertainty as to the scope and character of their several duties. The Lord Lieutenant complains of his "complete dissociation" from the administration of which he is nominally the head. He was kept in ignorance of topics he was officially called upon to discuss. He had to depend upon the newspapers for his knowledge of Irish affairs. He asked for a clear definition of his position. They gave it to him. "The doctrine of the Lord Lieutenant's total irresponsibility was held." At a critical moment he was obliged to implore the Chief Secretary to "ginger up." He never knew whether he commanded the troops in Ireland or not. That is the sort of thing that goes by the name of "castle government" in Ireland. For the moment the anxiety of the London *Times* is lest the efficiency of Mr. Lloyd George as Minister of Munitions be lost in the intricacies of the Irish settlement.

HUMILIATION OF KING CONSTANTINE BY THE VENIZELISTS

THE government of Greece was taken out of the hands of King Constantine last month. This is the first result of the new "concerted action" in the Balkans by Paris, Petrograd and London. It seems to confirm the impressions of the Italian newspapers that events of a decisive character in the Balkans either impend or have taken place behind the veil of a cruelly strict censorship. One consequence was a crisis in Italy which proved too much for the Salandra-Sonnino combination and this crisis is in itself a bad sign for the allies, if the comments of the Giolittian Rome *Tribuna* reflect the situation. In Greece, on the other hand, and in the Balkans generally, the situation of the Allies is less precarious, at least in their own estimation. The dream of all the palace flunkies and general staff officers at Athens, to follow the elaborate analysis of the London *Post*, has been to see state as well as army organized along Prussian lines. King Constantine was to be responsible only to God, like the Kaiser. The Allies have notified the King that they will hold him to the constitution, a polite way of saying that a ministry will decide for him henceforth what he has been deciding for himself. The step was taken in harmony with the Venizelist faction, altho it is by no means obvious as yet that Mr. Venizelos himself will return to power. The domination of King Constantine will not be revived unless the Germans get to Athens in force.

Effort of the Balkans to Pick the Winner.

CONSTANTINE has been issuing defiant interviews through newspapers at Athens, notably the *Hesperiini*, affirming his resolve to yield to no alien pressure from any quarter. The Queen of the Hellenes may receive admonitions from the diplomatic corps, it is said, if she hurls any more defiance in the direction of Salonica. The bewildered Greeks are said in the Rome *Tribuna* to be making vain efforts to learn how things are going at the innumerable fronts. The delay of the Germans before Verdun, the appearance of the Serbian army in revived trim at Salonic after the exile on Corfu, the loud optimism of Mr. Take Jonescu in Rumania and the Russian offensive against Austria have thrown doubt on the first Balkan impression that Germany has won all along the line. The German organs in the Balkans insist that Verdun must fall. The idea of the court clique is that the Allies will do nothing of much account on land whatever the vicissitudes of the hour. Verdun, this clique argues, is the eleventh hour of the war. The Austrians with German aid must in the end drive the Russians before them. Balkan capitals are filled also with rumors of disaster to Italian arms in the long mountain warfare.

Greece the Center of a Balkan Intrigue.

SALONICA has been the scene of tremendous Venizelist demonstrations, to offset which the court party at Athens strove to make a martyr of King Constantine. The pro-German press in Greece is counteracted by the influence of the *Kyrix*, organ of the Venizelists. The

Greece has turned the other cheek so many times that she is now obliged to use her neck.—N. Y. Sun.

chamber is on the side of the King only because the Venizelists took no part in the last elections. The personal popularity of Constantine is beyond all doubt and there are reports that a reconciliation between his Majesty and Venizelos may yet be effected. This is understood to be the purpose of the Russian court, at which the exiled Serbian Premier, Mr. Paschitch, was lately a guest, according to report, and where this project was entrusted to him. The delay in this business afforded the Queen of the Hellenes opportunities for correspondence with the German Emperor, which was intercepted. The Allies resolved to make short work of the lady by extinguishing her husband. He is now a figure-head, which the Athens *Kyrix* says a Greek king should be. In reply to his Majesty's protests against the charge that he had taken an unconstitutional course and his declaration that he was acting entirely within his constitutional rights in dissolving the Greek parliament twice in rapid succession, and that he will continue to exercise this right as often as he considers it necessary for the country's welfare, Mr. Venizelos says in his organ, the *Kyrix*, that such an unlimited prerogative is possessed by the King of Prussia but not by the King of Greece. The present Greek constitution, says Mr. Venizelos, is the result of a revolution against the Prussian absolutism of a former Greek king. The action of the Allies, from this point of view, revives the Greek constitution.

Bulgar Invasion Inflames the Greeks.

OCCUPATION by the Bulgarians of a Greek region protected exclusively by Greek forces produced an outburst of public opinion a month ago at Athens which was exploited to the utmost by the Venizelist organs. This offset the German effort to make it appear that Russia and Great Britain have united to put an end forever to the Greek dream of an empire with its capital at Constantinople. The Venizelists are accused of responsibility for a canard to the effect that if Germany wins the war, Ferdinand of Bulgaria will be crowned Emperor in Constantinople. The Balkan statesmen who favor the Allies do so, however, upon a pledge that the central powers are to be expelled from the Balkans altogether. That is the theory of the *Roumanie* (Bucharest), of the *Kyrix* (Athens) and of the refugee Serbian organs. As a preliminary to this, a great force of the Allies is making its center at Salonic. Its strategic purpose is to gain control of the railroad from Constantinople into Europe. The immediate difficulty is the settlement of the territorial claims of Rumania. Mr. Sazonoff went into the topic at length with the Serbian Premier, who in turn communicated the result to Mr. Take Jonescu. The Balkan states will get an outlet into the Mediterranean without passing through the Dardanelles. Salonic will thus be neutralized in return for a compensation to Greece. Russia is expected to make an offer that will bring Bulgaria herself to terms. Such, we are told in organs of the Allies, is the significance of the humiliation of King Constantine.

Poor old Yuan Shi Kai; still very few men have had the chance to play emperor and president both.—Jacksonville *Times-Union*.

ALARM OF THE ALLIES AT THE NEW SITUATION IN CHINA

COUNT OKUMA repudiated the sensational interview in the Tokyo *Asahi* which made him a sort of champion of the revolutionary movement in China. The repudiation is not taken seriously in some at least of the organs of the Allies. Had Yuan Shi Kai not died so opportunely, he would, according to intimations in the Manchester *Guardian*, have found himself face to face with a conspiracy directed from Tokyo for his overthrow. The rumors filling certain European newspapers indicate that Yuan Shi Kai may have been poisoned. His illnesses during the past year were thought suspicious. The new president of the republic, Li Yuan-hung, is thought in the Paris *Temps* to belong to the school of his predecessor. That is, the European powers will be played off one against another as a means of escaping the Japanese menace. Li Yuan-hung is deemed the enemy of Japan and Japan is regarded as the supreme peril confronting the new administration. The career of Li has been naval and military in the Chinese acceptance of those terms. He is past fifty, "liberal," inclined to constitutional methods of procedure. His defect is indecision. He has no qualities of the Bismarck. He will strive to conciliate monarchists and republicans. His outlook upon life is that of the soldier. He may be expected to play the part of the late Yuan with an inadequate equipment in the way of personal force and initiative. The revolutionaries are said in the British press to despise him.

Japan's Golden Opportunity in China.

A DISTINGUISHED Japanese statesman is quoted in the Manchester *Guardian* — the best-informed organ in Europe on Chinese affairs—as saying: "In this revolution we are fighting Japan without a declaration of war." It is that aspect of the matter, we read in this commentator's columns, rather than nice constitutional questions of rivalries between this and that Chinese personality, which grips the attention of the foreigner in the far East. "The future of the greatest neutral market in the world is at stake." Count Okuma and the men about him want that market for Japan. "The evidence that Japan sees in China's troubles her own opportunity is very various." The conviction is universal among foreigners on the spot, apparently, that Japan aims at securing under one guise or another political control or predominance in China, and that she regards the world war as a divine occasion for the fulfillment of this ambition. This conviction is based upon past history and in particular upon Japan's score or more of demands upon China last year. These demands violated the rights of Japan's own allies and would have reduced China to dependence upon Japan.

Hostility of the Japanese Press to China.

NEARLY all the organs which in Tokyo are supposed to reflect official opinion are accused, even in the press of the European allies, of picking quarrels with the administration at Peking. The *Asahi*, the *Kokumin Shimbun* and the *Nichi Nichi*, when not oracular and vague in their professions of friendship, seem to lay stress upon grievances rather than upon points of agreement. The vernacular press outside

Tokyo is indicted even in the British press for siding with the Chinese revolutionaries. The Tokyo government itself is not very severe in its treatment of the Chinese juntas which make Japanese ports their headquarters. The government of Tokyo thwarts the efforts of the Government at Peking to raise money for the purpose of tiding over severe financial strains. Count Okuma is accused of bringing pressure to bear upon the European governments which show a propensity to advance funds for Chinese administrative purposes. The real purpose of all these maneuvers is said to be to deprive the central government under Li Yuan-hung of means to pay its troops when their fidelity is vital in suppressing the revolutionaries. The latter may be recognized as belligerents.

Negotiations Between Tokyo and Petrograd.

LONG before the death of Yuan Shi Kai, the well-informed Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung* declared that foreign minister Sazonoff in Petrograd was selling China to Japan in return for munitions. These shipments of munitions have been steady for a long time by way of the great Siberian line. Mr. Sazonoff represents that Muscovite school of diplomacy which regards Constantinople rather than the far East as the true objective of Russian diplomacy. This fact must be kept in mind, as some British organs concede, in all efforts to pierce the veil of mystery over the negotiations between Tokyo and Petrograd. Japan has agreed to supply Russia with munitions on an enormous scale. In return she is to receive, if the month's reports be accurate, railroad concessions in the North. Japanese are to get favored treatment in the way of residence and settlement in eastern Siberia. Vladivostok will become a commercial port in the real meaning of the term. No fortifications of a nature to arouse Japanese suspicions will be undertaken by Russia in the regions affected by these agreements. Moreover, Russia and Japan are to divide Mongolia and Manchuria between them. Japan and Russia will act together in defending by military means the spheres of influence they select for themselves in Chinese territory. Japan will also help to maintain order in Russia's sphere in China if "turbulence" arises. Needless to say the reports of an agreement along these lines between Tokyo and Petrograd occasion animated discussion in Europe. Some of these demands are believed natural and legitimate, but taken as a whole they would have the effect of making Japan the dominant power in China, at any rate in the opinion of some liberal English organs.

Revolutionizing the Situation in the Far East.

IF Japan were to obtain control of China—and she may do so as a consequence of the exigencies of the situation in Europe—that country would cease, the Manchester organ fears, to be a neutral market open on equal terms to the commerce and capital of the whole world. "The formula of the open door would doubtless survive, but in practice by a thousand and one subtle devices Japanese commerce would be given advantages which would render competition impracticable, and mines, railways, and the host of other concessions

would be monopolized by Japan." Such a situation might not be established during the war. The way would be paved. There are in Tokyo at this moment, as the Manchester *Guardian* admits, far-seeing publicists who deem Count Okuma unwise in submitting his policy to the dictation of the Jingo in this style. The longer heads realize that Japan is dependent upon foreign commerce and foreign finance. Her wisest policy would be to put aside the dream of foreign adventure and to concentrate her energies upon commercial expansion in the great market which lies at her door. Those who take this view seem to be a small minority. The clamant voices in press and parliament are those of Jingoes. The death of Yuan Shi Kai led the Japanese government to declare that its influence will be cast in favor of a restoration of peace throughout the eighteen provinces of China, but the meaning to be attached to that utterance is a matter of conjecture. Some European dailies anticipate a movement of troops from Japan on a large scale to the Asiatic mainland.

Okuma and the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

IN view of the comment upon the Anglo-Japanese alliance finding expression in the vernacular press at the Mikado's capital and elsewhere, Count Okuma let it be known some weeks ago that the pact between London and Tokyo survives in full force and vigor. Railings against it at home, the Count says, reflect neither the attitude of the Japanese people nor the attitude of his government. Baron Ishii, minister of foreign affairs, is quoted to the same effect. This outburst of official opinion is accepted as a rebuke to the "minor Japanese press." It has had its effect, altho important papers like the *Nichi Nichi* remain of opinion that the policy of Count Okuma should be energetic in China. Japan should take towards the disturbances on the mainland, the *Nichi Nichi* thinks, the position of the Washington government in Mexico. Count Okuma, it fears, lacks the courage necessary to vindicate the rights of Tokyo at Peking. Perhaps Count Okuma is anxious to divert attention from his failures at home. He therefore vacillates, plunges the diplomacy of his cabinet into confusion. Since the situation in China is very prejudicial to Japanese interests, it is only logical that the government at Tokyo should assert itself. Japan should help China exactly as France aided the United States in the revolutionary war. The Japanese daily implores Count Okuma, therefore, to assert himself in China.

Count Okuma not the Decisive Factor in Japanese Policy.

SOME apprehension exists in the chancelleries of the European entente regarding the power of Count Okuma to make good his attitude of friendliness to the open door in China. Reports indicate that his position in his own ministry is not dominant, that the pro-Russian party is too strong for him. In England the liberal element is opposed to Japanese aims in China, but the Asquith ministry is after all a coalition, as the Paris *Temps* concedes, and a policy of compromise must prevail. Even the elements in Japan which desire to avoid a clash with the western world will not listen to any surrender of Japanese aspirations on the mainland of Asia. From this point of view, the language of *The Japan Magazine*, a representative monthly of

things Japanese, friendly to the Anglo-Japanese alliance, is significant:

"If the leaders of China are too egotistic to take an adequate interest in what is for the good of their country, what hope is there for China? China's fearful sloth is due for the most part to this overweening egoism and pride. It is very difficult to say whether China will soon break away from her traditional policy of checking Japan's progress on the continent of Asia. It is probable that China will incline to the sympathy of Germany or the United States, or some other distant country, to help her against the intrusion of Japan. Such a policy can only result in the ultimate partition of China. In any case China would suffer a great loss. It will be most wise for China to take warning from the past and see what disasters her traditional policy has wrought. If she persists in her opposition to Japan there is no country on earth can save her. Japan will take just what measures she deems best."



THE FOREMOST JEWISH CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES
Jacob Henry Schiff, international financier, super-philanthropist, preacher against the hyphen in American Jewry, cries out that he is done with Jewish politics. New York University honors this German-born American with the rare degree of Doctor of Commercial Science.

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

"THE GREATEST LIVING JEW" RENOUNCES JEWISH POLITICS

WIOTHOUT doubt the foremost Jew of America is Jacob Henry Schiff of New York City. At the latest convention of the Jewish Community (Kehillah), held in New York, he was termed, in an official resolution, the "greatest living Jew" in the world. Last month, in a speech tremulous with deep feeling, he stood before the representatives of a million American Jews and declared that "hereafter Jewish politics in whatever form they may come up will be a sealed book to me." It was a dramatic scene—how dramatic perhaps none of us who is not a Jew can fully discern. Schiff himself is a man not given to many words and almost never to words about himself. When he stood up, therefore, before the men of his own race with a cry of pain on his lips and proceeded to point to his deeds of the past half century in self-justification, the surprise of it all added greatly to the intensity of the scene. But it was not only a moment of tremendous import to the Jews. It was a moment of vast significance to all Americans. For Mr. Schiff has been crucified, so to speak, by his fellow Jews because of his recent appeals to them in behalf of Americanism and against keeping themselves aloof from their fellow citizens. It is as an apostle of Americanism that this "greatest living Jew," German-born, has been stoned until forced to cry out, "I have been hurt to the core."

A few weeks before Mr. Schiff had spoken at the dedication of the Central Jewish Institute. That was where he made his appeal for Americanism. He had made the appeal many times before but never before so directly and earnestly. "We stand," he said, "at the parting of the ways. Are we to be American Jews or Jews who happen to dwell in America?" He took issue with those who consider that American Jews should consider themselves not merely Jews in their religion but Jews in the way of being a separate people. He said:

"I feel that this is all wrong, and if persisted in will bring us untold suffering—not suffering as our brethren have suffered in Russia and Rumania and Poland, but soul-suffering which is much greater than bodily or physical suffering. I feel, my friends, that unless we live our

Judaism as a religion, and as a people in America feel that we are Americans, our posterity may become subjected to great prejudice and to great moral suffering. I am second to none in my feeling for our oppressed brethren in Russia and Poland, not only for what they are suffering now, but for what they have suffered for the last fifty years. But it has occurred to me—and it is considerable thought I have given to this—that if the Jews of Russia and the Jews of Poland would not have been kept as a separate people by discriminatory laws, the prejudice and the persecution to which they have been subject would not have reached the stage to which we all regret it has unfortunately come. And so it is here, if hundreds of thousands of Jews in America insist that the Yiddish language—not the Jewish language, for the Jewish language is Hebrew, which I love and for which I have the greatest attachment—but Yiddish should be retained almost to the exclusion of English, and must be the language of intercourse not only in their homes but in public assemblies, in their Cheders, and in their Talmud Torahs, it will be a misfortune to our people. They will then be looked upon as a separate people. So we should have none of this. We hold our Jewry, our flag, as high as our fathers did, but we recognize that we are Americans and we want our children to be Americans. We want our children to love our religion; we want them to be able to read in the original language our laws and our codes, but we also want them to think in English, to read in English, to adopt American ways. . . .

"Be a good Jew and a good American. But it is not good Americanism to claim separateness, to claim that we are a group of people who must live separate lives irrespective of our surroundings and of the Jewish religion. Anyone who claims such cannot be a loyal American."

Now it happened that a report of this address was made in the *N. Y. Times* and in other papers in which Mr. Schiff was represented as saying this: "If the Jews in Russia and the Jews in Poland had not kept themselves apart, had not insisted on a separate language, the tragedies and persecutions to which they have been subjected would not have reached such stages." This version of his remark produced a storm of criticism in the Yiddish press and in other Jewish papers. *Die Wahrheit* said, "We do not see why the most embittered Government organs in Russia should not publish this speech and give it all due prominence. And certainly there is no reason why Burnett

and other American immigrant-haters should not learn the speech by heart and let its message spread in every corner of the land." It was this alacrity in denouncing him, on the basis of an incorrect report, as a traitor to his race, that wrung the cry of pain from Mr. Schiff's heart. His appearance before the Kehillah was unexpected. He was evidently laboring under the stress of deep emotion. His audience was hushed at once into silence. And this was what they heard:

"I have come here to deliver up the sword of dissension. I have lived for fifty-one years in New York. I am now almost at threescore and ten, and I believe ever since I have grown into manhood there has not a day passed that I have not been seeking the good of my people. . . .

"Whosoever can assert that for the time he has known me, or who knows of me, I have ever denied myself to my people, have denied myself to their wants, have denied myself to any cause—that I have waited until Jewish problems have been brought to me instead of going after them, in my desire to cooperate; that I have not given, not only of my means, but day in and day out, and I may say night in and night out, have not given of myself, let him rise and accuse me. . . .

"I shall continue to work for the uplift of my people; I shall continue to cooperate as far as I can in procuring full civic rights for our brethren in the war zone, especially in Poland, Russia, Rumania, and Palestine, for they are all flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone. But beyond this, my friends, my duty ends."

That a German Jew should be the first martyr, so to speak, in the new crusade in behalf of "Americanism" is a rather surprising thing. Mr. Schiff was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main not quite seventy years ago. He came to New York in 1865, at the age of eighteen. First bank clerk, then broker, he was admitted as junior partner of Kuhn, Loeb & Company in 1875, the year in which he married the daughter of Solomon Loeb. Upon Mr. Loeb's retirement in 1885, Mr. Schiff, then thirty-eight, became head of the firm, which has been constantly identified with operations of international importance. His most notable achievement up to 1902 was the reorganization of the Union Pacific railroad. In the notable contest for control of the

Northern Pacific, with E. H. Harriman and against Mr. Morgan and James J. Hill, which caught and crushed so many speculators, Mr. Schiff relaxed the power he held to halt a panic and save innumerable brokers and others from ruin. For services in floating the Japanese loans in 1905 the Emperor of Japan conferred upon Mr. Schiff the "Order of the Sanctified Treasurer," the highest class honor that can be granted to a foreigner. Because Japan is allied with Russia in the present war, however, Mr. Schiff has resigned from the Japan Society in this country. The criticism that seemed to cut him most was that which seemed to assume that he was capable of betraying the interests of the Russian Jews. "Think," he exclaimed, "of my being accused of disloyalty—I who for twenty-five years, single-handed, struggled against the invasion of the Russian government into American money markets and to this day have staved them off."

Mr. Schiff is a Republican, but in city politics has supported reform and fusion movements. He was a founder and the first treasurer of Barnard College for women, now a part of Columbia University. He recently added half a million dollars to his gifts to the college. He founded the Semitic Museum at Harvard. He provided funds for a Harvard excavating expedition in Palestine. It has been said that the worthy Jewish institutions in which he is not interested are almost non-existent. He is vice-president of the Baron de Hirsch Fund, president of the Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids, established the Hebrew Shelter House for Immigrants, founded the Jewish Theological Seminary. He is a conservative adherent of Reform Judaism but he gives to orthodox institutions as well, on the theory that aid to the different forms of Judaism as they appeal to different parts of the Jewish people assures maintenance of the Jewish faith.

The pen portraits of Mr. Schiff show a man of quiet, simple manner; modest and unobtrusive dress; almost as

inaccessible to newspaper interviewers as a crowned head; efficient according to the best German type; quick to see the sore spots in American financial operations; conservative in distinguishing banking operations from market speculation. His criticism of "directors who do not direct" has become current. His firm maintains leadership in the business of foreign exchange and gold dealings.

Up to the time of Mr. Morgan's death, Mr. Schiff was generally given place as the second greatest American financier, second only to J. Pierpont Morgan. The newspaper writers estimate his fortune at one hundred millions. Yet the entire make-up of Mr. Schiff is opposed to the general conception of the master of finance.

Bernard G. Richards, a Hebrew author and a Zionist leader, has this to say of Mr. Schiff's Fifth Avenue home and "the human side" of the man:

"He who has the money has the authority," says a Yiddish proverb, and some critics have been inclined to impute to Mr. Schiff the tendency to domineer in institutions and undertakings which have been benefited by his munificence, but I have myself had no evidence of this tendency, and I would not think so harshly of it if I had. At any rate, it is hard to associate a desire to domineer with this mild-mannered, kindly disposed and most polite of men, who impresses you at first rather as a scholar and teacher than as the wielder of great power in the world of practical affairs. Except when stirred by a thought or idea in which he is intensely interested, Mr. Schiff speaks to you softly and calmly, looks serenely out of his kindly eyes, smiles, and utters words of cheer and comfort, and, if you happen to be his guest, you are the best-looked-after person in the world. Mr. Schiff, in the midst of his family, with his grandchildren climbing all over him, his flowers, books and beautiful pictures about him, gives you a new insight into other phases of what the newspapers call the "human side of the man"—as if there could be anything unhuman about such a personality!

The inmates of Jewish institutions—the sick, the orphaned, and the crippled—know well this kindly, gray-haired,

bearded, mild-mannered man, who comes and speaks to them words of cheer, and, with anecdotes of quaint, old-time Jewish life, and with quotations of passages out of a well-stocked store of Jewish lore and tradition, makes them forget their sorrows and misfortunes. And when they hear of some new act of mercy on his part, or of some new undertaking backed by him for the improvement of the lot of some of our unfortunate brethren, they, together with so many others of our people, exclaim again and yet again: "Verily, a prince in Israel!"

In the opinion of the *N. Y. Times*, owned by liberal Jews, Mr. Schiff has no need to take adverse comment quite so seriously as he has taken it. "The example he has given and the service he has rendered," we are told, "are of too high a value to make it possible to accept any other belief than that the great mass of American Jews feel for him an unchanging esteem." The *N. Y. World* declares that his services to his coreligionists have been "literally unequalled," and that a faction should drive him from the public-spirited work which should have earned only gratitude and honor is "shameful."

Mr. Schiff, however, has not favored the Zionist program for an independent state of Palestine. He has worked for postponement until after the war of the proposed "democratic" congress of American Jews to declare a special Jewish program. For months the Jewish papers, whether printed in English, German, Hebrew or Yiddish, have voiced the sharpest differences of opinion, concerning what the 3,000,000 Jews in the United States ought to do for the Jews elsewhere and how to do it. Jewish religious distinctions complicate the discussion of what is called "a crisis in American Jewry." Outspoken opposition to the alleged "dictatorship" of Mr. Schiff and to the American Jewish Committee has increased. The limit of endurance Mr. Schiff decides is reached when critics in the Jewish press charge him with being a traitor to the Jews because of his pleas for unhyphenated Americanism.

HELFFERICH: MASTER OF THE DOMESTIC CRISIS IN GERMANY

POSSESSION of an unerring insight into human character and an administrative genius of the highest order made possible the extraordinary rise of Karl Theodor Helfferich to his present commanding position in the government of William II. Doctor Helfferich might be termed minister of the interior for Germany if that bold transliteration of his official title were not

misleading as a description of his functions. Doctor Helfferich, observes the Paris *Figaro*, decides what every German living at home shall eat and how much. He may dip his hand, through his subordinates, into anyone's purse. He is the dictator whose authority is supreme over the domestic economy. He prescribes even the fashions. It is highly significant of the personal prestige of Doctor Helfferich that his

fitness for the responsibility thrust upon him by the crisis of world-war is admitted by all. The French daily, no friend of Helfferich, is inclined to suspect that he deserves his fame as the greatest financier now alive. Not so many years ago he seemed to languish in a hopeless neglect, despite his industry, his services to German commerce, his probity, his intimate acquaintance with all the details of his country's in-

dustrial expansion at home and abroad.

At a court remarkable for its physically substantial individuals, Doctor Helfferich, says the French daily, suggests the ascetic. He is slim, looking hence taller than he is, like the Chancellor; but he has not the simplicity of Bethmann-Hollweg. Neither is he elegant, like von Jagow, another light man in the physical sense. Doctor Helfferich has a look of coldness and reserve. His countenance is habitually pale. His attire is characteristically self-effacing, for he affects the black coat of the civilian on ceremonial occasions and in warm weather dons dark gray sack-suits. He is by temperament a listener. He is so fine a linguist that even the Oriental tongues, it is affirmed, are familiar to him. He has traveled so widely that no part of the globe—especially if it be a part open to investment on the grand scale—is unfamiliar to him. Yet there is no touch of the cosmopolite in his manner and appearance. The word German is written all over him, even to the "councillor corners" where the line of the hair defines the brow as that of a man with the judicial temperament.

Doctor Helfferich acquired his amazing insight into human nature, says the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, as a result of his experience in making investments on the largest imaginable plan. He was long the directing mind in a tremendous banking combination that parted with its funds on the sublime scale in promotion of enterprises as far apart as Mexico and Siam. The least error of judgment might entail colossal loss. Helfferich dealt with the adventurers—in the good sense—who sought to dip into the treasure of which he disposed. His policy had to be liberal. The German government was eager to discover and bring forward the business capacity of the empire, however humbly it might embody itself in the individual case. World markets!—that was the cry. Helfferich had not only to find them; he had to discover the Germans who could exploit them. Find the men; the money will be ready. Such was the formula. Helfferich applied it successfully through the medium of a knowledge of character combined with rare judgment of capacity. He seemed to make no failures, to put no mediocrities into first-class posts. The commercial invasion of China, of Mexico, of South America, which cost the British so dear, was organized by him, sustained by him, financed by him. His motto was "Made in Germany!" He poured out money like water and it returned to Berlin in streams. His financial empire extended to the remotest regions of Mongolia and his control of his country's finance rested upon the perfect confidence of the people at home from the humblest to the all-highest. Even the fishwives swarmed

to invest their savings in the great bank over which Helfferich ruled silently, inscrutably. From time to time he lectured on finance in one of the great universities or issued a work on investments or colonial commerce or credit

under the British, he declares, has always been a coward, but under the Germans it is a hero. The surest sign of incapacity in the capitalists of a country, he also declares, is the existence of great masses of the unemployed.

Doctor Helfferich is credited likewise with many an aphorism upon the subject of that human character which he has studied to such good purpose in the course of his gigantic financial campaigns. They are scattered through his writings or jotted down in the note books of those who attend his lectures to university students or taken from his countless contributions to periodical literature. It is men who make securities good. Put no faith in the famous saying of Polonius, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be." A man should be both to understand the modern world. In studying character, says Helfferich, we should never forget that it is a constant flux. The good man of to-day may be the bad man of to-morrow. Uniform prosperity is not a desirable thing. A man should have his vicissitudes in order that his career may be comprehensive. A distrust of men is highly unscientific and reveals incapacity to deal with them. The personality of the financier ought to be inspirational because banking is an art as well as a science. A great financier is one who has discovered a new method of lending money.

Helfferich is somewhat vain, according to the notes upon him appearing now and then in the *Figaro*, of the number of German business men he has "made" after they had found the springs of credit dry in many fields. The fact that a borrower had been refused everywhere had no effect upon the course of the great Deutsche Bank in Berlin. It made its own investigation into assets and liabilities, volume of annual business, rate of profit and the several technicalities of the specialty involved. Helfferich was the man highest up. In his cold, clear-cut, quiet fashion, he indicated to the applicant for a loan some defect in his organization, a field he had neglected, a policy that hampered. Above all things, he would insist, the German business man must extend his operations into the international field. Money was to be had; but the traditional slow-going ancestral conservatism was to go. If extension into the world market involved loss at first, the bank would see to that. Never did Helfferich permit a house in which the bank was interested to "go under." This policy might mean reorganization from top to bottom; but it was achieved.

How Helfferich ever got through with the mass of detail imposed upon him by his incessant investigation of credits at home, of markets abroad, by his lectures, his travels, his studies of



THE NEW MASTER OF GERMANY

Doctor Helfferich, in his capacity as head of the Home Office, is a final authority over all who eat—over even the new head of the food department, who is a subordinate of his. Doctor Helfferich is said to be a light eater himself.

or money—topics he has mastered through a practical experience vouchsafed to few. Yet he is not fifty.

All sorts of maxims, principles and aphorisms on the subject of character and credit are attributed to Helfferich and circulated from time to time in such papers as the Paris *Débats*, the Berlin *Vossische*, the London *News*. Find out what a man owes before you decide what a man owns. This maxim he urged upon all his subordinates in their relations with applicants for credit. The greatest of all business assets, according to him, is ability. Character is indispensable, but it can be acquired. Financial genius is not shown in refusing credit, he observes again, but in granting it. Again: No one knows whether a financier has genius or not until he confronts a commercial panic. Genius in business, according to him, is manifested in the exploitation of new fields rather than in the cultivation of old ones. Capital

the Anatolian railways, of the Mexican oil fields, of the Chinese mines, the South American forests, remains a mystery. The whole world was to him a field for German investment and he exploited it through an administrative machinery created for the purpose by himself. As has been said already, he has an instinct for the detection of human ability. His vast army of subordinates revel like himself in quiet work. He reduces loud confusion to silent order, as the French daily admits. There is something in his ascetic appearance, in his still more ascetic mode of life, that harmonizes with his system. In the old days before the war he walked from his home in the Tiergartenstrasse to the solid granite structure where he worked and there, in a small back room, he pored over papers until ten. Then he had a cup of coffee, after which he did not taste food

until about two. Helfferich has always been a light eater, a fact referred to by all critics of his sumptuary legislation. Because he can flourish on a starvation diet, we read, he would reduce all Germans to it. For instance, he has never eaten much meat and he has curtailed the meat supply. He told the Reichstag in one of his few speeches to the deputies that Germans have always eaten too much meat. He declared, what everyone has known, that abstemiousness in eating and drinking has contributed to his own efficiency. He insists that the diet prescribed for the masses of the German people to-day is richer and more varied than the bill of fare in his own household, and this is notoriously true.

Helfferich is said to possess vast wealth altho nobody seems to know precisely what this wealth consists of. He moves among the uniformed figures at

the court of William II. in silent aloofness, his facial expression habitually austere, his bow invariably correct. He makes no concealment of his disdain for the ancient Prussian Junkerdom which has recruited the army and the bureaucracy for generations. Neither does he think much of the college professors. The glory of Germany, he holds, is her business man. He is the fine flower of the nation. Habits should be those of business. The intellect of Germany, her science, her art and her diplomacy must lend themselves to the development of her commerce and her industry. This is the burden of his lectures, the message of his books, all couched in clear, terse, lucid language, for Helfferich is conceded by even the French dailies to be the equal of Mr. Asquith himself in the exposition of the intricate, the statistical.

TAKE JONESCU: THE RUMANIAN STATESMAN WHO HAS DECLARED FOR THE ALLIES

AMONG the statesmen of genius identified with Balkan politics, three stand out, as the *Grande Revue* of Paris observes, more conspicuously than the rest—Mr. Paschitch, the Servian, Mr. Venizelos, the Greek, and Mr. Take Jonescu, the Rumanian. They are the grand trio of the Balkans, united in friendships as in ideals; but the events of the past few months have brought Mr. Jonescu a renown denied for the moment to the others. Is he to go the same way? For an answer the French periodical refers to the fact that Mr. Jonescu is not a talker merely, a leader in the political sphere, but an actor in the world drama, a man who does things. His is the temperament which must shape events rather than be led by them, and for that reason the immediate future of his country must be quite unlike the immediate past of either Servia or Greece. He may find himself for the moment in opposition, yet, as chief of the conservative democracy of his native land and the most marked Rumanian personality on the European scene, he is the hope of the allies and the dread of the Germans.

In Rumania, we read, he is known intimately from one frontier to the other. He is beyond all doubt the most popular living Balkan personage. He is never spoken of as Mr. Jonescu. Everybody refers to him as "Take." Moreover his popularity has in it the element of personal affection for the man besides devotion to the political leader. There are other brilliant statesmen in Rumania. Mr. Carp and Mr. Marghiloman are well known. Dare one affirm that they are as well be-

loved? The cold fact is that they lack his personal ascendancy over the national heart and mind, a tribute endorsed by even a critical Austrian organ like the Vienna *Zeit*. When one catches sight of Take Jonescu, avers the writer in the *Grande Revue*, one instinctively bows to the man, whether one knows him or not; and when one has made his acquaintance—an easy matter to all—one learns to love him. He has no gesture of authority, no air of command. His deportment and his aspect combined suggest what Fenelon said of Saint-Simon: One must make an effort to keep from looking at him. His whole being radiates a current of human sympathy and his charm, while inexplicable, is universal. He is pleasing not only to his countrymen, opponents and supporters alike, but he is beloved abroad. The late German diplomatist, Kiderlen-Wächter, kept two photographs always on his desk—that of William II. and that of Take Jonescu. The cold and distant Sir Edward Grey expands to Take Jonescu.

Charm, then, is the foundation of this indescribable character, a character compounded of the subtleties in personality, of the qualities of youth, sweetness, sincerity, the gift of pleasing. It was this gift of pleasing that distinguished Take Jonescu as a boy, for in his student days at Bucharest he was the most popular man in his class, not to the students only, but to the professors also. In his beautiful home on a wide avenue of the Rumanian capital hangs a portrait of Take Jonescu at fourteen. The same caressing and limpid look of the eye survives to explain a mystery dealt with by de Maupassant in one of his famous short sto-

ries—the mystery of a charm inherited from a mother who had charm. Gaze into the portrait of the mother of Take Jonescu and you understand the caressing and limpid glance in the eyes of the son. That glance is his strength and the explanation, perhaps, of the power he wields over those who meet it, a verdict not that of the French authority merely but of the Austrian one. The mystery of his charm is partly accounted for to the Parisian student of it by the cosmopolitan culture he acquired when young, by the Latin temperament, by the supple intelligence, the instant comprehension of men and things. He is intuitive, instinctive, inspired.

This Latinity of attitude to life, to things, to situations, emerges more and more as one gets to know Take Jonescu. It was inborn but it became definite at Paris, whither the gifted Rumanian resorted in his youth as a student of the law. It was a glorious youth, the tradition of which lingers not only at the ancient seat of learning which gave him a degree, but in the Latin Quarter, where young Rumanians are left. No wonder, then, if the intellectual life of Take Jonescu be French. He reads the literature of France, he knows her painters and her scientists. In the circle—at once intimate and large—which at Aix-les-Bains gathered about Jean Lahor, Take Jonescu was the most enthusiastic worshipper of the lamented poet. How often has the great Rumanian astonished a French audience by revelations of his intimate acquaintance with the thought of their country, its philosophy, of which he was in every way the ambassador at Bucharest! Yet it

would be inaccurate to describe Take Jonescu as a great Gallicized Rumanian. He is to this observer a great European on every plane without the vices of the mere cosmopolite. His knowledge of things English is no less

ing national temperaments he encounters explains part of his importance in such a crisis as confronts him, explains part of his popularity. The true explanation is in the man's character. It is essentially noble.

and, if we may accept current gossip, he has thrown away much money upon the education of promising young men who at Rome or Paris turned out idlers or dilettanti. The *Tribuna* (Rome) is not edified by his opinion that Wagner is a greater musician than Verdi. He is accused of Philistinism in his attitude to the futurists, the symbolists and the rest, and a critic in the *Temps* ridicules his notion that Alfred de Musset is a greater poet than Victor Hugo. Mr. Jonescu is somewhat sensitive on the score of culture in the Balkans. The peoples there are civilized, he is prone to observe. They have their artists, their scientists, their schools, their great newspapers—among the latter, by the way, being the widely circulated organ of Mr. Jonescu himself, the *Roumanie*. He is associated with the editorial policy of that daily, living in considerable intimacy with its staff and keeping in touch with even its book reviews and its chronicle of local events. In addition to his fame as a master of his native tongue, Mr. Take Jonescu writes an exquisite prose in French. He is very Latin in his combination of the journalist with the statesman.

In court, where he appears constantly, his eloquence is never redundant, his gesture is never theatrical. His argument is compact and the technicalities of the law express a spirit of justice of which they become the instrument. It seems impossible, when at last he sits down, not to be on his side. In truth, as was hinted, there is scarcely a great case in all Rumania wherein Take Jonescu is not on one side or the other. His most effective manner suggests that he is paying no attention to his opponent's case. On one occasion, before the commerce court of Bucharest, Take Jonescu, during his adversary's argument, was plunged in the perusal of a book. His client, deeming his interests neglected, grew uneasy. When his turn came, Jonescu arose and replied point by point to the other side. A reporter was curious enough to inspect the volume, which proved to be "The Life and Letters of Macaulay." The litigation had to do with an invention for aeroplanes by the engineer Gerchez. An expert could not have shown greater familiarity with the subject than did Take Jonescu show that day and he carried his point.

Facing an audience, the Rumanian leader becomes another man entirely. His phrases are long and melodious. He makes use of the purest and most idiomatic Rumanian, and his auditors, whatever their lot in life, have an argument fitted to their mental altitude. The eloquence he displays in front of the largest audiences is that of an orator born and fully explains his popular title of "the golden-mouthed Take."



THE MOST CHARMING MAN IN THE BALKANS

Take Jonescu, the Rumanian statesman, is believed to owe his success in political life to his rare and perfect manner, a blend of sweetness of disposition with the subtlest intuition. He has the manners of Sir Charles Grandison, the dash of Lord Byron and the virtues of George Washington.

intimate than his knowledge of things French.

Madame Take Jonescu is English and the fact explains the intimacy of the husband's social relations in London. This may explain likewise the somewhat peculiar fact that, alone among great Balkan personalities, Take Jonescu is understood in Downing Street as well as in the Quai d'Orsay. He has loyalty, principle, energy, as well as the opportunism and "realism" of Venizelos or Paschich. He knows national character. He can conform to its idiosyncrasies without making the mistake of those who find the French character more brilliant than substantial or the English character more solid than ingenious. This capacity to adapt himself to the vary-

The anecdotes of his generosity that circulate throughout the Balkans make our French contemporary think of Lamartine. They remind one of our own Brandeis as he has been presented by many admiring writers. The great Rumanian Lawyer, altho in receipt of huge fees, takes up the cases of the impoverished without a retainer. At the opening of his career he refused a government post that he might practice in the courts. He has figured in the most important as well as in the most sensational cases without adding to his wealth. His income from his profession is astonishingly small for one who ranks among the great lawyers of Europe. It is true that he has private means that render him independent.

The hobby of Take Jonescu is art

MUSIC AND DRAMA

"YOUTH"—MILES MALLESON'S DRAMATIZATION OF THE MODERN YOUNG DRAMATIST

NOTHING else is liked by playgoers so much as "a peep into the theatrical cuisine," remarks that veteran critic, Mr. A. B. Walkley of the London *Times*. He is expressing his appreciation of the insight displayed by Miles Malleson into the foibles of those young dramatists "with ideas" who, having no knowledge of the foundations of society, being helplessly ignorant of modern social problems, and possessing no first-hand knowledge of life, immediately proceed to write tremendously revolutionary plays attacking present-day arrangements. "Many plays have been written on that principle," writes the erudite Mr. Walkley, "some of them quite 'distinguished.'" In "Youth," which has recently been produced by the sophisticated Stage Society of London, Miles Malleson reveals the tortured soul of one of these young men of what has been termed the "gloomy Gus" school of dramaturgy.

Modern playwrights have not hesitated to satirize the modern theater—actors, public, managers. But few have ever attempted to poke fun at the dramatist himself. Miles Malleson has not only made a budding young playwright of 22 his hero, but he has revealed in penetrating and amusing fashion the weaknesses and absurdities of that very modern and very advanced school of which he himself is a member. Perhaps he has even dramatized himself, for Mr. Malleson's play, like that of his hero, Douglas Hetherly, contains a message of the "advanced" type. It has been published in London by Hendersons, to whom we are indebted for these excerpts.

The action of "Youth" takes place in a provincial "repertory," or stock, theater of England, during the rehearsals and performances of Douglas Hetherly's first play. The first curtain rises upon the disordered stage of this theater at eleven o'clock one morning a week before the production of the play. In the center of this bare stage a young man and a young woman are sitting with their arms around one another. Their lips meet in a long passionate kiss.

NINA GEOFFREYS. (*When her lips are free; low and passionate.*) I love you.... Oh, my dear, I do love you.

DOUGLAS. My dear. (*For a moment they gaze deep into one another's eyes, then they come together in another*

great embrace.... They part a little.) Don't you think we'd better try that bit over again. (*It is an enormously sudden change into an utter matter-of-factness—they were rehearsing.*)

NINA. This is the biggest part I've ever had, so the more I rehearse the better.

DOUGLAS. Splendid. What time was your rehearsal called?

NINA. Eleven.

DOUGLAS. We've just got time to go through the whole love-scene. I'll read Cecil's part. (*He urges a type-written play from his pocket.*) Where are we—Act I.... Act II.... Act III....

NINA. It's frightfully good of you to come down early like this. I feel most awfully proud, doing it all alone with the author. And you do help such heaps. It's easier with you somehow.

DOUGLAS. Naturally—because it's me.... This is the first play I've had done—and it's more or less about myself. (*He begins to get enthusiastic and talk. He is twenty-two; ordinarily quiet and unexaggerated. But talking about himself and his ideas rouses a big enthusiasm in him. His desire for expression takes complete hold of him and obliterates everything else. He talks now with just such an ever-growing enthusiasm, and rather an attractive trick of emphasizing single words.*) You see, in the theater, if a man makes love to one woman, it's a pretty play; if he makes love to two, it's a drawing-room drama; if he makes love to three, it's a farce. I've written a play about a man who wants to make love to every other woman he meets, and it's a tragedy. People hate it. They tell me it's young—but then, most people are, some time or other in their lives. If it's the less interesting for that, you might as well say Spring isn't interesting until it's Summer. They tell me it's improper and shows a hopeless lack of reticence—that's the phrase. But I talk about it because I want to find out definitely what is improper. Nobody seems to know. At least people have wildly opposite ideas. You see, people don't face all the facts of love and... emotion... and... all the rest of it. Individuals solve these questions for themselves—or try to—in dark little corners of their lives and say nothing about it. It's all so difficult—and often ugly... when it ought to be simple and terrific—and beautiful. At least that's what I feel.... How can one help raising one's voice about it? Shall I tell you what's the matter with me?... I mean why I can't keep quiet?

NINA. Yes.

DOUGLAS. 'M I boring you?

NINA. Of course not.

DOUGLAS. You see.... (*By this time he is in full swing—heedless of anything but his attempt at expression—*

maybe he is perched, in extreme danger, on some scenic prop—but, wherever he is, he is not there long.) I believe I'm the humble representative of a new type—I'm not boasting about it—just telling you... the result of an essentially modern mixture. The temperament of a Huxley and the temperament of a Byron.... I wish I could explain.... Think of two streams coming down Time. One stream of the social reformers. Huxley, a cold calculating search after Truth. Learn what is true in order to do what is right—that's him.... Huxley. (*A small pass-door in the back wall of the theater swings open—and the stage carpenter strolls on. He always strolls. An immense man, apparently never without a bowler hat right on the back of his head, a hammer in his hand, a match—or something suckable—in his mouth. He strolls down towards the footlights. Douglas hasn't stopped talking.*) We live in a world full of misery and ignorance—it's our duty to leave our own corner less miserable and ignorant than we found it, or, something like that—that's Huxley, too. Well, I've got that feeling. I never can quite forget that there are people in the world who can't get enough to eat; all the unnecessary suffering and dulness does depress me; unhappy marriages people can't get out of; women's lives wasted without any love at all or with a miserable surfeit of it; people losing sight of beauty and liking all the wrong things; misery through want; boredom through excess; a great ignorance of how to live—when life ought to be so big and splendid for everybody and it isn't.... (*He adds, almost apologetically for his outburst!*) One feels like that sometimes.

(*By this time Joe, the stage carpenter, has arrived at the prompt corner. He is gazing up into the flies.*)

JOE. (*Calling.*) Bill!

VOICE FROM ALOFT. 'Ullo!

JOE. Where's 'Arry?

VOICE. Gorn across to 'ave one.

JOE. There's a re-ersel 'ere this mornin'. (*He turns to Douglas.*) Wot time's your re-ersel, Mister?

DOUGLAS. Eleven.

JOE. (*Into the flies.*) Heleven. They wants the lights. Better tell 'Arry.

VOICE. E'll be back. 'E's only gorn acros' to 'ave one.

JOE. I'll go and tell 'im myself. (*He strolls pass-door-wards.*)

DOUGLAS. You see I want to influence my little corner.... Does that sound priggish?.... Anyhow it's true. Well, to try and do that might be comparatively simple. *But: there's the other half of the mixture—there's the other stream. Life. Beauty. Sensation. Love. (Joe has just reached the pass-door. The last few words have caught his ear. He turns to look at the speaker.) Women mean so*

much to me. (*Another suck at the match, an extra tilt of the bowler, a scratching of his head, and Joe disappears.*) As far as I can make out I'm not absolutely unique. Anyhow it's been an inspiration to the artist through the ages; it makes great men empty out their souls in beauty . . . and I want *everything* that part of life can give me. . . . I think these streams have flowed on through the nineteenth century more or less distinct. The Social Reformer and the Artist,—the Social Reformer didn't care for anything but his duty to his fellows, the artist but his duty to himself—and when you're a bit of both—Oh, my goodness! As I grow up I begin to want (*his voice very full*)—it's a great inexplicable, almost intolerable hunger—all the wonderful things the intimate companionship of a woman must mean. That's problem number one:—How do I get it? Answer:—By the Society we live in—find a nice sweet girl who will be all the world to me, for the rest of my life—and marry her. A *blank impossibility!* Several blank impossibilities!! Just to begin with, I've never met anyone I'm absolutely certain I should want, to the exclusion of everyone else, for the rest of my life, and if I did I couldn't afford to marry her. Marriage is bang out. What do I do next? . . . I don't know how much you know about . . . things, but there's a class of people who tell me I'm making an unholy fuss about nothing, and that (*his voice drops a little*) . . . well, there are women to be bought. That's rotten. No good. Beastly. Anyhow the Huxley part of me rules that out, if only for the mere danger of it. (*His low voice becomes tremendously earnest.*) That's one of the few things one can be definite about—one ought to be definite about. . . . I mean, from the point of view of spreading illness, it's about as downright wicked as one can be. . . . It's amazing how few men think of that—you see, it's never discussed in the open. . . . (*Then with a big crescendo*) Well, what do I do next? Answer: Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Except grumble, and talk, and write about it . . . and get told I'm indecent just because I want to know what I *ought* to do. Don't you see—the Social Reformer trying to guide the Artist—and what a life!

Nina is engaged to Frank Denton, a member of the company, who presently appears just as Douglas and Nina are again rehearsing the kiss. He observes them with the severest and most evident disapproval. He cannot understand why the dramatist should be rehearsing the part to be played by Cecil Wainwright, who has not yet put in an appearance. Finally Wainwright comes and Nina and he proceed with the rehearsals under the direction of Anthony Gunn, the producer. The following scene reveals some of the difficulties encountered by the earnest young dramatist in his attempt to deliver his tremendous "message." Cecil Wainwright begins to read his lines.

CECIL. (*Reading well and sympathetically.*) "I love you . . . and you love

me . . . you've just said so. But how can we know that you and I are going to love one another, and one another only, for a life-time? All the promises that the Law and the Church demand—that my life is to be complete without any other love. . . . I'm only trying to go for truth. There's only one thing I'm certain of: that this love between us now is good. . . . My dear, can't we begin together with just that? You know even if we were married we couldn't afford a little one.

GUNN. Yes, I want that last line cut.

DOUGLAS. Cut? Why?

GUNN. There's no need for it, Hetherly. It'll offend people . . . it's not important for your plot.

DOUGLAS. But . . . Mr. Gunn . . . surely! . . . The whole scene's a discussion whether it's always, absolutely, wrong for two people to be together without being married . . . children are one of the things supposed to make it a necessity. My two people realize frankly they want love for its own sake. . . . I mean that their complete intimacy is going to increase two personalities, not the population. I should have thought it was the most important consideration.

MAY. (*The stage manager, "standing by" as requested.*) It may be important in life, ol'boy; I know it is. (*There is meaning in that.*) But it's unpleasant in a play. I've been at this game more years than you've been born, and you can take it from me *all* this bit's unpleasant.

DOUGLAS. And the Revue opposite packs the house twice nightly.

MAY. Ah! now, ol'boy, you're talkin' nonsense . . . that's a dam'd attractive show.

DOUGLAS. Of course it is. A beauty chorus, Eastern dances and a West End night club; . . . and a play called "The Next Morning," about some poor lonely devil who found it so attractive that he got himself into a mess, would be immoral. . . . Blaze out the attractiveness and hush up the mess! Ever so much better than that, agree the whole subject's indecent—and incidentally burn half the world's poetry, and silence its music, and scrap its pictures and go into a monastery—

He is interrupted by the scene shifters and the property-man. After the disturbance subsides, Douglas consents to dropping the objectionable line and asks Cecil Wainwright to proceed.

CECIL. (*Having scratched out the line, reading on.*) "Think of the hundreds of thousands of girls who are just living their lives away in their parents' homes waiting for a man of their own; of the hundreds of thousands to whom one can never come; and of the hundreds of thousands who are just for any man. Modern morality and the result of it . . . one extreme breeding another. . . . I've told you I loathe prostitution, the *befouling* of sex—it's such waste. But the so-called purity of to-day, life without the full knowledge of love, the *denial* of sex, I loathe that for the same reason—it's such waste."

GUNN. Wo! It won't do, Hetherly. It won't do, it won't do, it won't do. You mustn't say things like that. . . .

DOUGLAS. But why? Tell me why?

GUNN. Well, just to begin with—"prostitution"—that word's got to come out. . . . (*To May.*) Don't you agree with me?

MAY. (*Enormously good-humored. Bowler well on the back of his head.*) My dear boy, you've got to consider your audience. They like Revues, and they won't stand this at any price, and that's all about it. . . . I'm not thin-skinned. I'm a man o' the world, but you may take it from me they won't swallow talky pieces . . . an' I *don't* like your talk. Too much "sex" about it. Puts your play straight to bed, ol'boy—down the sink in a week.

GUNN. (*Quite kindly.*) I know what you're driving at, Hetherly. You're trying to be "modern," and write about realities. You'll get told you've got a nasty mind for your trouble.

DOUGLAS. I'm asking a simple question. If temperamentally and economically one daren't get married, what ought one to do? . . . After all, it's a pretty vital question; it deserves to be looked at from every point of view. I'd very much sooner not have any of it cut. . . . I've put in my father absolutely denying the right of any love outside marriage, and the other extreme one mustn't talk about—I think both hopelessly wrong; cause and effect, largely—and I'm between the two asking—at any rate for a good many of my generation who feel and think—both pretty hard. Why cut *any* of it, Mr. Gunn? Surely the very mention of sex doesn't shock people! . . . Of course, if it reminds them of unclean things—stuffy little back bedrooms—well, doesn't that show where we've got to? Sex—the driving force of the world: bigger than the night sky, cleaner than the sea, and I've got a nasty mind if I talk about it.

GUNN. I saw the directors yesterday. Unless you consent to have large parts of this cut they won't do the play.

DOUGLAS. (*Astounded.*) Not do the play! (*He takes a breath to speak, but finds himself speechless and turns away. When he turns back again he is resigned.*) All right. I want the play done—what you leave of it. There's nothing more to be said.

GUNN. Good. Can you come round to my rooms this evening? We'll go through it with a pencil.

DOUGLAS. Yes.

During the week of rehearsals, Douglas falls hopelessly and inevitably in love with Nina Geffreys, the leading woman. He can think of nothing else. So that the night of the opening his play has really become of secondary interest to him. Byron has temporarily banished Huxley. Just before the rise of the curtain, the young man visits Cecil Wainwright in his dressing-room, when the actor is making-up. During the absence of Denton, who shares the dressing-room, Douglas confides in Cecil Wainwright that "he wants to marry somebody" and that there's going to be trouble.

CECIL. If the feeling between you and Nina is real . . . any other engagement will die a natural death.

DOUGLAS. I'm glad you said that . . . Oh, Cecil, if you knew how I felt about this.

CECIL. (*Quoting some lines of James Stephens.*)

"You will die unless you do
Find a mate to whisper to."

DOUGLAS. (*Tremendously struck.*) My God . . . that's good.

CECIL. You and your play are always reminding me of it . . . listen! (*With a quivering pencil waving in one hand [he was putting the finishing touches to the make-up] he speaks the poem—quite beautifully.*)

I can see
The buds have come again on every tree
Through some dear intercourse of Sun and dew
And thrilling root and folding earth anew
They come in beauty
They up to the Sun
As on a breast are lifting everyone
Their leaves
Under the eaves
The sparrows are in hiding
Making love
There is a chatter in the woods above
Where the black crow
Is saying what her sweetheart wants to know
The Sun is shining fair
And the green is on the tree
And the wind goes everywhere
Whispering so secretly
You will die unless you do
Find a mate to whisper to.

DOUGLAS. (*Every fiber in him answering.*) Oh, yes . . . It's got the splendor of big, inevitable, *outdoor* things. "Dear intercourse of Sun and dew" . . . and the "folding earth." It's so immensely clean. May'd call it unpleasant. What's that last line?

CECIL. "You will die unless you do
Find a mate to whisper to."

DOUGLAS. I've found my mate. Cecil, I'm going to ask Nina to marry me—and if she says yes . . . we're going to walk into the nearest Registry Office and come out married. I mean that. I mean it absolutely. I can't go playing about with love any more. I can't do it. This has got to be everything or nothing. . . . My life now's not *right*.

CECIL. And are you quite sure rushing off and marrying Nina's going to be right?

DOUGLAS. You know that poem's true, don't you?

CECIL. Of course I do. And true about you, Douglas.

DOUGLAS. You mean—just—not get married.

CECIL. That depends upon Nina.

Just as the curtain rises on the first act of Douglas Hetherly's play, Nina enters the little dressing-room to await her cue. She and Douglas are left alone. She tries to banish his evident nervousness.

DOUGLAS. We'll have to tell him.

NINA. Yes.

DOUGLAS. Will you really give him up for me?

NINA. I must. You've made me.

DOUGLAS. Oh, my dear, I can't believe . . . my heart's making such a noise. . . . Are you saying you'll marry me?

NINA. Yes.

DOUGLAS. Quite soon? As soon as ever we can I mean . . . to take things into our own hands . . . I shan't tell my people . . . at a Registry Office . . . in a few days.

NINA. Yes.

DOUGLAS. (*His voice low, full, happy almost to tears.*) My dear . . . I haven't got a penny . . . we'll just have to work

. . . I'll work for all I'm worth—and you act . . . and we'll have a wonderful little home together. Oh, Nina . . . my loved one . . . if I could tell you how I wanted you.

NINA. (*Her voice tuned to the low thrill of his.*) Tell me.

DOUGLAS.

"You will die unless you do
Find a mate to whisper to. . . ."

Oh, I want you with all the immense longing of that . . . Let's talk about it practically. My two rooms in London . . . you'll come to them—*home* to them?

NINA. (*Moving closer against him.*) Oh, yes . . . it'll be wonderful.

DOUGLAS. It'll be glorious—I've been so alone there—so alone. Coming back to them in the evening—by myself—watching all sorts of couples going back to all sorts of homes—some who've met for the first time that night—I know it's all wrong—that—but things seemed to be driving me to it . . . just a way out of the loneliness. . . . Sometimes—with the city asleep below me and all its noises hushed, alone up in the blackness of my little room. O God . . . how youth can hurt. (*NINA, raising her head to look into his eyes, is kissed, lips to lips.*) And now that's all over—oh, think of it . . . Nina, think of it. To come back to you in those rooms . . . or perhaps you'll be acting and I'll have been writing and I'll be waiting for you. It'll be all cosy for you. I'll have made some tea, and we'll have a last cigaret telling each other about the daytime—and our work. And then, the darkness will wrap us round—us two together. . . . Oh, how I've dreamed of it . . . a woman's life intimate with mine—that's what I don't think I could have gone on without. . . . I can't believe it's true—I'm trying to realize—only a few minutes ago I didn't know you loved me.

NINA. I do. And, Douglas, since I knew I did—things have been happening to me; d'you remember I said I thought something would? This is it—loving you.

DOUGLAS. (*Something between laughing and crying.*) Oh, my dear!

NINA. I've got so many things to say. I think I shall be able to soon . . . only just now I seem to be growing . . . to be feeling things faster than I can understand them.

Denton comes in to find the two still together. Nina is called to make her entrance as Douglas's heroine. Denton demands an explanation of the young dramatist, who finally tells him that Nina Geffreys and he are in love with each other. In the middle of his explanation, Denton, in the guise of a clergyman, is called to go on the stage.

To add to his troubles, Douglas must now attempt to conciliate his father, the Reverend John Hetherly, to the advanced "ideas" expressed in his play. After the departure of his father, Douglas learns from Cecil Wainwright that Estelle, described as "the strong enough girl," who was Wainwright's sweetheart before his marriage, and who is a very advanced young person, is in the audience witnessing his play.

Douglas Hetherly's play runs for two weeks. The curtain rises for the

last act of "Youth" again upon the stage of the theater where it is being performed; but in this act we look at the stage as from the back of it. We learn that young Hetherly's advanced play has "dropped money" for the management; and that it is to be followed the next week by a money-maker entitled "The Slit Skirt"—"a great success in the West End." Gunn informs Rev. John Hetherly that his son has much to learn in realizing what *not* to say. Douglas and Nina have, however, agreed to marry. While Nina is making up for the last performance of his play, Estelle, the advanced young "free-woman," comes "behind" to talk with Douglas Hetherly. She is about thirty and "very nearly quite beautiful." Douglas makes the mistake of telling the rebellious Estelle that he is going to wed—a most commonplace and mediocre thing to do, in her eyes.

DOUGLAS. I want to know why you laughed at me when I said I was getting married for the woman's sake?

ESTELLE. I don't like generalizing about women, as if we were all of a pattern—but love probably *does* "mean more" to us—it's a more special part of our lives, more sacred. A big word, but it suits. And might I suggest that for that very reason a woman is the best judge of how to use her sex, *all by herself*, (*she adds, almost teasingly at him*) even without the guidance of men-made rules! (*A little bewildered "yes—but" noise from Douglas, and she gently overwhelms him again.*) Suppose a marriage isn't a success—and lives have to be lived out through it—because of her greater sensitiveness there are things infinitely more horrible for her than for the man.

DOUGLAS. Yes—

ESTELLE. That's an extreme. But in an ordinary case—you know a wife is terribly often a married-lady-in-a-drawing-room, worn out doing nothing—or a married-woman-in-a-kitchen, worn out doing too much; according to the income of her owner.

DOUGLAS. (*Quoting himself.*) Extreme breeding—extreme—I know. And yet . . . (*He ruffles his hair and clasps his head.*) You make me feel like an undeveloped photo; I want to get into a dark room . . . "owner's" rather strong, isn't it?

ESTELLE. Why do you suppose men wink so pleasantly at one another over their own little love affairs, and can't find words bad enough for the woman who loves outside her wedding-ring?

DOUGLAS. The shattering of an ideal—ESTELLE. There's nothing very ideal in a loveless marriage. A wife is the last word in private property . . . and that's always a curse . . . when the sky is privately owned some large firm will charge to view the sunset! There's one thing: they won't make much money—the only people who'll want to look will be those who can't afford it.

DOUGLAS. (*Coming off the table.*) Be serious. Estelle, when there are children—?

ESTELLE. (*With something of the sanctity of it in her voice.*) If you could bear a child as I have, you'd want to be the

person to say when and where and how . . . It seems to me if you're going to be responsible for a new life—the great thing is to give it every chance. And that's largely a question of economics. Every woman who wants a child should be able to have one—after all, it's her great mission to humanity, isn't it?

DOUGLAS. (*Pausing.*) Yes, but what I mean is there must be some safeguards—she can't be just left.

ESTELLE. Some form of contract as things are—yes. The man has got to take his share in giving his child its chance, but even then a moral contract's the real one . . . neither a parson nor a town clerk tied me to a man—I preferred to do it myself, and any knots there are aren't so hopelessly clumsy that they can't be undone . . . but that doesn't say there isn't something very real between us . . . my tiny baby thing has a father I can trust. That was my look-out; I had the choosing of him. . . . My dear Douglas, as long as we are what we are, you'll never rid love of a certain amount of difficulty, or even suffering . . . but you can rid the world of very many artificial and quite unnecessary tragedies—but more than that, ever so much more—(*she speaks from her depths*) don't you understand that everything that comes into one's life is something to be used . . . to be mastered . . . to be brought into line? Suffering . . . a broken leg . . . a broken heart, a broken hope. One learns in the mending: learns to possess oneself and joy and sorrow, and not to be possessed by them.

DOUGLAS. (*Losing the power of resistance.*) You're rather a wonderful person.

ESTELLE. Am I? (*With a little laugh.*) An unmarried woman with a child—that scorned thing, Douglas, a free woman—and I try not to be too proud of it.

DOUGLAS. I suppose I agree with you really—but when it comes to it . . . things aren't going to be too easy for Nina, anyhow.

ESTELLE. I know, I know. People can be cruel—and the good ones cruellest. I must go. (*She gathers up a belonging or two from the table and then thinks of an addendum.*) Someone has said that there's only one thing more disheartening than the crowd of doll ladies gazing into shop windows at colored ribbons on a London afternoon, and that's the crowd of girls parading the same streets at night . . . and things won't be much different until all our lives belong to us . . . to give or withhold as we will . . . and it's amazing how few people I could say that to . . . without seeing the curling lip—at an immoral crank.

DOUGLAS. A crank's what people without ideas call people with them.

Whether by these typically "advanced" arguments, or by her own personal charm, or by both, as the penetrating Mr. Walkley notes, Estelle quite bowls the young dramatist over, so that by the time the final curtain has fallen and the provincial audience is wildly expressing its appreciation of Miss Nina Geffreys, Douglas Hetherly is no longer certain that he still loves her. The Byron in him suggests that he

might be unfaithful to her in the event of marriage, and the Huxley in his nature therefore decrees that, if this were true, the marriage must be called off. Nina, however, is nothing if not a practical person, and decides to bring Douglas to his senses. It is perhaps one of the characteristics of the English drama that all characters should express themselves concerning the problem confronting the young man, each with a different solution. After they have done so, they leave, and finally Nina and Douglas are alone on the deserted stage. The play concludes:

DOUGLAS. I seem to be throwing my chance of happiness away—and I don't know—

NINA. (*Going to him.*) Now, Douglas, listen. . . . Oh, what can I say to make you feel as I do? . . . You've taught me so much.

DOUGLAS. What have I taught you?

NINA. I want to try and put that into words . . . because I'm happy. And if I could only explain you'll be happy too . . . the things I've learnt in our long walks . . . in the daytime and in the evenings, among people and among trees and the fields—we've felt not only so close to each other, but so close to everything . . . haven't we? It was last Sunday, the whole day with you. Deep in the country, things seem to explain themselves to me—silently . . . it's easier to understand that way than in words, but you must try. Don't you remember after tea at the little black and white inn—standing together in that great brown field—with the earth smelling so good . . . and we were still, and listened to the hum of millions of little lives—things moving in the grass—animals in the fields, the cloud-shadows that seemed to caress everything as they passed across, every little leaf in the trees trembling with its own notes in the great love-song . . . and then the myriad other worlds began to show through as the sky deepened, and in the colossal stillness of the night I seemed to be gathered up with you, into the very soul of all things. . . . I felt so wonderfully that I was part of it . . . that I was it. Two little beings realizing a little about love and so being swept up into the great spirit of everything—that is love. . . . Douglas, when you have felt like that . . . when you know that love is everywhere and is everything, and that you're part of it and it's part of you . . . that our bodies and their passions—the things they hush up—and our souls and their yearnings are different expressions of the same great thing, just as that brown field and the things in it and the skies above it are, you feel always so certain, so safe. There's no fear, no anxiety, no rushing about life after love, terrified you won't find it. . . . I can only tell you how I feel, but from now I can go forward—confident; all the things that happen to me, all the people I meet, everything will take its place in my life and be good in its place; and as for the biggest things—restlessness and impatience won't hurry them—they'll come in their own good time. Douglas, that night, with you, I felt—I've tried to tell you how—that I and everything were one

—and as my little being unfolds outwards, I shall understand more and want more and have more . . . if I could only make you believe that . . . Douglas, you must have that faith . . . don't you understand a little . . . ?

DOUGLAS. You're not a man . . . it's this waiting . . . alone.

NINA. I know it's more difficult for men. They will go aside after little pleasures . . . they seem so easily satisfied with what isn't the best . . . but when you want a thing as you do . . . if you'll only believe you'll come to it, and if you'll only have the will to take it when it comes, it'll be yours. . . . Listen. We've had a wonderful time together, haven't we?

DOUGLAS. The most wonderful weeks I've ever lived.

NINA. There may be bigger times for us together ahead—I don't know.

DOUGLAS. Oh, what d'you mean?

NINA. I believe (*she might be reciting her creed*) . . . I believe that if we ought to go on together we shall. But if we oughtn't, then we shall have had these weeks and we shall go on with our lives apart. . . . Douglas, don't worry so. We're young, and the world belongs to us.

DOUGLAS. Yes, but how can we tell—who's to say whether we ought to go on together or not?

NINA. You . . . But if you come back to me it must be without questioning, without any doubt. You must be sure of yourself. . . . I don't ask you to be sure of anything but yourself, and the present. But of that you must be utterly sure.

DOUGLAS. I will come back to you, Nina. (*She looks deep into his eyes and answers.*)

NINA. I believe you will, Douglas.

(*Joe, the stage carpenter, is at the exit, big with self-pity.*)

JOE. I doan' know 'ow long you thinks er stoppin'—but some of us 'as 'omes.

NINA. Oh, Joe, I'm sorry. . . . I'm just going.

JOE. Glad to 'ear it. . . . (*He crosses to the prompt corner.*)

NINA. (*Very low to Douglas.*) We must go. . . . Don't come with me. You go back to London to-morrow. . . . you will, won't you?

DOUGLAS. You want me to?

NINA. Yes. . . . You've got to think this out for yourself—away from me . . . you've got to find yourself. . . . I've found myself. I love you. But I'm not afraid. Life will be good . . . whether you come or not. Good-by.

DOUGLAS. I won't even say good-by to you.

NINA. Well, good night then. (*With Joe's baleful eye upon them, they shake hands.*) I'm afraid we've kept you waiting, Joe.

JOE. Oh, doan' mind us. We likes it.

NINA. Oh, I'm sorry. You must forgive us. Good night, Joe.

JOE. (*A little appeased at her tone.*) Goo' night, miss.

JOE. (*Addressing the air—and Douglas.*) I wonder some of yer doan' bring yer beds, and camp out 'ere. Nice 'ealthy spot. (*He plunges the stage into utter darkness.*) Can yer see yer way out?

DOUGLAS. (*His answer is more than an answer to Joe.*) Yes, Joe. I can see my way out. Good night.

THE PARADOX OF THE PUPPET: AN EXTINCT AMUSEMENT BORN ANEW

DRIVEN out of the scenes of its former triumphs by the relentless competition of the moving picture as the amusement of the masses, the marionet has found a refuge among the artists of the theater. Deserted by the populace, after having entertained it for centuries, the marionet and the puppet have been rescued by the "high-brow." Such is the present situation in the ancient art of the puppet, noted by its chroniclers to-day. In an illuminating and authoritative essay on the passing of the marionet and its rescue by the experimental and artistic theater, Sidney Coe Howard expresses a deep regret at the complete extinction of the old-time marionet of past centuries. Mr. Howard writes in the Boston *Transcript* of the "passing of one of the world's most popular dramatic forms." Even before the advent of the moving picture, its breath was nearly spent:

"There was a single refuge in New York, Boston's North End, given over these several years, and New Orleans and San Francisco, held but memories. In England, Cluny Lewis and his 'Punch' were forgotten. Guignol had fallen to the children of the Luxembourg and the Tuilleries. For Germany there was only the old theater of Papa Schmidt in Munich. The famous theater of Venice was in its last days, and the impresarios of Italy herself wandered the byways afield and adrift. And over all, like an evil sun, rose the motion picture. It was the end of a great, popular drama, perhaps the greatest and the longest-lived art has known."

Mr. Howard is familiar with most of the modern artistic marionet theaters which have arisen on the continent to rescue the old art—the amazing *Künstler-Marionetten* of Munich and Vienna and Baden-Baden, designed and clothed by Braun, Wäckerle and Bradl and other artists of the first rank. He is familiar with Signoret, whose marionets of the Galerie Vivienne of past decades evoked eulogies from Anatole France, and with the puppets of De Neuville, uncanny precursors of the modern Parisian revue, enacting as they did the timely satire of their own Aristophanes, M. Lemercier de Neuville. He has witnessed Gordon Craig's super-marionets in the Arena Goldoni in Florence. He realizes all that the future may hold in store for the development of this art. Yet he mourns the passing of the old order. "The old fellow was more childlike, more simple, more human."

"His clothes were cheap, his sculpture was rough, his drama was primitive, and his audience was almost wholly undis-

criminating. Yet he was beloved of the immortals. The 'Faustus' Goethe saw was crude no doubt, and great things came of it. And the marionets of George Sand's theater at Nohant, and those Voltaire had in to amuse him at Cirez—they were crude. They were of the old order that is gone, the old order Molière loved and 'rare' Ben Jonson, Pope and Swift, Le Sage and Goldoni (both of whom wrote plays for it), and Béranger. It was in Nohant, in the theater George Sand had for Maurice Sand, that the Green Dragon, indispensable ever after to the French puppet stage, came to be. Would it be so strange if the keen edges of Voltaire's satire had been tried on the marionet troupes as they came to perform at Cirez?

"The charm of it all was so naïve. There was nothing lofty, there was no mental stimulus to be got, you very probably had not a single spiritual reaction, and you very surely were not purged emotionally. The old marionet had such a way of worming himself into your confidence. If you were young you could not but thrill with him. If you were not,

being grown up was no very serious matter at the puppet show. You were carried back, somehow, to the time when you squirmed in your seat and jumped when you laughed. The little puppets of the old order were to you very like shadows of the pictures that hung on the walls of childhood. They roused the child in a man. They set the poet in him a-cry.

"Have you seen the small tense faces of the youngsters *chez Guignol* in the gardens of the Luxembourg? Have you heard that incomparable audience scream with very joy at the pomp of the greman?

*Quand je marche le terre tremble!
C'est moi qui conduit le soleil!*

"Have you watched the antics of Gnafron in his '*chapeau des Dimanches*'? Are you aware of the dreadful crime of Guignol, how he murdered his child, and do you know the anguish of Madelon viewing her offspring thus *en casserole*? And the hisses and ragings of that audience, where only children, mind you, are admitted—do you know them? They are the charm of the old marionet, of Punch and Hanswurst and Polichinello; the charm, now, of Guignol alone, who alone holds the boards unchallenged and unconquerable. Not all the art of all the Künstler theaters in the world will ever replace just this naïveté. In the trenches, 'somewhere in France,' as we read in *Les Annales*, they amused the soldiers with a Guignol show. O wise so to set men fighting in defense of their childhood!"

Recollections even of Punch and Judy are probably erased from the memories of most Americans, so we must content ourselves with the new sophisticated puppets which are now springing into life in several parts of the country. Among these are the puppets of the Little Theater in Chicago. Under the artistic direction of Maurice Browne, several marionet plays were presented there this spring. As recounted by Mr. Howard:

"The puppets of Mr. Browne's theater have gathered about them an interesting group of artists. They are not only producers and carvers but dramatists as well. Like the men at the Chat Noir, the author of the play makes his people to fit. Miss Kathleen Wheeler, who designs the charming puppets, is the author of 'The Wistful Tale of the Little Mermaid,' adapted from the fairy story of Hans Christian Andersen. The dolls themselves are carved with cunning artistry by Harriet Edgerton, whose 'Jack and the Beanstalk' has been the season's novelty and success. The triumph of last spring, 'The Deluded Dragon,' was written for the theater, and soon 'Persephone,' by Mrs. Browne, is to be staged. In beauty and poetry of atmosphere, in inventiveness of scene, and in skill of lighting the productions are entirely worthy of this remarkable group. Now they are the first seriously to believe in the marionet. At present they are working



HIS MAJESTY THE MARIONET

This picture reveals the intricacies of Tony Sarg's invention for the realistic manipulation of his puppets.

wholly for the juvenile, and the Chicago variety seems to take kindly to their efforts. Tho my own heart goes out more to the marionet of the old order, I should be sorry to see them stop with performances for children. Let them pass their brothers of Munich and Rome. They build rapidly and well. Their puppets have a certain crude strength—their dragon is particularly delightful—and the settings they use are certainly individual. The light of fancy moves over all they do."

We note among the artistic and sophisticated marionets of the newer generation two distinct types. Some champions advocate the conventional movement, the symbolic gesture. They desire puppets not to be too lifelike, too realistic. The puppets must be gay, fantastic. It is essential that they be unencumbered by laws of gravity and anatomical limitations. They must symbolize rather than represent. Approximating this type are the puppets of Mr. A. S. Wilkinson exhibited, we read in the *Burlington Magazine*, in London last spring. Of quite different spirit and aim are the marionets of another Englishman, Tony Sarg, a resident of New York, whose troupe of puppets has recently been privately exhibited. These marionets, according to a description recently published in *Vanity Fair*, are elaborate and involved in mechanism, and realistic rather than symbolic in movement. Here is *Vanity Fair's* description:

"These wonderful little figures are two feet in height, perfectly proportioned, and so skilfully jointed and weighted that they are capable of making practically all the movements of a living person, even to the extent of opening and closing their eyes and mouths. Marionets usually have but five or six strings for their operation; this necessarily restricts their movements to the simplest gestures, and it is impossible to make them walk in a life-like manner. But Tony Sarg's dolls have from twenty-two to twenty-five strings, and are jointed at hips, knees and ankles, thus



THE PROFESSOR AT THE PIANO

Note the number of strings which regulate the movements of Professor Herkimer, one of Tony Sarg's puppets who is said to rival the living actor in every way except in the drawing of a huge salary.

making it possible for them to walk in the most natural manner and even to kick up their heels. Operating a doll is an extremely difficult matter as the controls require the use of both hands and occasionally to be held in the teeth of the operator, and many weary hours have to be spent at rehearsals before the little actors learn their parts.

"Up to the present time Mr. Sarg has shown his marionets in New York at only a few private performances before invited audiences. But it is now the plan of the producers to secure, in the autumn, one of the smaller New York theaters and, beginning with matinee performances, to present some of Maurice Maeterlinck's 'Drames pour des marionnettes'; Geiszelbrecht's 'Dr. Johannes Faust,' first produced in the Eighteenth

Century; 'Gulliver's Travels,' with a live figure as 'Gulliver,' and many other novelties.

"The figures necessary to these plays are all under way and will require many weeks in the making and rehearsing. The little men who are to tie up 'Gulliver,' just as they did in the story, have each to be weighted, jointed, painted and dressed, and finally hung upon the many strings which give them life and which to the layman's eye are as confusing as the network of cables under a street crossing. An interesting detail of the marionet theater is the device for preventing the audience from seeing the strings which operate the figure. This consists of a fine gauze curtain made of upright but almost invisible strings, placed on the frame at the front of the stage."

OUR FIRST ACTUAL CONTACT WITH THE AUTHENTIC MUSIC OF INDIA

THE notion that about all India can supply to the Occident, aside from its proverbial silks and spices, are an occult religion and a few mystical dances has recently been dispelled by the successful transplantation of Hindoo music from its native temples to a New York theater. Ratan Devi, the English wife of Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy, has thoroly entranced her American hearers with (to quote the words of Mr. H. F. Peyer, in *Musical America*) her "strange and hauntingly beautiful art." The recital was not only interesting from an ethnological point of view but highly pleasurable in

an esthetic sense. It was "an event, one of the few real purple patches of the season, unique in atmosphere, singularly compelling in eerie poetic effect."

This is perhaps the more remarkable because, unlike most exotic importations, this Hindoo music, as well as Ratan Devi's interpretation of it, is absolutely untempered by occidental influence. So we are assured by Rabindranath Tagore, the famous Indian poet, in a preface to the book of Indian songs published by Ratan Devi. Tagore says:

"Neither tunes nor times were the least

modified to make them simpler or to suit them to the European training of the singer. . . . The music was immaculately Indian. . . . There was not a sign of effort in her beautiful voice. . . . Ratan Devi sang an alâp in Kânhrâ, and I forgot for a moment that I was in a London drawing-room. My mind got itself transported in the magnificence of an Eastern night, with its darkness, transparent yet unfathomable, like the eyes of an Indian maiden, and I seemed to be standing in the depth of its stillness and stars."

Ratan Devi's performance includes two general classes of songs: the so-called classic *râgas*, which are the traditional songs of the professional mu-

sicians, and the folk-songs, notably of Kashmir, which are the spontaneous expressions of the people. The former are sung to the accompaniment of the *tamboura*, an instrument of four strings, resembling an elongated lute; the latter are performed without any accompaniment whatever. The general effect of these *rāgas* upon the occidental listener is described by Mr. Peyer:

"The classic *rāgas* consisted of prayers and love-songs. What impressed the listener most forcibly was the prevalent gentleness of mood. Power or passionate stress of sentiment this music never voices. Intensity of expression is in no wise germane to its being. Rather does it ceaselessly formulate a detached, egoless melancholy, now in sweet, now in poignant melodic melismas, here severely simple, there modestly wreathing itself in minute, delicate flowerets of arabesque and slender ornament. Its tender monotony does not pall, nor does the musical structure perplex the western ear. For, despite the subdivision of European intervals in a manner which sometimes reminds one forcibly of the rigidity of our tempered scale, the difference never becomes so marked as to evade aural control. And the balance of phrases and construction of periods proceed along paths either analogous or directly similar. The melodic phrases strike the imagination by their appealing beauty and are seldom spun out to great lengths.

"Strongly characterizing every *rāga*, the ascending and descending vocal 'scoop' or *glissando* links the music of the Hindoo to that of primitive races generally—and this regardless of the great spiritual evolution of the Indian. . . . The compass of these songs is never extensive. They lie chiefly in the middle register, so that when a high tone is occasionally employed the effect is of extraordinary trenchancy. At times the melodic outline gives place to a blur in the form of a weird, pro-



MUSIC OF THE EASTERN NIGHT

When Ratan Devi sings Hindu songs, she carries her listeners as on a magic carpet into the mysterious heart of India.

tracted wail—a savage device, but here utterly shorn of savagery.

"The *tamboura* provides a sort of immovable foundation to every *rāga*, at one time apparently relevant in tonality, at another entirely independent. Sounding only what we may define as tonic, dominant and octave (all of them simultaneously), the effect differs, nevertheless, from that of our empty fifth by virtue of the amplitude and variety of overtones awakened. The consequence is a singular spectral chord of unique color, buzzing hypnotically beneath the crooning voice—seemingly a manifold pedal point, or, at other times, a harmony into which the voice in the guise of an appoggiatura ultimately resolves."

The folk-songs are said to lack the mystical envelopment of the *rāgas*, and to be more "insistently rhythmic and frank in expression." Reminiscences of Russian folk-tune flavor, and other ethnological similarities, were noted by Mr. Peyer.

There are, of course, certain radical differences between this music and our own which preclude its being judged by the same standards. In the first place, as Mr. Henry C. Watts, writing in *America*, points out, "the *rāga*, or art song of India, is not a species of entertainment." Its purpose is to express the voice of the Hindoo gods to the people, and so the office of the singer is almost prophetic. It is a direct appeal to the spiritual emotion of the listener. A writer in the Springfield *Republican* sums up the matter:

"Hindu music is almost divorced from poetry. In fact, the deeper the singer immerses himself in music *qua* music the more does he despise the verbal medium. Unmeaning vocables suffice him. Moreover, Hindu music is based upon an intervallic system which defies the laws upon which our art is built, and equally defies our ears, since it makes use of fractional tones which, if recognized by us at all, will only be recognized, in our present state of culture, as aberrations from a natural and agreeable intonation. . . . The Hindu intervallic system, to put about all of it that is readily comprehensible to the occidental mind in simple phrase, comprehends three octaves. Each octave contains the tones of the European diatonic scale; but each tone is divided into four tones, called *srotri*, if large, three if small, while the two semitones, which fall, as with us, between the third and fourth and seventh and eighth intervals, are composed of two *srotri* each. There are, therefore, 22 intervals in an octave."

LEO ORNSTEIN HOISTS THE BANNER OF MUSICAL FUTURISM

AFTER post-impressionism, cubism, imagism and all the other futuristic "isms," futurism in music was bound to come. It has come. In fact, it was proclaimed in a "manifesto" by its Italian high priest, Pratella, three or more years ago. But since it confined itself then chiefly to talking, and to the obviously ridiculous advocacy of mechanical noise-makers as substitutes for orchestral instruments, it caused only smiles among the musical profession. In the meantime, however, a practical musician, with prodigious technical equipment, Leo Ornstein, has openly accepted the title of "futurist composer," and, after two seasons of noise-making (both in the managerial and the literal sense), he has succeeded in arousing general discussion about himself.

Leo Ornstein is a youth of twenty-one, born in Russia of Jewish parents, but reared and trained in New York. As a pianist he was much admired even in his boyhood; as a composer he was hardly taken seriously. Then he "discovered" himself. He went to Europe, set some of the critics guessing, got himself lectured about at the Sorbonne, and so angered a London audience with his compositions that a veritable mutiny was barely averted by Sir Henry J. Wood, the conductor, who was present. New York audiences were more polite. They refrained from hissing, but in some instances could not suppress laughter. The very idea of such apparent gibberish parading as music seemed to call for nothing else. Yet both in London and New York serious critics were bold enough to acclaim this youth as the prophet of a

new creed. He has acquired not only champions but disciples and—what is perhaps more essential—serious enemies. In other words, he has "arrived." The musical world is fairly cleft in two on the question of Ornstein.

On the one hand there are ardent disciples who, like A. Walter Kramer, of *Musical America*, hail him as the prophet who is "ushering in a new epoch"; on the other those who, like E. J. Henderson of the *New York Sun*, consider him a "madman," or the "agent for the spread of evil doctrines in musical art." On one point, however, all commentators are agreed—that he outdoes all those that have gone before in deliberate ugliness, cacophony and wildness. "I never thought I would live to hear Arnold Schönberg sound tame," exclaims James Huneker in *Puck*; "yet tame he is, almost timid and

halting, after Ornstein, who is, most emphatically, the only true-blue genuine futurist alive."

Mr. Huneker's account will give the reader a glimmer of what an Ornstein "recital" is like:

"Excruciating to ears attuned to the plangent progressions of Schönberg are the 'Burlesques,' 'Preludes,' and 'Moods' of Leo the Intrepid. Like two amorous felines in a moonlit backyard is the dialog of his love pieces. I was dazzled, I was stunned, especially after *glissandi* that ripped up the keyboard and fizzed and foamed over the stage. Here the mettle of the youthful virtuoso was most in evidence. He was supposed to depict Anger, Peace, Joy; but I could detect only rage and hell, and, again, hell let loose, and, suffusing it all, a diabolical humor, a frenzied humor that bruised one's very bone. The softer emotions, including the erotic, have been squeezed out to the last rag by the older masters; now it is the turn for the uglier, nastier 'reactions' in art and music. Ornstein exposes the psychology of a sea-shell, a glow-worm, a policeman. As an oldster, I'm all at sea in these newer manifestations. I recognize the art involved in playing on your naked nerves, and I will endure much dissonance if the mood expressed be an authentic one. Yet I do bewail the murderous means of expression with which Leo Ornstein patrolled the piano. He stormed its keys, scooping chunks of slag and spouting scoriae like a vicious volcano. Heavens! with what orgiastic abandon he played his own 'Wild Men's Dance.' He no doubt said to himself, a dance of wild men is not a cradle song but a crazy carnival of legs and run. And so it is."

If we accept this as a truthful account, it is hardly surprising that Mr. Ornstein's compositions baffle even his own admirers. "What this music is can scarcely be described accurately," says Mr. Kramer in *Musical America*. "It does not admit of definite description, for that is not in keeping with its character. . . . His music is color, for that is the basis on which he builds." Following this clue, Lawrence Gilman, writing in the *Opera Magazine*, aptly characterizes Ornstein's performance as "throwing pots of tonal paint in the face of the public." This critic, moreover, informs us that this is "music in which all the ancient landmarks of music are swept away in a cataclysmic torrent of sound; music which can be but lamely indicated by the description in the second verse of Genesis; music which cannot be music at all, the Bourbons tell us, because it has none of the chief constituents of music—no harmony; no melody, no design." In spite of all this, Mr. Gilman defiantly asks: "Who shall say that the music of Ornstein does not hold within its heart the possibility of infinite delight?"

Who, indeed? But we are still without any definite information as to the qualities of this new art. Positives failing, the editor of *The Clef*, who

may be regarded as a neutral, comes to our rescue with a few negatives. He says:

"It seems safe to say that this music is unlike any other modern music in that it alone maintains no relation whatever with the old musical system of triads and tonalities. Even the most recent music of Stravinsky seems to have a background in the old system. Ornstein's music has no such background whatever. It is too little to say that no consonants have been discovered in any of his public works barring early pieces. It is impossible to find any trace of the influence of past centuries. If the music of the future is to be something totally different from that of the past, then here, it seems, after but a quarter of a century of transition, it has begun."

This may be the crux of the whole discussion about futuristic music. It differs from all previous art-forms in that it claims no connection with the past. Even Wagner's "music of the

would call it,—his conversion to his own creed, which savors strongly of the occult. The account follows:

"One morning he [Ornstein] went to the piano and played a chord which he had mentally heard. He was skeptical of its significance at first; then he sat down and wrote an entire composition following on this chord. It was unnamed then, but it is now the 'Funeral March of the Dwarves.' He assured me that he was quite dissociated from himself, as it were, for several days, for he realized, judging this new piece by the standards of music as he knew it, and also by comparing it with what music he had himself written before, that it was something quite new.

"I could not stop to analyze it, however," Mr. Ornstein said, "for there were more things in my head that I simply had to write down. So I wrote a number of compositions. They were all in this new style—if it must be labeled. And before I was really aware of it I was completely inured to it and my old manner of composing was gone. Since then I have worked steadily on my *real music*."

A young man delivering himself in this way might easily be suspected of deliberate sensationalism. But those who are close to him assure us that he is tremendously sincere. He has found a ready market with publishers for all his compositions, even tho few people, if any, will attempt to play them. And he has even published articles giving directions as to how they might be played, for they fairly revolutionize piano technique. In forming our opinions, it is fair to bear in mind that as an executive artist Ornstein is held practically above reproach. He is a brilliant technician and a powerful interpreter. He is, in Mr. Huneker's words, "that rare thing, an individual pianist." And, whether genius or charlatan, one must concede that here is a real personality, and a personality not without intrinsic interest. We quote Mr. Huneker's picturesque impression of him from the article cited above:

"When the young man shambled out from the wings, you involuntarily exclaimed: 'A Picasso!' Yes, a Picasso he was, of the same period of the guitar player at the Carroll Galleries. His neck depressed, his countenance—what I could see of it in the dim irreligious light—sullen, his long flail-like arms depending limply from high, narrow shoulders, his constrained bearing, that of a human about to be delivered of a painful message, his hair mussed up unbecomingly, his coat-collar a study in cubism—altogether not precisely a prepossessing portrait. But a Picasso, without doubt, even the greenish, cadaverous coloring was not absent. Thus does nature pay her tribute of imitation to a painter of strong individuality. I don't know whether Ornstein ever saw a Picasso, but I do know that he is the only living pianist who could play a recital in the Carroll Galleries and fight the fierce discordant music of its walls without perishing at the keyboard."



A PICASSO OF THE PIANO

That is how James Huneker describes the appearance of Leo Ornstein during his concerts of ultra-modern music.

future" founded itself firmly upon the system of the classics. It adjusted, rather than violated, existing laws. It discovered no new materials; it merely made a different use of the old ones. It was, in short, the result of natural evolution. The same is true of the music of Strauss, of Debussy, even of Schönberg. The futurism of to-day, on the other hand, denies the validity of any esthetic laws, it claims to be a law unto itself. Indeed, Ornstein admits that there is in his music "no logical construction other than that which is intuitive." This is deduced by a correspondent of *Musical America* from Mr. Kramer's account of Leo Ornstein's "experience," as Christian Scientists

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

HAS THE IMPORTANCE OF INJURY TO THE BRAIN BEEN OVERESTIMATED?

ANATOMISTS have been divided with respect to the reason for the formation of fissures in the brain. Some anatomists, according to Doctor Shepherd Ivory Franz, of the Government Hospital for the Insane, have held that the fissures are produced by growth antagonism, that is by the limited cranial capacity and the increase in the growth of the cells and fibers. Others have contended that the fissures of the brain are due to local differentiation of parts. Both factors are probably at work, altho not necessarily in the same brain at the same time. There is a considerable amount of real differentiation in the brains of some monkeys, but there are few fissures. On the other hand, altho careful diagrams have not been made, it appears probable that not as great differentiation in structure has taken place in the brain cortex of fishes of the whale kind—cetacea—and the elephant as in man. Yet the brains of the elephant and of some cetacea have more furrows than are found in man and in the primates generally. In these cases, therefore, it appears probable that growth antagonism is the more important factor in fissure formation. It has been shown that when furrows do appear they tend to do so at the edges of specialized areas. It is even inferred that we must look to architectural changes in the gray matter as the guiding influence in the placing of the furrows.

The fissures of the brain have a certain amount of physiological significance not only in the cerebrum—the part of the brain, comprising two hemispheres, occupying the vault of the cranium—but also in the cerebellum. Dogs with the hemispheres completely removed, similar to the famous brainless dog of Goltz, have been described by Professor G. P. Zeliony. Two of these dogs lived respectively only three and four days, a third lived over eleven months, and a fourth was living and shown to a scientific gathering nearly sixteen months after the removal of both hemispheres. The dogs walked freely but shewed considerable loss of the power to control movements. In walking they knocked against objects in the room. Food was swallowed when placed in the mouth. Sounds even of slight intensity produced a characteristic pricking of the ears. Goltz's dog

reacted only to loud sounds and then only with head movements. The taste reactions in Zeliony's dogs were normal in that food caused a secretion of saliva and when it contained quinine it was rejected. Light produced eye movements and the animal turned its head in the direction from which the light came. The autopsies showed that the amount of cerebrum removed in all cases exceeded that removed by Goltz from the dog operated upon by him. These results show how much of the cerebrum may be removed without affecting very greatly the capability of the animal to react to ordinary forms of stimuli, altho the animals were not very active and did not have the thing called initiative, which is characteristic of animals with the cerebrum intact.

Difficult as is the successful removal of large parts of the cerebrum in dogs, the difficulties in the case of the monkey are much greater. The complete removal of both hemispheres of the monkey has, nevertheless, been accomplished recently with results of the highest interest and importance. Seventeen monkeys were surgically operated upon in Germany with success by Doctor J. P. Karplus, aided by Doctor A. Kreidl. Each animal had one hemisphere removed at one operation, and the other at a subsequent session, from ten days to eleven months intervening. Many of the animals lived for only brief periods, one day or less; but some lived for more than a week, and one as long as twenty-six days after the removal of the second hemisphere.

Certain characteristic conditions were found in the monkeys from which one hemisphere had been removed. All the defects were located on the side opposite to the lesion. The animals sat upright in their cages. They ate food. They climbed upon the bars. They performed other acts almost like a normal animal. In the words of Doctor Franz as given in *The Psychological Bulletin* (Princeton) :

"An hour after the operation one animal was seen to brush away a fly which had alighted upon it. Immediately after the operation there was a marked degree of weakness in the contra-lateral extremities, which was more evident for the anterior than for the posterior segment. After the immediate effects of the operation had worn off so that casual observations failed to indicate defects, there were

difficulties in grasping food and the movements of the hand and fingers were not as accurate as those on the normal side, and the movements of the distal segments were less normal than those at the elbow and shoulder. The capability of moving the head was apparently not disturbed. No convulsions were observed. In some cases when the sound side was moved there was also a contralateral movement (*i. e.*, of the affected side). There was no observed general mental change, but there was permanent hemianopsia [loss of half the usual area of vision] and an apparent contralateral hypesthesia [loss of sensitiveness] altho the animals reacted definitely to strong painful and temperature stimuli. No disturbances of the eye muscles were found except that there was a temporary nystagmus [jerking of the eyeballs] in two animals, and the animals appeared to hear and to discriminate sounds as well as usual, for they reacted to the barking of dogs and to the chattering of other monkeys. No difference in effect of removing the right or the left hemisphere was observed, except that of the location of the defect on the contralateral sides."

These animals recovered to a great extent their ability to move the side affected by the first operation and after the removal of the second hemisphere it was found that the side first affected was moved more than the newly affected side:

"In the animals lacking, all of the cerebral cortex movements of the head and eyes were not disturbed but movements of all extremities were greatly affected; a kind of athetoid [slow and involuntary] movement of the arm was made by some of the animals more than 100 times in succession. The day following the removal of the second hemisphere from one animal it took hold of the bars of the cage with the hand first paralyzed (because of removal of the first hemisphere) and pulled itself up into a sitting posture, which it held for some time. In four cases tonic contradictions of the extremities were noticed, in two cases there were clonic [short] spasms, and one animal showed what appeared to be an intention tremor. When stimulated on the skin the animals lifted their heads, opened their eyelids, and there was dilation of the pupils. When sounds were made the ear movement reflexes were produced and at the same time there were eyelid movements. Light stimuli provoked pupillary constriction; two animals showed nystagmus. The animals could cry as usual, and they did cry, especially to painful stimuli; but there were no countenance changes coincident with the reflex responses. Most

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of the animals made no voluntary movements during the first days after the removal of the second hemisphere and they had their eyelids closed and reacted only slightly to stimuli. There appeared to be a kind of sleepy condition which could be changed to the waking-like state by strong stimuli. The great difficulty in feeding the animals probably was a factor in causing the death of some.

"Not only because of the difficulty of the operative technique are these results of interest, but they have a definite interest in showing plainly that there are no real differences between the activities of the basal ganglia in the monkeys and in the lower animals, and that life can be sustained with the whole of the cerebral cortex removed in the so-called higher animals. They show also that the cerebral cortex is not nearly as important in the carrying out of some of the ordinary activities of an animal as has been supposed."

This conclusion is confirmed by the results of the comparison of the brain of a patient whose case is given in a

recent report of the Paris Academy of Sciences. This patient exhibited a slight enfeeblement of "intelligence" and some diminution in memory ability after serious injury to the cortical mechanism, while hearing, taste and touch were almost normal and speech was scarcely interfered with. The brain showed injury almost as far as the central fissure without any of the notable symptoms which have been supposed to be associated with lesions of the frontal portion of the cerebrum. The theory is that the lack of symptoms may be accounted for on the ground of compensatory processes, some parts of the cerebrum assuming functions normally undertaken by other parts when the latter are diseased:

"In man it has been known that a certain amount of recovery may take place within a brief period after such a cerebral accident as a hemorrhage, and an initial complete hemiplegia [paralysis limited to one side of the body] may give

way to an incomplete paralysis. It has been thought, however, that the destruction of certain cerebral cells or their fibers would result in an absolute paralysis of certain parts. Several recent investigations show that this is not the case. Poppelreuter, for example, has had good success in the reeducation of paralytics with recent lesions. He has shown that systematic training gives very gratifying results in that movements supposedly forever gone have returned and the patients have learned to use such an instrument as the typewriter. Kouindjy also has shown that reeducation is of value in cases of paralysis. . . . The most conclusive work showing that the destruction of cortical areas or of subcortical connections in man does not mean a complete loss of function is that of Franz, Scheetz and Wilson. Taking patients who had had paralyses for periods of from five to twenty years, they have shown that systematic passive exercises, combined with massage, may result in the return of certain movements, which is contrary to the belief of many neurologists."

THE NEGLECTED MYSTERY OF MAN'S DESIRE FOR ALCOHOL

IT is a curious fact that in the thousands and hundreds of thousands of books, articles and writings of every description relating to the many phases of the alcohol problem, this simple and fundamental problem—why do men desire alcohol?—has until recently never been scientifically considered at all, and even now has not been adequately answered. Upon this point the attention of Professor George Thomas White Patrick, of the State University of Iowa, has been concentrated, and he suspects that the central fissure without any of the be sought through applied psychology. The belief that the desire for alcohol is due to total depravity or to original sin, he says, seems to be about as far as we have gone in answering this question. One author wrote a serious article not long ago to show that the cause of drinking is to be attributed to bad cooking in the home. He evidently did not appreciate the fact that the desire for alcohol, as well as its use, is at least as old as the lake-dwellers of the neolithic age. Few if any savage tribes known to anthropologists, whether in ancient or in modern times, except certain tribes of Eskimo, who have no fruit or grain from which alcohol can be prepared, have been without this drug or some other having similar properties. The discovery and the use of alcohol have not spread from tribe to tribe but have been "autotochthonic," arising independently in all parts of the world. So keen has been the desire for alcohol and so eager the quest for it that always and everywhere some means has been discovered by which

this "water of life" could be expressed from fruit or grain or vegetable. And yet we do not, declares Professor Patrick, himself a distinguished psychologist, even know why alcohol is desired.*

"There are, of course, other great human desires besides the desire for alcohol, but in respect to these other desires it seems less difficult to explain the cause. It is not difficult to explain the desire for bread, nor the keen interest in all matters relating to the means of acquiring it. Problems of labor and capital, problems of high prices, problems of production and distribution of food, relate more or less directly to the bread question and become thus wholly intelligible, because bread is necessary to life. Neither is it difficult to understand another profound human desire, which involves serious social problems, the desire of the sexes for each other. Difficult as these social problems may be, the psychologist's part presents here less difficulty, for the place of this great passion in human economy is clear.

"The desire for alcohol approaches the above desires as regards both its force and its universality, but its place in human economy is not thus far clear."

The desire for alcoholic drinks is associated with the presence of ethyl alcohol. Beer, ale, wine and even whiskey and brandy have characteristic odors, pleasant to many people and ravishing to some; but it is not on this account that they are desired. The pleasantness of the tastes and odors is largely due to association with ethyl

alcohol. It is not on account of its food value that alcohol is desired. It has now been pretty definitely shown that alcohol is not a stimulant. Thus there is overthrown at once the most commonly accepted theory as to the cause of the desire for it. Alcohol acts as a depressant upon all forms of life, from the simplest micro-organism to the most complex nervous structures in the human brain.

"It is interesting, however, to call attention to the fact, especially since a few physiologists still claim that under some circumstances it may act as a stimulant to certain bodily organs,—that if alcohol were a stimulant, this would not, after all, afford any evidence that it plays a useful part in human economy. A stimulant as such adds nothing to human economy, whether such economy is considered from the standpoint of the race or of the individual. It offers no gain in the long run and could be of no real advantage in the struggle for existence. A stimulant can be serviceable only in emergency cases and under abnormal conditions, and as such cannot serve as an explanation for a desire extending to nearly all people in all periods of history.

"The supposition may be made that alcohol increases muscular efficiency, at least temporarily, and that the desire for it may be explained in this way, but the experimental evidence forbids this view. . . .

"Alcohol, again, does not increase mental efficiency. The experiments of Kraepelin and his associates show that moderate doses of alcohol exert a deadening influence on all mental processes. Apprehension is slower, accuracy is lessened, errors are increased, and memory is impaired. The character of associations is also unfavorably affected, the number of

* THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELAXATION. By George Thomas White Patrick. Houghton Mifflin Co.

higher logical associations being decreased, while associations depending upon similarity and contiguity in time and space are increased. Schmidman made experiments on the effect of alcohol in the work of translating from one language to another, with the result that under the influence of small doses of alcohol there was an increase of errors and a decrease of rapidity. The experiments of Lieutenant Boy upon Swedish soldiers in revolver and rifle shooting with and without alcohol showed that accuracy was affected unfavorably by the drug. Mayer found that the speed of writing was lessened by alcohol. In Dr. Aschaffenburg's experiments with typesetters, he found that there was an average impairment of efficiency amounting to about nine per cent. as the result of small doses of alcohol. Smith experimented on the effect of small doses of alcohol upon memory processes when the drug was administered for successive days. The



THE SQUIRREL BIT IT

Naturalists have doubted tales that animals devour certain fungi, but here is a picture from London *Knowledge* showing tooth marks.

alcohol in these experiments was administered in the evening and was found to exert a damaging effect upon the memory processes to a very marked degree, the effect increasing from day to day. Fürer found that eighty cubic centimeters of alcohol taken in the evening was followed by increased errors in choice-reactions during the whole of the following day."

The testimony of the great Helmholtz, in his speech at Berlin on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, is significant on this point. Speaking of the conditions under which he had had his most brilliant intuitions, he confessed that the smallest amount of alcohol seemed to frighten them away. It may be said, therefore, that the experimental evidence is already sufficient to show that it is not on account of any increased mental efficiency due to alcohol that the world-wide desire for it is explained.

If next we consider the contributions of recent science to the use of alcohol in its relation to human health and longevity, we are again met with disappointment in our quest for the explanation of its use. Alcohol was formerly very freely given by physicians in both surgery and medicine, but faith in its therapeutic powers has now been almost wholly lost. If we turn finally to the social relations of men in our search for an explanation of the uni-

versal desire for alcohol, our reward is even less. Alcohol does indeed encourage sociability; but it would be hard to show that this in itself is a benefit proportional to the desire for it. We find in connection with its use a very long train of evils, such as poverty, crime and degeneracy. These evils are connected with the excessive use of alcohol and consequently they interest us only indirectly here. Yet it would be one more disadvantage to be attributed to alcohol that its moderate use is apt to issue in excessive use.

We are thus brought finally face to face with the question: Why do men desire alcohol?

"Is it possible to explain the desire for alcohol on the ground of its immediate pleasurable mental effects? It deadens pain to some extent and drives away care. It produces a feeling of euphoria, of well-being, comfort, contentment. . . .

"But this explanation, at first sight partially adequate, when more carefully considered encounters serious difficulties and only adds to the obscurity of the subject. Are we to understand that the desire for alcohol is due to the 'demand for joy'? There never was a time in the history of the world when, quite apart from alcohol, joys were so abundant as they are in America at the present day. The rich have every comfort and luxury and the poor have every humane consideration, while laborers have shorter hours, better pay, better food and better clothes, and more books, papers, and other forms of entertainment than ever before in the world's history. We are comparatively prosperous, happy and well fed; we have abundant leisure and countless comforts; yet it appears that we need two thousand million gallons of alcoholic liquors yearly to complete our 'joy.' Furthermore, if this were the correct theory, it would be impossible to explain the lesser desire for alcohol among women, for altho at present in America the lot of woman is a relatively happy one, this has not been the case among primitive people, nor in historic times, nor even in other countries at the present time. Her life has been relatively monotonous and laborious and her joys and amusements have been fewer.

"But serious psychological objections to this theory appear also. Joy and pleasure are the mental accompaniments of physical well-being, of mental and physical health, while alcohol acts as a poison."

Leaving the "demand for joy" theory, Professor Patrick considers the view that alcohol banishes care and drives away sorrow and pain:

"This theory seems at first sight to account for some of the facts. It is now generally, tho not quite universally, admitted by physiologists that alcohol is not a stimulant but a narcotic. It apparently paralyzes the higher brain centers and in thus inhibiting the inhibitory centers produces effects resembling stimulation. Furthermore, pain, sorrow and care are ever present in human life, making the universality of the desire thus far intelligible.

"But clearly the narcotic theory encounters difficulties from the same sources as the 'demand for joy' theory. It fails first to account for the lesser desire among women, who have certainly at all times had their share of sorrow, pain and care. It fails likewise to account for the increase of the desire in times of prosperity and activity, or in times like the present of improved hygiene, increased longevity and multiplied pleasures and comforts. Finally, the narcotic theory, if it were true, would seem to be nature's checkmate upon itself, for pain in all its forms is evidently purposive. Are we to suppose that nature has discovered a way to tear down its own danger-signals?"

Partridge, an authority upon the psychology of intemperance, apparently believes the so-called intoxication motive important. It springs from the desire for states of consciousness of higher intensity. It is the "erethic" impulse, a craving for excitement. Professor Patrick suspects that it is to play and sport that we must look for a key to this mystery of alcohol. Human progress, he says, seems to be in a certain definite direction and to involve the development of certain definite mental powers and of the corresponding higher cerebral centers. The chief of these powers is that of voluntary sustained attention, which differentiates man sharply from the lower animals and likewise distinguishes man from the savage. Progress has been possible because man has been able to narrow the field of his attention, to concentrate, to live under mental stress, strain and effort, to hold his attention to a definite object. This is characteristic of man as compared with the lower animals, of the male as compared with the female:



THE SQUIRREL DID NOT LIKE THIS

It may be a growth dangerous to the little animal. He nibbled and went off.

"Now these psychical processes, which have been developed late in the history of the race, are most subject to fatigue, and cannot be used continuously during all of our waking hours. During sleep they enjoy almost perfect rest, our dream activity taking the form of passive reverie. Nature seems, therefore, to demand, during a considerable part of our waking hours, some form of activity which shall afford rest to the higher and newer mental processes, while providing employment for the lower ones. To such a condition of mind and body

we apply the term 'relaxation,' and it embraces a considerable portion of our daily activity. It is most perfectly typified in play and sport, but includes many other forms of human interest and activity, such, for instance, as the enjoyment of music, of the drama, and of other forms of fine art. . . .

"Those forms of sport which afford the most perfect rest and relaxation are of a character to use the old racial brain paths and rest the higher and newer centers. The tired teacher, lawyer, doctor, preacher or business man, when his vacation comes, reverts to the habits of primitive man. He takes his tent, rod, gun, or canoe and goes to forest, lake, or mountain, wears more primitive clothes, sleeps on the ground, and cooks over a campfire. Hunting, swimming, yachting, dancing, wrestling, prize-fighting, horse-racing—all these are illustrations of the rest afforded by primitive activities. As forms of relaxation they seem so natural to us that often we do not realize how primitive they are and how far removed from the real workaday world of modern life, the world of mental concentration, of pen and ink and books. . . .

"But now, even in the early history of the race, there was discovered another means of relaxation, artificial, to be sure, but quick, easy and convenient. Drugs of various kinds, owing to their peculiar

action upon the brain, effect a kind of artificial relaxation. Ethyl alcohol, produced everywhere, whenever the ever-present yeast cells come in contact with the sugar of crushed fruit or fermented grain, has the peculiar property of paralyzing to a greater or less extent the higher and later developed brain tracts which are associated with those peculiar forms of mental activity accompanying work and the strenuous life. . . .

"Alcohol is stimulating, not directly, for its physiological action is wholly depressive, but indirectly by inhibiting the higher mental processes and setting free the older and more primitive ones. Thus, alcohol appears as a depressant of voluntary attention and effort, of logical associations and abstract reasoning, of foresight and prudence, of anxiety and worry, of modesty and reserve, and the higher sentiments in general, while, on the other hand, it acts indirectly as an excitant of speech and laughter and song; of emotional feeling and expression; of sentimentality; and,

in increased doses, of still older and more basic impulses, such as garrulity, quarrelsomeness, recklessness, immodesty; and, finally, of coarseness and criminal tendencies. Thus, under the progressive influence of alcohol, we see the whole life history of the race traversed in reverse direction."



HERE THE SQUIRREL FEASTED MERRILY

The growth is called a toadstool by some who should know better. It is a specimen of the *Russula emetica* and is eaten freely by some animals, wherefore it spreads and sprouts.

ADVANTAGE DERIVED BY THE FUNGUS FROM BEING EATEN BY ANIMALS

IT may seem at first sight that the destruction of one species by another in combat would end for all time the perpetuation of that particular form of life. The assertion that Nature is red in tooth and claw is one of the commonplaces of science. Only within the past five or six years has it been demonstrated beyond a doubt that the fury of the competition for life, the struggle for existence, can be a gain to the defeated side. Odd as it must appear, the defeated in the contest from the standpoint of the individual may render the greatest service to his species by perpetuating it. The significance of this fact is not

clear. Of the fact itself there begins to accumulate evidence of a convincing kind. The spores of many fungi afford an instance. These spores have been known to pass unharmed through the alimentary canal of the mammal that devoured them. It is not, in the light of the facts, paradoxical to inquire what advantage may be derived from the fact that a fungus is eaten by an animal—an advantage, that is, to the fungus. For there is nothing so terrible after all in being devoured. To quote from a paper in London *Knowledge* written by Professor Somerville Hastings in collaboration with Dr. J. C. Mottram:

"From the contents of the intestines of newly killed rabbits, extracted under conditions which make it impossible that any spores should have reached them from the air, many fungi have been grown. There is, indeed, a whole class of toadstools which grow exclusively on the dung of various herbivora. From the toadstools which are produced spores are shed, and are carried by the wind to fall on the grass or other vegetation which forms the natural food of these animals. After passing through the alimentary canal the spores are deposited under ideal conditions for their germination and growth. Many species of toadstool, and particularly the gills of Agarics, are frequently eaten by slugs, and the germinating spores of *Russula* and *Lactarius* were found by Voglino in the digestive tracts

of slugs that were fed on these toadstools. Further, this observer showed that the spores of other species that would not germinate on ordinary culture media did so readily in the fluid from the digestive tract of a slug. The regular, and, so far as is known, sole, method of spore dispersal in the stinkhorns (*Phallus* and *Mutinus*) is by means of flies, and here, again, it has been shown that the spores germinate well after passing through the alimentary canals of these insects. It is well known also that the edible truffles are eagerly sought for by pigs, and greedily devoured by them; and the fact that these fungi are only strong smelling when quite mature, and filled with ripe spores, suggests that this must be something of a cooperative arrangement, and that it is really to the interest of the fungus to be thus eaten!"

The fungus known as the false truffle—to take another case—lies buried in the ground and its spores are enclosed by a thick leathery cuticle which does not spontaneously rupture. The devil's snuff-box resembles it closely, except that it grows on the surface of the soil, and has its spores distributed by beetles. The beetles eat their way into and through the fungus and leave behind them as indications of their work a number of small holes in the lower part of the leathery coat. There is a fugal growth which is entirely dependent upon animals for the distribution of its spores. It can survive only by being devoured.



FUNGI

The squirrel bit and disapproved. That makes the lot of this growth a circumscribed one because if the animals will not devour it the species can never spread far.

REALITY OF THE HUMAN OSTRICH

SOME doubt has existed even among medical men of the genuineness of so-called "human ostriches." These creatures have been familiar to the circus-going public and to the patrons of a certain type of museum, but not everyone takes them seriously. In reality, declares *The British Medical Journal*, commenting upon a recent astounding case of the kind, these people are patients, and should be sent to hospitals for treatment. They suffer from what is known technically as "pica," or the unnatural craving for abnormal diet. The latest case, eliciting much discussion in medical organs abroad, was that of a patient whose stomach contained nearly four pounds of metallic objects, varying in size from a chisel, five inches long, down to a collection of bolts, coins, nuts, rivets, wire nails, tin tacks, screws and hooks. The man was a wharf laborer, says Doctor C. J. van Houweninge Graftdijk in the *Nederlandische Tijdschrift voor Geneesk* (Amsterdam), and, odd as it may seem, this laborer was hard at work until within a day or two of his appearance at the hospital. On examination he was found to be very thin, slow of speech and not in perfect control of all the vital functions. The abdomen was somewhat distended and rigid and did not move on respiration.

After a day's treatment along routine lines, it developed that a hard but indefinite mass occupied the left flank. Manual exploration of the external trunk resulted in audible clashing

sounds like those of coins. The patient now showed signs of sinking from inanition and an operation was performed in the region of the left side under the ribs, whereupon the extraordinary contents of the stomach came to light. The man made a good recovery and left the hospital in six weeks.

Notwithstanding the warnings this patient had received on the subject of normal diet, he was back in the hospital in about six months with his old complaint. He had found the craving for an ostrich diet irresistible. Examination with the X-ray revealed an opaque object in the ascending colon. This was removed by an operation and proved to be a piece of tin plate four inches long. There was also in the same region a piece of slate pencil. Carefully as the patient was watched while in the hospital, he eluded scrutiny sufficiently to swallow a piece of soap and two ounces of camphorated spirit. Luckily, these things did him no harm. He once more recovered and was removed to a refuge for convalescence. Whether here he again eluded vigilance and returned stealthily to his ostrich diet does not appear. The fact is that he died of what was superficially a fever complicated with inflammation of one lung. A post-mortem examination disclosed three metal screws and a tin box about an inch and a half in diameter. Altho inflammation was present in some organs, the stomach was not enlarged, thick-walled or ulcerated. In the course of a study of the facts, the London *Lancet* observes:

"The clashing or coin-like sounds elicited on palpation of the patient's abdomen when he first came under observation lend a colorable probability, if such a loan be thought necessary, to the well-known account given by Mr. J. Hopkins of the child that swallowed a necklace of large black wooden beads and was treated in St. Bartholomew's Hospital in 1828. It will be remembered that the father had occasion to give 'the child a shake to make him obedient, and such a rattling ensued as nobody ever heard before.' 'Why, damme, it's in the child!' said the father; 'he's got the croup in the wrong place.' 'No, I haven't, father,' said the child, beginning to cry, 'it's the necklace; I swallowed it, father.' While the child was in hospital it was necessary, according to Hopkins, to muffle him in a watchman's coat for fear he should wake the other patients. Dr. Graftdijk does not seem to have found any such precaution advisable in the case of his patient, but he gives a remarkable and convincing photograph of the 132 foreign bodies removed from the stomach at the operation."

A woman with an irresistible desire to swallow teaspoons is dealt with in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*. Her habit was discovered by her nurse, who caught her in the act, writes Doctor D. C. Balfour. An X-ray picture showed the teaspoons in the stomach, where they seemed to occasion no inconvenience. An operation brought to light seven teaspoons instead of three or four, as had been suspected. The stomach was large and its mucous membrane thickened; but no evidence of injury was found. The patient made an uneventful recovery.

EXPANSION OF SUPER-PHYSICS THROUGH THE USE OF AN ASTRAL SENSE

ALL the really splendid achievements in the physical sciences during the last hundred years have been accomplished by the use of physical instruments and methods of research. Science, on the other hand, is now in touch with some mysteries of Nature which such instruments can not completely penetrate. A growing belief points to the possibility, writes the able exponent of the physical sciences, Professor A. P. Sinnett, in the London *Outlook*, that further progress will be feasible only when new methods of research become practical. Forces of Nature already to some extent tamed for our service still defy complete comprehension. Electricity, tho easily controlled, is still an unfathomed mystery. We can evoke it, give names to its various attributes, and yet we remain ignorant of what

it really is. The ether has more recently in some measure been harnessed to our needs, but its actual constitution is still profoundly obscure even to the wireless experts. The most familiar force of all, gravitation, is so far utterly unintelligible, and life, whether manifest in the vegetable, animal or human kingdom, is obviously a mystery that no laboratory appliances will help us to unveil.

Will human intelligence be permanently confined within the area available for research with physical instruments, or may we look forward to the development of new senses and faculties that will open out new vistas of natural knowledge in the future? For many of us, Professor Sinnett says, the answer is in the affirmative, because already such new senses and faculties are in process of development and are actually bearing fruit:

"The progress of super-physical research was disagreeably entangled in the beginning with conditions that seemed ignominious, and was impeded by prejudices not yet entirely overcome. Early in the last century French followers of Mesmer brought forward remarkable evidence showing that some peculiarly endowed people could see with their eyes bandaged, or read in closed books, but these discoveries were generally received with brutal antagonism instead of with the interested curiosity they ought to have excited. And 'clairvoyance,' as it came to attract attention, was rapidly mixed up with imposture and discredited, tho really it foreshadowed magnificent possibilities, just as the frog's leg of Galvani inaugurated a new science. The world had to wait for the best part of a century to find a man of scientific eminence declaring—as Sir Oliver Lodge has declared—that those who express disbelief in clairvoyance do not pronounce an opinion—they merely show ignorance."

"So gradually have the resources of clairvoyance been realized that only a few of those concerned during the last twenty or thirty years with super-physics have as yet perceived the manner in which that faculty may be one of the much needed new senses required to expand our comprehension of Nature beyond the limits within which physical science has hitherto been imprisoned. But the time has now come when this view of the matter can be definitely established. Radium has introduced us to the electron, that ultimate atom of matter minute beyond the reach of figures in the direction of the infinitely little. And along appropriate lines of reasoning all scientists are now convinced that the atoms of physical matter that used to be called the chemical elements are built up of electrons. This has been an epoch-making discovery revolutionizing much previous thinking on the subject. It was anticipated twenty-one years ago by clairvoyant research."

At that time Professor Sinnett noticed that the sense vaguely described as clairvoyance, or astral sight, as he

now prefers to term it, was, among other capacities, ultra-microscopic in its range. There seemed no limit to its capacity in that direction. Professor Sinnett asked a friend very fully endowed with it if he could discern and describe an atom of physical matter. Mathematicians tell us there may be thirty trillions of them in a tiny cube of water. He thought it possible. Professor Sinnett suggested gold as the matter to be dealt with. His friend emerged from the attempt; declaring that the atom of gold was too complicated a structure to be described. Professor Sinnett then suggested that they had better go to the other end of the scale and deal with the lightest body known. This is hydrogen. An atom of hydrogen was examined and that proved describable. It consisted of eighteen minor atoms, at once identified as atoms of ether. They were grouped on a clearly defined plan, forming a definite structure, and the

atoms themselves were in definite movement—a condition that seems not to embarrass the astral sight.

This began to be very interesting. A little later the atoms of oxygen and nitrogen were examined. The etheric atoms that built them up were much more numerous, but they could be counted. Oxygen was found to have 290, nitrogen 261. It was seen at once that these figures divided by eighteen gave the recognized atomic weights of oxygen and nitrogen. Atomic weights mean the weight of the atom in terms of hydrogen taken as one.

Here was an interesting clue to the meaning of atomic weights. Would the rule hold good all through the series of chemical elements?

"In all cases the number of etheric atoms in a chemical element, the counted in thousands for bodies of high atomic weight, like gold, platinum, iridium, and so on, was found, when divided by eighteen, to give the atomic weight."

HAS THE SUN-SPOT THEORY OF STORMS BEEN DEMONSTRATED?

AFTER a year of mathematical calculation carried on to prove the theory of the causes of weather disturbances associated with his name, the eminent astronomer at the head of the meteorological observatory at the University of Santa Clara, Father Jerome S. Ricard, S.J., asserts that rain and earthly storms are directly traceable to the position, size and intensity of spots and "faculae" which appear at irregular intervals upon the surface of the sun. Taking the central meridian of the sun as a basis, Doctor Ricard says it is a matter of definite proof that the rise and fall of the barometric pressure on the earth is due to the motion of the spots on the solar dial either toward or away from that meridian.

These and other details are set forth in *The Sun-Spot*, official bulletin of the observatory. The purpose of the institution has been to attack the weather problem which has so long baffled scientists. The solution is perhaps not complete; but a surprising measure of success has been attained. Thus it is claimed that observers are able by means of sun-spots three days distant in time of movement from either limb or the central meridian in front or "in back" of the sun, to tell the arrival of areas of low and high barometer from Prince Rupert Land down to Mexico. By this means it is possible, we are assured, to foretell storms as long in advance as may be desired. Not only this, but by paying attention to the intensity of the solar disturbance the severity of the storm and of its big

brother, the counter-storm, can also be foretold.

"Hypothetical explanations can be given, but hypotheses are too often made of gossamer thread. The least weight will break through them."

"To suggest one hypothesis. A solar disturbance consists of spots, faculae and prominences, the latter on top, the second below and the first still lower in respect to the visible solar surface. The dark spot is cooler; the faculae hotter and the prominences not yet ascertained. But on the whole, there must be a fiery rent in the encompassing cloud-sphere of the sun. More heat, more electricity, more magnetism make their escape planetward and earthward, especially when the disturbance arrives at the sun's central meridian.

"Physical forces do not distribute themselves equally, but converge of preference to certain foci. Hence the electromagnetic currents come to these foci; and as according to the Corkscrew Rule, they are whirling clockwise, they bring down from on high masses of cold pure air, in like clockwise whirls. The fall of these air masses causes our barometers to rise and 'pump.' Such is the birth and growth of what the weather-map makers call a 'high'—a counter-storm, a cool wave, or a cold wave according to the degree of intensity.

"But electricity, by a law inherent to its nature, must always circulate. Therefore in the vicinity of a 'high,' say before and behind it, the return current, now with the counter-clockwise whirls, must scoop out one and sometimes at least another hole in the atmosphere.

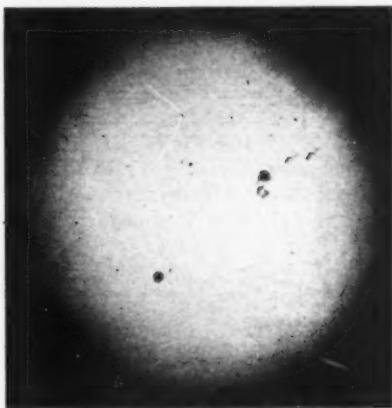
"Such is the birth of the so-called 'low' of the weather map.

"Once established, the 'low' and the 'high'—the storm and the counter-storm—are thrown forward from west to east and their ever-varying route is determined

by the same cause which gives rise to winds either too feeble or too strong, as compared with the slope of the barometric curve. The cause is strongly suspected to be the surrounding local electromagnetic field of the earth."

The theory would seem to involve three elements. There is first of all a big electromagnetic cylinder from the central line of the sun to one or more electromagnetic foci on the earth. Next to consider is another electromagnetic cylinder from the earth back to the sun. Finally we have the surrounding local electromagnetic field of the earth, which determines the storm route, while the intensity is due to that of the currents themselves.

The labors of such men as W. Thomson, Mascart and Joubert, the experiments of Peltier and those of a host of aeronauts plunging into the



THE SPOTS THAT TRAVEL

The surface of the sun has black circles in the photographic plate and these black circles travel over the disc as other pictures show. The travels of the spots are affirmed to be a key to weather conditions on the earth.

dizzy heights and depths of the air, adds Professor John B. René, in *The Sun-Spot*, had already given ground for the idea that the electric tension of our atmosphere grows apace with its height. What remained for the daring aviators of our day was merely to re-

affirm or to perfect the demonstration. This they have done with undying perseverance. There is, then, encompassing us on all sides, from the earth's surface to the uttermost aerial heights, layer upon layer of diversely electrified material which dominates us and

from which there is no escape. From out of this thick and dense perisphere of electromagnetism, radiations dart off to other worlds—even across interplanetary space. Hence atmospheric electricity is a very variable quantity always.

A BRITISH CONJECTURE REGARDING THE SECRET OF BUOYANCY IN ZEPPELINS

IN the construction and handling of their Zeppelins, the Germans have been astonishingly successful in the matter of secrecy respecting some essential details, confesses the London *Engineer*, and a conspicuous instance is the function of the balloonets in maintaining buoyancy. An authoritative statement of the precise purpose of the balloonets inside the gas chambers is not obtainable, despite the learned style in which the subject is elucidated in popular works on the subject. It is, to be sure, generally known that one of the functions of the balloonets is to keep the gas chambers constantly distended to their full extent without incurring either a loss of gas or excessive stress in the envelopes of the gas chambers. If the gas chambers are filled and closed before the start, then, when the vessel has risen in the air, the lessened atmospheric pressure outside the gas chambers, coupled with the ground level atmospheric pressure inside, may severely stress the material of which the envelopes are composed. Ordinarily, this would be avoided by deliberately allowing some of the gas to escape. On coming down again, the increasing external atmospheric pressure tends to overcome the now reduced internal pressure and so causes the gas chambers partially to collapse.

In each chamber of a Zeppelin there is a balloon which at will may be blown up or deflated. It is wholly or partially charged with air before the start. To meet the increased pressure in the gas chamber due to an ascent, some or all of the air is allowed to escape from the balloon until the extension of the gas volume allows the gas pressure to fall to the external value. On descending, the balloonets are once more blown up by air to the required degree to prevent the gas chambers from partially collapsing:

"There is every reason, however, to believe that the gas pressure in a Zeppelin is always maintained at some pressure above the atmospheric. A suitable fabric capable of withstanding such pressure and

at the same time giving the requisite degree of imperviousness has, if we can trust Count Zeppelin's own words, been discovered, and is in use. By using a pressure greater than that of the atmosphere the density of the gas is, of course, greater than it need be, so that the lift obtained per cubic foot is proportionately less. There are, however, certain compensating advantages in the use of a super-atmospheric pressure in the gas which compensates for this drawback.

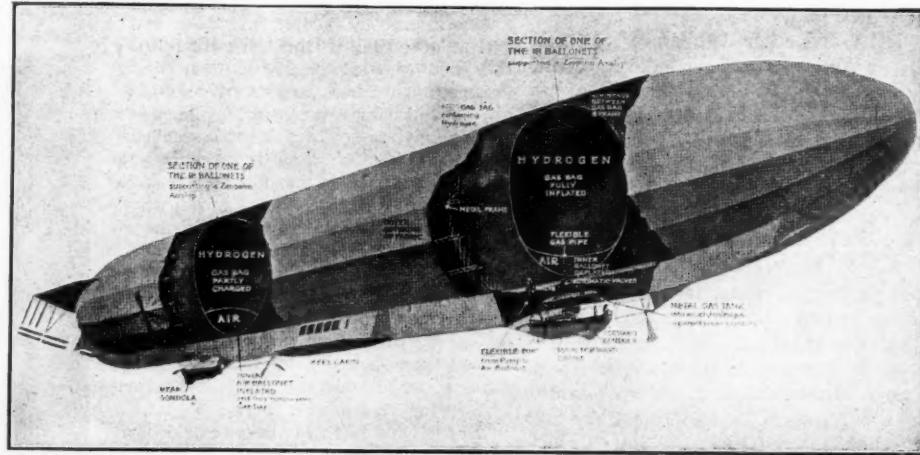
"Under these conditions the balloonets must obviously be connected to the delivery of a fan or a compressed air flask or other source of the requisite super-atmospheric air pressure."

There are certain advantages in using super-atmospheric pressure in the gas which may be held to compensate for the loss of lifting power involved. These advantages relate to the control of the vessel during flight and are dependent upon the fact that it is within the power of the navigator to pump air into or extract it from any or all of the balloonets at will. To make the principle clearer, consider a closed spherical balloon divided internally into two chambers by the collapsible partition. Before starting, let us pump gas into the upper chamber until the whole sphere is filled with gas at a pressure a little in excess of the atmosphere. Now blow up the lower chamber to its full extent or to within a fraction of it with air. As this is done the pressure in the gas rises. At

the end of the operation the gas and air will have reached a common pressure, say, for example, twice that of the atmosphere. It is in some such condition as this, it may be conjectured, a Zeppelin starts on its journey across the North Sea to invade Great Britain.

"Put in the briefest way possible, air ballast is used instead of sand ballast.

"It is clear that, there being no additional load in the matter, the balloonets give the navigator the power of suddenly increasing his buoyancy and so rising quickly to escape his enemy's defenses. The analogy in this respect with the submarine and its ballast tanks for diving purposes is very complete and obvious. It is further to be remarked that by emptying or filling the balloonets forward or aft as required the navigator has at his command a means of steering his vessel in the vertical plane. For by working them independently he can increase or decrease the buoyancy of his ship at the forward or after end to suit his needs. This is not a fantastic suggestion. It is the principle adopted both by Parseval and by Major Gross. Of course, the Zeppelin is provided with vertical rudders, and possibly still with water ballast tanks; but it may be suggested that these are merely used to correct small departures from the fore and aft trim which it is desired to maintain, and that the balloon method is used to increase the facilities for maneuvering in the vertical direction. There is no reason why both methods should not be provided on the one ship, just as both trimming tanks and hydroplanes are provided on a submarine."



Courtesy of *The Sphere*

THE ZEPPELIN GAS CONTROL SYSTEM

By means of air balloonets, pumps and metal gas tanks the Zeppelin can increase or decrease the volume of hydrogen in the gas bags, and thus grow lighter or heavier, and ascend or descend. The air pumps inflate the air balloonets, which compress the gas bags, and force out the hydrogen to the metal tanks, where it is stored under pressure.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

MAYOR MITCHEL'S CHARGES OF CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST A GROUP OF ROMAN CATHOLIC ECCLESIASTS

IT is not the Catholic Church which has so conspired to pervert justice and obstruct or control Government, but a small group within the church cooperating with a few non-Catholic laymen. It is this group I charge with conspiracy." In these words, John Purroy Mitchel, mayor of New York City, himself a Roman Catholic, projected a new scandal into the political and ecclesiastical circles of New York City a month ago, and took his own political life in his hands. The evidences of this alleged conspiracy he has laid, in part at least, before the Grand Jury. But he has done more. To defend his police commissioner against the charges of illegally tapping the telephone wires of priests and others, the Mayor proceeded before a legislative investigating committee, where the charges of wire-tapping had been made public, and fairly compelled the committee to listen to the reading of thirty-five telephone conversations transcribed by the police officials in the course of their efforts to secure the evidence of "certain crimes" which they learned had been committed. The crimes charged are: perjury, criminal libel, conspiracy to utter a criminal libel, and conspiracy to pervert justice and the due administration of the law. The ecclesiasts involved in the telephone conversations, as transcribed by the police and certified to as correct by the police commissioner, are Monsignor John J. Dunn, chancellor of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of New York, Father William B. Farrell, of Brooklyn, and Father Dineen, secretary to Rt. Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, auxiliary bishop of the diocese of New York. Others involved are Dr. Daniel C. Potter, formerly a Baptist preacher, now executive secretary of the Association of Private Charities, and ex-secretary Robert W. Hebbard, of the State Board of Charities, who resigned a few weeks ago under fire.

The whole scandal grows out of the series of investigations into the management of institutions in New York City to which 22,000 homeless and dependent children are committed as city wards, and to which the city pays \$5,000,000 a year for the care of these children. For two years and a half, the Mayor asserts, he has been trying,

and his Commissioner of Charities, John A. Kingsbury, has been trying, to secure "proper administration" of these funds. The State Board certifies to these institutions before the city can pay out the funds to them. Owing to the charges made by the city's Commissioner of Charities that improper certifications had been made, a committee was appointed several months ago by Governor Whitman to investigate. The City Commissioner laid before this committee reports of inspectors as to the conditions of some of these institutions. Some of the Roman Catholic institutions and some of the Protestant institutions as well appeared in the light of these reports to fall far below the standards fixed by the Commissioner as necessary for the proper care of the children. Lurid details were spread before the committee. The Mayor himself condenses some of these details into a paragraph that might have made Charles Dickens turn over in his grave. Children were found "with their hair knotted with lice, their scalps covered with itching sores, their bodies covered with filthy clothes that had not been changed for three weeks, their bodies underfed and undernourished, deprived of any reasonable opportunity for recreation, compelled to sit on backless wooden benches, some of them compelled to bathe, ten, fifteen or twenty-five standing in a trough of six inches of water, many of them compelled to use the same towel after bathing, and other kindred conditions."

Protests have been made against these details, as exaggerated and unfair, not only by some of the Roman Catholic officials but by at least one Protestant Episcopal official (Bishop Burgess). Three pamphlets—"A Public Scandal," "Charity for Revenue," "Priest-Baiting in 1916"—were published and distributed in large numbers at the doors of Roman Catholic churches. For these Father Farrell stood sponsor, and in them the committee of investigation was itself denounced as "an anti-Catholic conspiracy." These pamphlets, and the discovery that Father Farrell himself had not actually written them, led up to the tapping of telephone wires by the police. Here are two of the con-

versations made public by the Mayor under the circumstances already related:

MARCH 24, 1916.

FARRELL. Hello, is the old gent there?

POTTER. Yes, hold the wire. Hello.

FARRELL. Higgins didn't get that last night, but he will have it to-day, and I'll send it to you.

POTTER. They have adjourned until Monday, when Kingsbury goes back on the stand. Is that right?

FARRELL. Yes, Doherty and the Inspectors go on then.

POTTER. So, that is the way.

FARRELL. Yes, you know, they're looking for one man, you know.

POTTER. Oh, yes.

FARRELL. I'll send you \$50, and you slip away this afternoon. I'll send it over with Mike, and I'll send the address of my sister, and you will write there and she will bring the letters over to me.

POTTER. Yes, I guess it's kind of dangerous to stay here.

FARRELL. Yes, you take a trip to Atlantic City or some other place, and I'll look out for you.

POTTER. But I would like to get that from Higgins.

FARRELL. Well, I'll get that from him and send it over with Mike. Now, you get ready and I'll send everything over with Mike.

POTTER. All right. Good-by.

MARCH 24, 1916.

MGR. DUNN. Hello, this is Monsignor.

POTTER. Hello.

DUNN. He's going up to see the Cardinal, and he's likely to stay there all afternoon, so I don't think I can see him before night.

POTTER. Well, I suppose we'll have to wait. I heard from Farrell, and he says that Higgins advises me to leave the State and get out of the way.

DUNN. What's that for?

POTTER. Well, you see, they're liable to get out a search-warrant and come and get me in the house, and if I leave the State they can't do anything.

DUNN. Well, where do you want to go?

POTTER. I don't know; anywhere outside of the State. You know, you can't choose your place now.

DUNN. Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you \$100. Can you send some one up for it?

POTTER. Yes, I guess so. Where will I send for it?

DUNN. Up at the Chancery.

POTTER. I thought you closed this afternoon.

DUNN. Yes, but I'll keep the door open, and I'll have it in an envelope sealed. Now don't forget to send some one over and I'll have that in a sealed envelope.

The accuracy of these and the thirty-three other reports of conversations is disputed by those directly involved, and they are likely to be subjected to a close analysis in the courts in the near future. The first effects of their submission to a Brooklyn Grand Jury has been the indictment, not of any of those participating in the alleged conversations but of Commissioner Kingsbury and his counsel, William H. Hotchkiss, for illegally conspiring to tap private telephone wires. The Mayor himself was charged with the same offense, but no indictment was made against him, tho a political organization has petitioned the Governor to remove him. In justification of the wire-tapping, the Mayor states that under his administration no wires have been tapped by the police except upon substantial ground for belief that a crime had been committed or was contemplated, and such communications have been kept confidential, being given to none but duly authorized agents of the law for the purpose of preventing crime. Beneath all the controversy that has arisen, he holds, the one issue involved is "the decent care of the 22,000 children for whom New York must act as father and mother." The group of ecclesiasts assailed by him are not, he insists, representatives of the church or the great mass of Catholic laymen. "We hold," he declares, "that the government shall not lay its hands on the sacred altar of the church and that conversely the church must not lay its hands on the sacred altar of the government. And as long as I am mayor, it never shall."

The press has for the most part been disposed to handle the Mayor's charges against ecclesiasts as matter for news rather than for editorial comment. The N. Y. *Evening Post* was, indeed, quick to comment at length, but most of the dailies in New York City took up the matter as loath to discuss it. Said the *Post*:

"We have not a particle of sympathy with the suspicious and proscriptive spirit displayed by some Protestants against Catholics. But with this thing astir as it is, Catholics must look well to their own course. Insensate prejudice is one thing; that they cannot escape; but they must beware how they cause well-founded grievances. And in all this great work which lies so near the heart of Mayor Mitchel, it is unfortunately true that certain Catholics have so borne themselves as to bring reproach upon their Church. Monsignor Dunn speaks of Catholics wanting from the Mayor only their 'rights.' But in act this has been translated into a demand that the city shall not look into the way in which the money it gives Catholic institutions has been spent. It also has

been translated to mean that every influence, open or secret, fair or foul, shall be brought to bear to intimidate those who insist upon such proper and indeed necessary inquiries. Commissioner Strong, it is known, and also Gov. Whitman, have been plied with appeals and menaces from Catholic sources. Newspapers have received letters from Catholics warning them to keep off this matter. But that way danger lies—danger, most of all, to the Catholic Church. If it precipitates a political struggle, the end of it cannot be foreseen. If it appeals to Cæsar, to Cæsar it may have to go in a way most unpleasant. In plain words, if the Catholic authorities in this city are put in the attitude of hounding Mayor Mitchel, a loyal son of their Church, for daring to be independent and humane-minded in the administration of public charities, they will be doing themselves and their cause deadly hurt. This is so patent that we must hope for wiser counsels among Catholic leaders than have so far, in all this business, seemed to prevail."

The N. Y. *Tribune* commends the Mayor for having "done a difficult thing bravely," but it is willing to await a judicial determination of the facts. The *World* insists that the issue involved is a "money issue," not a religious issue, and the city's administration is not otherwise concerned in it except as municipal payments are involved. The *American's* interest seems to be limited to the wire-tapping incidents only, and it takes the position that police officials have no right to tap wires even to secure evidences of criminal conduct.

The *Times* concludes that "the outcry about wire-tapping is but surface froth and foam which hides something of vastly greater importance underneath." The real question is "whether children committed to institutions receiving city aid are well cared for or ill cared for, whether the \$5,000,000 the city annually appropriates for their support is expended under sufficient safeguards." In fighting for the cause of the children, the Mayor, we are told, is performing his duty and will have the full support of the community. There should be and need be no church question in the controversy, according to the *Times*, which goes on to say: "We should suppose the responsible church authorities would disclaim and disavow as unauthorized any such activities as the Mayor specified and denounced. Excessive and mistaken zeal not infrequently leads subordinates into indiscretion from which controlling authority withdraws all countenance and sanction."

Among the Roman Catholic weeklies the New York *Freeman's Journal* writes of "Mayor Mitchel on the Rampage." The editor criticizes him as a "social climber," denounces his charges as infamous, and says his "cheap heroics" will win the applause of A. P. A. bigots but will disgust

thoughtful men. The editor of *America* (Rom. Cath.) devotes several columns to an attack on the credibility of Commissioner Kingsbury as a witness before the investigating committee. The self-styled reformers have been given a vast amount of rope, *America's* editor remarks, and they have verified the old proverb. "By their own confession, these paladins of civic righteousness have written themselves down as the merest of eavesdroppers. Weak indeed is the cause that invokes their assistance."

A recent issue of the *Survey*, which represents social and charity organizations, contained an editorial declaring that the question of "Farrelism" had been put squarely up to the Roman Catholic men and women of New York. It says:

"The weight of the organized forces of one great religious body has apparently been thrown into an effort to discredit the impartiality of the investigation, to inject the religious issue into state and city politics, and to make a blanket defense of the charitable institutions of this church. Yet if there were no public supervision whatever, the prior and solemn obligation of the church itself has been to prevent neglect and mistreatment of the children committed to the care of any and all of these institutions."

The situation calls for self-assertion on the part of the progressive Catholics of New York lest they continue to be misrepresented and compromised by spokesmen who have not stopped at falsehood, abuse, and wholesale charges of anti-Catholic animus, cast at every public official who has ventured to challenge the administration of any institution of that faith."

If ever a municipal administration needed and deserved the loyal and unhesitating support of all public-spirited citizens, says *The New Republic*, the administration of Mayor Mitchel needs it and deserves it at the present moment.

"It needs support because its attempt to improve the conditions in charitable institutions, supported in part by public appropriations, has brought upon it the enmity of the local Catholic hierarchy. It deserves support because in making the attempt to improve those institutions it is initiating a work of the utmost public value, which no previous administration has dared to undertake. As a consequence of its courageous action it is being malevolently and ruthlessly attacked by a powerful combination of political and other enemies. Every special interest in the city which has been injured by the efforts of the administration to make New York a better place in which to live is combining to crush the officials who have acted so aggressively and effectively on behalf of the popular welfare. If an equally comprehensive organization is not found to back up the Mayor and the Commissioner of Charities, the citizens of New York will be faithless to a clear and urgent public obligation."

POINTERS FOR PREACHERS FROM A MODERN ADVERTIZING MAN

AMINISTER fell in, on a Pullman car, with a stranger who said that preaching was his line, too. "What denomination?" asked the minister. "Advertizing," came the answer, without a smile. After which introduction Halford E. Luccock, the minister, drew from his unnamed traveling companion a sparkling advertising homily which appears at length in the dignified *Methodist Review*. "Good preachers for centuries," quoth the advertising man, "have been working on principles that are just being put into shape by the science of advertising, if you will allow such a high-sounding phrase in connection with what has been a very uncertain business. It is simply that both of us are working on different aspects of the same fundamental art—creating a use and demand for a particular thing. You are pushing religion and I am pushing soap, among other things; but that does not alter the fact that the rules of the game are the same. And for that matter," he added with a twinkle, "religion and soap are not such distant relatives, either."

From a "quaint" preacher in Vermont this advertising man declares that he learned some of the best things he knows about advertising. "I've watched him," said he, "and I've watched that little town for twenty years, and for the real business that he is at, creating a steady and growing demand and use for the thing he is projecting—the Christian religion—any advertising expert in the country can take off his hat to him. For the thing was actually used in that town. For persuading people about religion until they come to the 'buying point,' a good many 'up-to-date' advertizers in city pulpits are mere tyros, sir, mere tyros, compared to him."

Belief that the points of a good advertisement and of a good sermon are just about the same adheres to this advertising man. The purpose in each case is to get something believed, remembered and acted upon. The most elementary thing of all, usually learned through costly and humiliating experiences, is the fact that to secure effective publicity for anything, you have to study the article and really know all the ins and outs of the thing you are talking about. Mr. Advertising Man confesses:

"I remember one particularly fine series of advertisements I did for an agricultural implement firm. They were really bright. The only trouble with them, as my client very gently pointed out to me, was that they showed such little acquaintance with farm labor that any farmer would laugh at

them. It seemed too bad to discard such clever writing for so prosaic a reason as that! Last year, when our firm took a contract to advertise Portland cement, I spent a whole month learning how it was made and digging up some points why *that* cement was the best to buy. I believe I could have made the stuff myself when I sat down to write the ads. It paid, too."

Much strong preaching Mr. Advertising Man has heard, but he also hears a lot of it in the course of a year's travel that makes him think some of the men do not thoroughly know their article. For instance:

"Since the war began I have heard at least fifty sermons on war and peace and you would be surprised to know what a confused blur those fifty sermons make on my mind. A few stand out clear as a sunbeam, but put them all together and you have something about as clearly defined as a composite photograph of the presidents of the United States. It looks decided as tho a good many men had never really dug out what Jesus actually taught about war and peace, or what the Christian message really is in confused days like these. Flaming eloquence is a poor substitute for clear knowledge of fundamental Christian teaching set forth so directly that a wayfaring man, like myself, tho a fool, again like myself, need not err therein. . . .

"Then some men seem to only know in spots the thing they are set to project. When they have preached on the texts, 'Servants, obey your masters,' and, 'The powers that be are ordained of God,' they have swung their whole circle. They are missing a whole lot of what we advertising men call 'good talking points' on the social side of Christianity—points that have a strong appeal and drawing power in that they make Christianity appear as a real part of what men want. I have listened to other sermons when for the life of me I could hardly tell whether the preacher was recommending 'righteousness, joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost' or some particular brand of literary criticism to be applied to the fourth chapter of the book of Daniel. Of course, the effective study of an article goes farther than the thing itself. It includes the materials of which it is made, the history and development of the business, and, above all, the services it can perform. 'What can it do better than anything else in the world?' is a fair question that both of us have to be able to answer on the spot, and answer convincingly."

Right along the same line, he adds, there is a vast amount of money wasted in advertising that is too vague and general to produce results. If a man is advertising Carter's ink, he does not say merely, "Use ink"; but, "Carter's ink is everlastingly black." So of sermons, many preached every week are interesting enough and true enough, but wasted because vague.

"The appeal is not tied up closely enough to a particular thing—the definite acceptance of Christianity. A man might listen to a great many sermons and get the idea that the Christian message was simply—'Be good.' Gerald Stanley Lee calls it 'teasing men to be good.' If you have no more definite message than that you might as well save the money your space costs. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved' is a message which covers all that is implied in the vague and general 'Be good,' but it brings a thousandfold more in inquiries and results."

Of course the other big side of the problem is to know the man one is talking to. How will this article strike Mr. Prospective Customer? and not, How does it strike me, the advertising manager, or the president of the company? Just so, How will this sermon strike Brown the grocer, and little Sallie Green? and not, How will it strike the professor of systematic theology at the seminary? Our Advertising Man proceeds to tell of another man who was advertising a washing machine and was unable to procure any response.

"One day he tried to put himself in the place of the typical buyer. As soon as he did this he concluded he would have to try a washing machine before he would buy. So came into being the well-known '30-days free trial' appeal, which proved a big success. I have to do a great deal of that kind of 'pastoral work' if I am going to get results. Whenever I find that my inquiries are few, or that the cost of each inquiry is going up, it usually means that I have slowed up in my outside work and so am losing touch with the man I want to reach. I imagine it is much the same with you. The preacher who never rings door-bells during the week rarely ever rings the bell when he shoots in the pulpit on Sunday. That is why I rate that country preacher up in Vermont as a past master. He not only knows every one, but he knows among just what mental neighbors in men's minds every sentence he says will have to lodge and what obstacles it will have to pass to get in at all. So he always talked to us as one who had a feeling for our infirmities, mental as well as other kinds."

The biggest thing, tho, that advertising has to say to-day, according to this advertising preacher, is that "sensational" advertising is, with very few exceptions, poor business.

"That is something which has cost us millions of dollars to learn, but we have learned it. Most preachers have always known it, but some are still laboring under the delusion that attention is a thing to be valued in itself. Attention, in itself, is worth just about nothing at all. It must be favorable attention. It is comparatively easy to attract attention, if one is satisfied with any sort of attention; but it

accomplishes nothing if the advertiser is regarded with derision or suspicion, as he will be when he adopts freakish or sensational schemes. Deceptive headlines, tricks of all sorts, have no persuasive value when once the reader becomes aware of the deception. If you will read the back pages of your magazine carefully you will notice that 'smart' writing in the advertising business is waning, and for a very solid reason: It doesn't pay. What you as a preacher must achieve, as well as I, is not to have a man say 'What a clever piece of work!' but to have him feel, 'That is something I want.' Much advertising has been too 'cute' and clever to succeed. It may be of use temporarily for a cheap article, but even there it arouses suspicion. A few years ago a firm with a three-thousand-dollar automobile to sell adopted a catchy and breezy style of advertising with great financial loss. It might have been useful in connection with a five-cent cake of soap, but a man with three thousand dollars to put into an automobile is not going to be led to invest by sensational headlines. I have often thought of that in church when listening to some self-styled up-to-date preacher 'smartly' discussing some sensa-

tional topic. A man who really takes Christianity is getting an expensive thing. Its initial cost is great and its upkeep calls for a large outlay in work and sacrifice and money. It takes more than bizarre headlines and spectacular performances to hold him. He has to be won and held by what we call 'reason why' copy—straightforward and sincere. . . . I know several ministers who think that by sensationalism they are keeping abreast of the times in the business world when, as a matter of fact, they are away behind the times. The trained advertiser, while always reaching out for a fresh and strong point of contact, has put mere sensation aside as a childish and expensive toy."

The Adverting Man also remarked that he has a nephew who has just gone into the ministry. The nephew agreed to telegraph every Saturday night his sermon for Sunday in a fifty-word night letter. "I told him that if he couldn't put his point into fifty words it wasn't sharp enough to stick any one with. He says it has done him lots of good; I know the telegrams increase in clearness and force."

From costly business experience the Adverting Man gives a warning against "leaks." A firm may advertise a good product in a strong convincing way, but it is wasted if the man reached does not have an opportunity to take the goods while he is interested.

"I have listened to many a genuinely moving appeal to people to become followers of Christ, sermons that had a real grip to them, but absolutely no opportunity was given to do the thing the preacher asked them to do—register a decision. When a man listens to a number of appeals like that, without a chance to act in definite way, they will lose their power with him after a while, and I believe that is what has happened in many cases. When you ask men to accept Christianity, give them a chance to do it. I shall never forget going to church with a shoe salesman years ago in Cincinnati. As we were coming out of the church he said to me, 'It was a lucky thing the preacher didn't call for a show-down this morning. I would have gone up sure.' He called it 'lucky,' but I knew in his heart he was sorry."

COURAGE AS A SUBLIME FORM OF HYPOCRISY: THE COWARDICE OF WARFARE

WAR is a cowardly business. Soldiers are often chivalrous; but armies, never. In sport the rule is that each man shall have, as far as possible, an equal chance. In war it is the duty of the general on either side to see that the other side has no chance at all. Such is one of the rapier thrusts which Edwin Pugh makes against those who laud the glorious courage of war. He grants the splendor of supreme individual courage under the menace of death, the self-abnegation and self-sacrifice, the victory of spirit over the flesh. Yet he raises the question whether it is not better to be brave in defeat than to conquer by cowardice.

Mr. Pugh's brilliant analysis of "The Cowardice of Warfare," in the *Fortnightly Review*, is well adapted to make neutral as well as belligerent readers sit up and take notice. There have been times, he reminds us, when, altho nobody believed war could cease altogether, the consequent losses of lives, gear and treasure seemed too great. Winners seemed to suffer disaster even worse than that suffered by those who lost. So we may account for the resort to the ordeal by single combat—David against Goliath—success or failure of either champion effecting a vast saving of men and means and avoiding unnecessary bloodshed. The principle which emerges in this direction is that of the refrain of

a crooning old ballad of Victorian days: "Let those who make the quarrels be the only ones to fight."

Courage, asserts Mr. Pugh, is a sublime form of hypocrisy. Without fear there can be no heroism; the more acutely one realizes his danger the greater his courage if he faces the danger. What happens in war is that cunning comes to be triumphant over courage. The strong man armed may be no match for the weak man better armed. There is no biological assurance in war of the survival of the fittest. The invention and use of weapons marked the beginning of the end of fair fighting. Mr. Pugh also imputes to the first religions a subtle power of magic and superstition which strengthened the old and crafty against the young and lusty. "Men grew to be afraid of death as they had never before been afraid, now that death, which had aforetime opened only the gates of paradise, might also be the threshold of hell." So warfare became defensive as well as offensive, keen-eyed tactics superseded blind assault, gains in strategy implied loss in grace.

Primitive warfare this writer hardly idealizes, altho he does advance the idea that "love and war" may once have been practically identical. If primitive men did not fight for gold, empire, or punctilio, it may be they fought all the more fairly according to their lights. But the warfare we

see untold centuries later has become, he says, in the highest sense scientific and in the lowest barbaric. Talk of barbarism of the Huns is puerile vaporizing. Barbarians never did fight as we moderns fight.

"They perpetrated atrocities most horrible and vile, but never any so horrible and vile as the massacre of harmless, helpless neutrals. And at least they did not cant. They went into battle prepared to suffer, if they lost, the same fate as they would mete out to their enemies, if they won. Their kings and chieftains led them and took not merely the same risks but generally greater risks than the rank and file. In the hour of defeat, like the blind old King of Bohemia and, later on, Richard Crookback on the field of Bosworth, they hacked their way to death through the ranks of the opposing army, preferring thus to die in a bloody Acre-dama than to flee for their lives and linger on in ignominious exile. The common soldiery, serfs as well as freemen, simples as well as gentles, then even as now, of course did likewise. It may be urged that there was nothing else for them to do; that flight was impossible and capture worse than death; and this was so. On the other hand, it should be borne in mind that in the heat and fury of battle it is given to few men to be logical and calculating. The dominant instinct is to live on, if only for a few hours longer, even the remorse for our poltroonery or our fears for our eventual safety may make those few more hours intolerable, rather than to die heroically now. The men are always splendid. It is never the men, it is never the officers or those

in supreme command, it is always warfare itself that is cowardly."

Thus Mr. Pugh returns to his contention that courage is a sublime form of hypocrisy. "As it is said that every woman is at heart a rake, so it would seem that every man is at heart a coward." That is why we honor and should continue to honor our heroes—they subdue their lower to their higher nature. The natural instincts be base they prove that the soul may be without alloy. But this truth, Mr. Pugh insists, applies only to the soul of the individual. A crowd is almost always soulless.

"What is an army at its best but a disciplined crowd? At its worst, in the fume and fret of battle, even the some shreds of discipline still adhere, it ceases to be human at all and becomes a raging, insensate beast.

"The main aim and object of militarism is to train and tame this beast; to drill its units into the semblance of a machine; to eliminate from it as far as possible the accidental human factor; to manipulate and guide and apply its strength, as one manipulates and guides and applies the strength of an engine. 'Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do—as they are told—and die!' The perfect soldier would be no better than a performing bear in a circus that lives in an iron-bound cage and, at its master's bidding, does its little tale of tricks, knowing not why it does them or what they mean. But the perfect soldier has yet to be born; that is why we still have heroes."

In dwelling on the heroic side of warfare, Mr. Pugh's purpose is to lay additional stress upon its more cowardly side. "War is a game which, were their subjects wise, kings should not play at." That is held to be the pity and the wonder of it.

"To those who lead and direct, war is the finest game in the world; but those who are led and directed might echo the frogs of the fable and say: 'What is sport to you is death to us.' When the war is over and 'the tumult and the shouting dies' and 'the captains and the kings depart,' each with his wreath of laurel, what guerdon of glory remains for the mere soldier? He has not, like so many of his comrades, left his bones to whiten on the field; he has not dragged a broken body home to die more slowly; he is one of the fortunate few who have survived whole, to draw his pension and flaunt his manhood unto a ripe old age. And that is the sum of his reward. For he was no more than a pawn in the game; and now that the game is over he should be duly thankful that he has escaped the common destiny of pawns, which is to be offered up as a sacrifice for the sake of the castles and bishops, kings and queens."

But the writer professes to be concerned not so much with a moral aspect as with the physical aspect of the cowardice of warfare. His purpose is to suggest that war is not only stupid and vain, cruel and ruthless, but also mean and contemptible.

"Any man who did in the public street what armies do on the battlefield would most assuredly be lynched by an infuriate and indignant populace. Any third-rate pugilist in an East-end prize-ring, daring to do what is done in warfare as a matter of course, would be hooted and pelted, and maybe mobbed, by his audience. Yet wherein lies the essential difference between a grown man beating a child with his fists, or a snide Jew stooping to hit an opponent who was already down and out, and the general with an army of a million who descends upon and decimates an army of one hundred thousand, or the admiral of a naval squadron who torpedoes defenceless liners? The difference, of course, consists in the paradox that the bully or the snide is hurled out of decent society, whilst the general or the admiral is loaded with honors and voted a princely ducor."

We British, says Mr. Pugh, really are a sporting race, with a chivalry in sport which is the admiration and occasionally the amazement of the whole world. If any man or any side in any competition is manifestly superior to the others, some sort of handicap is imposed to equalize matters. "Even our race-horses carry more or less weight as they have proved themselves more or less fleet. But the fashionable British expert suggesting that because our Navy is stronger and more efficient than the German Navy we should lend Germany a few of our ships, or the Teuton professor suggesting to the Kaiser that he should have sent only one army corps instead of a whole army against the Belgians because Belgium is not a first-class Power, would obviously be ripe for certification as an idiot." Yet there are rules of warfare as of sport, continues Mr. Pugh, mutual obligations and forbearance embodied in treaties and conventions solemnly drawn up and signed. The only fault of the rules is that they ignore the first principles of fair play.

"All is fair in love and war," says the old ironic adage, coupling together the two fundamental passions that above all others are most often foul. And jealousy, the chosen handmaiden of love; and cruelty, the bosom spouse of war—both alike hideous and loathly—go appropriately hand in hand. And another name for jealousy is lust, and another name for cruelty is cowardice.

"All cowards are not cruel; there have been monsters of cruelty who were not cowards; but the cruelty and cowardice of warfare are not innate in the personal character of the respective combatants on either side. They are just the expression of that secret spirit of racial hatred which neither civilization nor religion has hitherto been able to eradicate from human nature. Black and white, yellow and brown, the Greek and the Slav, the Christian and the Mussulman, the Jew and the Gentile,—these may all grow to a better understanding of one another and dwell together in amity, but only by the asso-

ciation of individuals, never as yet by the fusion of nations. When peace returns upon the earth, Germans and French and Englishmen and Russians will once more find their new friends among their former enemies, and even intermarry as heretofore; but centuries must elapse ere Germans or Russians, French or English, Austrian or Italian, Serbian or Bulgarian, Allies as well as enemies, shall cease to regard each other as foreigners and aliens. And so long as ever this state of things exists there will always be war; there will always be this cowardice of warfare."

Nor is there much comfort in thinking of the struggle for life among the lower animals, according to this writer.

"The bird that devours the butterfly, the lion that slays the lamb,—these are not troubled by any qualms of compunction, or conscious of any cruelty or cowardice. Man, preserving something of the divine prerogative in the gift of imagination, which is the mother of sympathy, can never be quite as the beasts that perish, and so he is pricked by misgivings sometimes, even in such times as these, when he stands apart and contemplates the desolation he has wrought in a fair world. Out of the uneasy stirrings of his conscience have arisen such screaming anomalies as the Red Cross, the Army Medical Corps, the substitution of a new law of internment for the old law of extermination, and a tender care of those whom he has maimed or taken captive. These are his sops to the godhead in him. They are as some healing balm to salve the wounds in his self-respect."

The fact is that war is brutal, bestial, concludes Mr. Pugh. It is war and must be waged in warlike fashion. And this is the fashion of it!

"Man must die that men may live. The thought is comforting, solacing. He girds up his loins and renews the fight. He withdraws into the seclusion of his laboratory and there concocts a new high explosive, more deadly than any other. He goes into his workshop and there devises new, more dreadful tortures and torments than any yet in vogue. He goes forth into the battlefield, and cowers in holes and lies in wait to smite the enemy hip and thigh in the moment that he is off his guard. He launches destruction at him over vast distances, from aerial heights, from the depths of the sea. He plans new means of starving him out, of poisoning him, of laying waste his territory, of tearing at the heartstrings of his women and children with new and still more devilish deviltries of terror and anguish. In private life he is a good man, a fond father, a kind husband, a devoted son, a faithful friend. In his public capacity he is a worthy citizen, a patriot and a philanthropist. He has sterling qualities of heart and head. He is strong in adversity and meek in prosperity. Above all, he is brave. And yet he will go down on his knees to-night and pray to his God, who is also his enemy's God, and the loving Father of all his children, to lend His almighty aid to his hapless fellow-brethren on the one side so that they may be enabled to hurl their hapless fellow-brethren on the other side into the outer darkness."

METHODISTS BALK AT AN ENDORSEMENT OF THE "PREFERENTIAL SHOP"

THE question of recognizing labor unions came up squarely before the recent General Conference, the supreme legislature of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It precipitated a debate lasting for two days. Clergy and laymen representing a church constituency of some 3,700,000, the largest single Protestant denomination in the United States, participated in the contest. It involved the "open shop" policy of the large publishing interests of the Methodist Book Concern. *Zion's Herald* says that the scales were turned against recognition by a woman, Mrs. Nasmyth, superintendent of a "home" in Arkansas, who pointed out that while the church is trying to educate negroes industrially, labor unions in the South exclude them from membership. Mr. Davage, of Louisiana, representing the colored constituency on the Book Committee, clinched this argument by saying: "One who was a laborer Himself said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor,' while you are about to amend it and say, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor; but organized labor come first.'"

The declaration finally adopted by the General Conference reads:

"A sound principle to govern the Church as an employer would appear to be that, in recognition of the price being paid by organized labor to improve conditions of industry, on account of its general contribution to the community welfare, every possible endeavor should be made to work with it, in so far as its methods are just, and in so far as the rights of unorganized men are not infringed upon."

The words, "a preference should be shown to it," occurring originally in the resolution after the phrase "community welfare," were struck out by a vote of 447 to 280.

It is said that this is the first time such a representative church body has been called upon to declare its policy toward labor unions. Methodist papers freely quote points in what is termed "the most comprehensive and ablest debate" of the last four quadrennial Conferences, and promise to publish various speeches in full for their educational value. The currents of public opinion revealed appear to be widely significant. Here are composite bits from the reports of the debate made by editors of the *N. Y. Christian Advocate*, the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* of Chicago and *Zion's Herald* of Boston.

Professor Harry F. Ward (Rock River), secretary of the Methodist Federation for Social Service, author of the organized labor plank as originally formulated, got the floor:

"He guaranteed that the 'preferential shop' would give first choice to members of our own Church, would permit old employees to remain undisturbed, would leave the appointment of the foreman to the employers. Nervous, fluent, earnest, he demanded that the Church in its own business must live up to its reiterated professions. 'If we let our words become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, our souls will become as hollow as our words!' he cried in impassioned tones, exhorting the Church to strengthen the hands of the little group of Christian labor leaders who were fighting the battle of righteousness. 'In such a war benevolent neutrality is not good enough for me!' He claimed to be the champion of justice for the union labor leaders, the employer, and the unorganized man. In him the house heard for the first time the note of the dreaming millions of toilers. Perhaps it also heard a prophecy."

Dr. H. C. Jennings, General Publishing Agent, defended the "open shop" policy and the practices of the Methodist Book Concern in pursuing that policy, while paying the union scale, observing the minimum wage for women, the forty-eight hour week, the Saturday half-holiday; providing in its newer factories rest-rooms, reading-rooms, shower-baths; using safety-appliances and providing group life insurance to the amount of each worker's yearly wage. He said:

"The conditions of employment in the Book Concern are those of good character and efficient workmanship. We do not question the affiliations of any good workman, and only insist that in the operation of such a house the executive agents must have the privilege of conducting the business. If there is anywhere in the business or manufacturing world a better illustration of practical efficiency and Christian social service in concrete form than is found in the Methodist Book Concern under its present plan of operation, we have not discovered it. The present arrangement of labor and hours meets the hearty approval of every person in our employ. We are paying out more than a million dollars in wages to the very highest class of workmen, eleven hundred of them; any man can work for us who has character, if we need him, whether he is in the union or out of it. And out of that we have made sufficient profits to pay \$1,179,000 into the pockets of our superannuates. I do not see any other way to do this than to remember that more than half the printers, and more than half of the Methodist printers, are outside of the union and have just as much right to this idea of social help as any man can have."

Dr. W. F. Conner (Pittsburgh), chairman of the Book Committee, was convinced that "preferential shop" inevitably means "closed shop." Mr. Frank A. Arter, of Cleveland, was sure Methodism could not stand for the

criminal excesses of union labor. To him it is one of the inherent rights of an American citizen that he shall hire whom he pleases and dismiss whom and when he pleases. He denounced the violence of union labor as a class, aluding in terms to the Los Angeles incident. Hisses were as plentiful as handclaps.

Dr. George Eliot (Detroit) repudiated the old economic rule of supply and demand by which Mr. Arter would settle wages. "Calm, philosophic, clear, he argued against 'the anarchistic principle of the open shop, the despotic principle of the closed shop,' and urged 'the brotherly and peaceful principle of the preferential shop.'

Wayne C. Williams, industrial commissioner of Colorado, said that that state had learned its lesson.

"The principle of collective bargaining had been recognized and incorporated into the law of Colorado; it was endorsed by every thinker on economic questions and was not necessarily connected with unionism at all; it was the fairest thing ever proposed. To defeat the report of the committee which favored a preferential shop was simply to say 'that the Methodist Episcopal Church has shut the door of hope in the face of every union man in the country.' If the Methodist Church had been able to give favorable conditions to their employees it was only because the unions had made that standard possible."

Judge Killits (Ohio), who moved to kill the organized labor plank, "read the oath of the typographical union, with its renunciation of allegiance to 'any other organization—social, political or religious'—and declared that the open shop was not 'anarchy' but 'industrial democracy in action.'"

Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, considered the preferential clause "a hand extended from union labor," and the church should also extend its hand on that common meeting-ground. When the question of negro exclusion from unions had been injected, Marvin Campbell, a banker of South Bend, Indiana, moved an amendment striking out the preferential clause, as already indicated, and this motion prevailed almost unanimously.

This amended labor declaration forms but a part of a remarkably elaborate and advanced program of social service adopted by the General Conference. It sounds the social note in the relation of the church to social work in the community. It lays down a program for community service, emphasizing the problems of unemployment, housing, prison reform and re-creation. It calls for better training for Christian Social service through all the educational facilities of the church. It stands for the minimum living wage.

DOWNFALL OF THE HOME AS SEEN IN THE FEMINIST REVOLT

THAT indefatigable investigator and exponent of feminism, Mr. W. L. George, whose questionnaires and articles, particularly in the *Atlantic Monthly*, have revealed an infinite variety in feminine revolt, now tells the readers of *Harper's Magazine* that he sees the home falling down all around. The Anglo-Saxon home, as he has known it, is doomed, and woman is at the bottom of the change. She is tired of being immolated on the domestic hearth. What was supposed to be her shelter, woman, "more animal, more radical, more divinely endowed with the faculty of seeing only her own side" than man, now sees to have been not her fortress but her jail. "Woman has felt in the home much as a workman might feel if he were given the White House as a present, told to live in it and keep it clean without help on two dollars a week. If the home be a precious possession, it may very well be a possession bought at too high a price—at the price of youth, of energy, and of enlightenment." It matters very little whether a fool can run a house or not, observes Mr. George; what does matter from the woman's point of view is that she is given no credit for efficient household management, and that is one reason why she has rebelled.

"The modern complaint of woman is that the care of the house has divorced her from growing interests, from literature and, what is more important; from the newspaper, partly from music, entirely from politics. It is a purely material question; there are only twenty-four hours in every day, and there are some things one cannot hustle. One can no more hustle the English joint than the decrees of the Supreme Court. Moreover, and this is a collateral fact, an emptiness has formed around woman; while on the one side she was being tempted by the professions that opened to her, by the interests ready to her hand, the old demands of less organized homes were falling away from her. Once upon a time she was a slave; now she is a half-timer, and the taste of liberty that has come to her has made her more intolerant of the old laws than she was in the ancient days of her servitude. Not much more than seventy years ago it was still the custom in lower middle-class homes for the woman to sew and bake and brew. These occupations were relinquished, for the distribution of labor made it possible to have them better done at a lower cost."

Fifty or sixty years ago the great shops began to rise, like Whiteley and Wanamaker, when, Mr. George notes, woman ceased to be industrial and became commercial.

"Her chief occupation was now shopping, and if she was intelligent and pains-

taking she could make a better bargain with Jones, in Queen's Road, than with Smith, in Portchester street. But of late years even that has begun to go; the great stores dominate the retail trade, and now, qualities being equal, there is hardly anything to pick between universal provider No. 1, at one end of the town, and No. 2, equally universal, at the other. Also the stores sell everything; they facilitate purchases; the housekeeper need not go to ten shops, for at a single one she can buy cheese, bicycles, and elephants. That is only an indication of the movement; the time will come, probably within our lifetime, when the great stores of the towns will have crushed the small traders and turned them into branch managers; when all the prices will be alike, all the goods alike; when food will be so graded that it will no longer be worth the housekeeper's while to try and discover a particularly good sirloin—instead she will telephone for seven pounds of quality A.F., No. 14,692. Then, having less to do, woman will want to do still less, and the modern rebellion against house and home will find in her restlessness a greater impetus."

Home means house, a private establishment of some size and sort, in Mr. George's category. He writes cleverly of such disruptive factors as the restaurant dinner, the week-end, the long and frequent holidays, the motor-car, the spread of golf, and the everlasting servant problem. Thousands of families in London choose to go to boarding houses; "they hate the boarding-house, but they hate it less than home. They feel less tied; they have less furniture; they like to feel that their furniture is in store where they can forget all about it. They have lost part of their love for Aunt Maria's magenta curtains—the home idea has become less significant to them." Mr. George points out that the home idea is complex.

"It embraces privacy, possession; it implies a place where one can retreat, be master, be powerful in a small sphere, take off one's boots, be sulky or pleasant, as one likes. It involves, above all, a place where one does not hear the neighbor's piano, or the neighbor's baby, or, with luck, the neighbor's cat; but where, on the other hand, one's own piano, one's own baby, and one's own cat are raised to a high and personal pitch of importance. It involves everything that is individual—one's own stationery block, one's crest or, if one is not so fortunate, one's monogram upon the plate. If the S. P. C. A. did not intervene, I think one might often see in the front garden a cat branded with a hot iron: 'Thomas Jones. His Cat.' It is the rallying-point of domestic virtue, the origin of domestic tyranny. It is the place where public opinion cannot see you and where, therefore, you may behave badly. Most wife-beaters live in houses; in flats they

would be afraid of the opinion of the hall porter. And yet the home is not without its charm and its nobility, for its bricks and mortar enshrine a spirit that is worshipped and for which much may be sacrificed."

While people do not give up the attempt somehow to maintain a little social cosmos, Mr. George finds a growing desire for freedom to get all out of life while one can, instead of solemnly worshipping the home "castle." Here is his idea of the homes of the future.

"I conceive the future homes of the people as separate communities, say blocks of a hundred flats or perhaps more, standing in a common garden which will be kept up by the estate. Each flat will probably have one room for each inhabitant, so as to secure the privacy which is very necessary even to those who no longer believe in the home idea; it will also have a common room where privacy can be dispensed with. Its furniture will be partly personal, but not very, for a movement which is developing in America will extend, and we, too, in England may be provided, as are to-day the more fortunate Americans, with an abundance of cupboards and dressers ready fixed to the walls. There will be no coal, but only electricity and gas, run from the central plant. There will be no kitchens, but one central kitchen, and a central dining-room, run—and this is very important—by a committee of tenants.

"That committee will appoint and control cooks and all servants; it will buy all provisions, and it will buy them cheaply, for it will purchase by the hundred-weight. It will control the central laundry, and a paid laundry-maid will check the lists—there will no longer be, as once upon a time on Saturday evenings, a hundred persons checking a hundred lists. It is even quite possible that the central organization may darn socks. The servants will no longer be slaves, personally attached to a few persons, their chattel: they will be day-workers, laboring eight hours, without any master save their duty. The whole system of the household will be grouped for the purpose of buying and distributing everything that is needed at any hour. There will be no more personal shopping; the wholesale cleaner will call on certain days without being told to; the communistic window-cleaners will dispose of every window on a given day; there may even be in the garden a communistic system of dog kennels. I have no proposal for controlling cats, for I understand that no man can do that, . . . but then there will be no mice in those days."

CORRECTION

Under the topic "Search for a Moral Issue Big Enough to Discipline Our Democracy," in *CURRENT OPINION* for May, page 340, a quotation from the *Yale Review* was incorrectly attributed to Professor George Burton Adams. Wilbur C. Abbott, Professor of History in Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, is the author. His article on "The War and American Democracy" is now published in pamphlet form by the Yale Publishing Association.

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S PLEA FOR THE CHILD AS THE VITAL FACTOR IN MODERN EDUCATION

BERTRAND RUSSELL has gained position in the vanguard of "modern" thought through his brilliant work in mathematical logic and his stimulating advocacy of scientific methods in philosophy. His views on religion and social ethics are scarcely less disturbing and of far wider appeal than his technical studies. His book on the war, "Justice in War Time" (Open Court), revealed him as an uncompromising pacifist, a champion of spiritual values as opposed to imperial or national aggrandizement. In the *Atlantic Monthly* he discusses education as a political institution and makes a stirring plea for its spiritual reorganization. We have heard enough of educational "systems," he suggests, of external plans for the reconstruction of modern schools. We have discussed education in its external aspects altogether too much, realizing too little the ultimate goal of education. Inventors of new-fangled kindergartens, of Montessori systems, of schemes for the production of precocious child phenomena, have thought too much of "education," too little of children themselves. Children are, of course, always more or less at the mercy of their elders. Authority over them is unavoidable. But let that authority be exercised at least in accordance with the spirit of liberty. He explains:

"Where authority is unavoidable, what is needed is reverence. A man who is to educate really well, who is to bring out of the young all that it is possible to bring out, who is to make them grow and develop into their full stature, must be filled through and through with the spirit of reverence. It is reverence that is lacking in those who advocate machine-made, cast-iron systems: militarism, capitalism, Fabian scientific organization, and all the other prisons into which reformers and reactionaries try to force the human spirit. In education, with its codes of rules emanating from a government office, with its large classes and fixed curriculum and overworked teachers, with its determination to produce a dead level of glib mediocrity, the lack of reverence for the child is all but universal. Reverence requires imagination and vital warmth; it requires most imagination in respect of those who have least actual achievement or power. The child is weak and superficially foolish; the teacher is strong, and in an every-day sense wiser than the child. The teacher without reverence, or the bureaucrat without reverence, easily despises the child for these outward inferiorities. He thinks it his duty to 'mold' the child; in imagination he is the potter with the clay. And so he gives to the child some unnatural shape which hardens with age, producing strains and spiritual dissatisfactions, out of which grow cruelty and envy and the belief that others must

be compelled to undergo the same distortions."

He who possesses the divine gift of reverence for the child will realize that it is not his duty to "mold" the young. He feels in all human beings, but most of all in children, "something sacred, indefinable, unlimited, something individual and strangely precious, the growing principle of life, an embodied fragment of the dumb striving of the world."

"It is not in a spirit of reverence that education is conducted by states and churches and the great institutions that are subservient to them. What is considered in education is hardly ever the boy or girl, the young man or young woman, but almost always, in some form, the maintenance of the existing order. When the individual is considered, it is with a view to worldly success—making money, or achieving a good position. To be ordinary, and to acquire the art of getting on, is the idea which is set before the youthful mind, except by a few rare teachers who have enough energy of belief to break through the system within which they are expected to work. Almost all education has a political motive: it aims at strengthening some group, national or religious or even social, in the competition with other groups. It is this motive, in the main, which determines the subjects taught, the knowledge which is offered, and the knowledge which is withheld. It is this motive also which determines the mental habits that the pupils are expected to acquire. Hardly anything is done to foster the inward growth of mind and spirit; in fact, those who have had most education are very often atrophied in their mental and spiritual life, devoid of impulse, and possessing only certain mechanical aptitudes which take the place of living thought."

How to create the spirit of liberty, and to inspire free inquiry in the modern school, to awaken thought rather than to produce belief, to spur the young to doubt rather than to accept, to encourage boys and girls to independence of thought—here are the real problems for modern educators, declares Mr. Russell. Instead of these, the most striking results of most modern systems are obedience and discipline, "ruthlessness in the struggle for worldly success, contempt toward opposing groups, and an unquestioning credulity, a passive acceptance of the teacher's wisdom."

The habit of passive acceptance is a disastrous one for the child's later life, we read further. "It causes men to seek a leader, and to accept as a leader whoever is established in that position. . . . It is possible that there would not be much independence of thought, even if education did everything to encourage

it; but there would certainly be more than there is at present." If the object of education were to make pupils think, rather than to accept, education would be conducted quite differently. It would be less rapid. There would be more discussion. The pupils would be given more occasion to express themselves. It would concern itself more with those matters in which the pupils felt a vital interest.

"Above all, there would be an endeavor to rouse and stimulate the love of mental adventure. The world in which we live is various and astonishing: some of the things which seem plainest grow more and more difficult the more they are considered; other things, which might have been thought forever undiscoverable, have been laid bare by the genius and industry of the men of science. The power of thought, the vast regions which it can master, the much more vast regions which it can only dimly suggest to imagination, give to those whose minds have traveled beyond the daily round an amazing richness of material, an escape from the triviality and wearisomeness of familiar routine, by which the whole of life is filled with interest, and the prison walls of the commonplace are broken down. The same love of adventure which takes men to the South Pole, the same passion for a conclusive trial of strength which makes some men welcome war, can find in creative thought an outlet which is not wasteful or cruel, but full of profit for the whole human race, increasing the dignity of man, incarnating in life some of that shining splendor which the human spirit is bringing down out of the unknown. To give this joy, in a greater or less measure, to all who are capable of it, is the supreme end for which the education of the mind is to be valued."

We are mistaken when we believe that this joy of mental adventure is a rare one, that only a few can appreciate it; that its benefits are too "aristocratic." The joy of mental adventure is commoner in the young than in grown men and women. "Among children is it very common, growing out of make-believe and fancy. It is rarer in later life because everything is done to kill it during education. . . . Men fear thought as they fear nothing else on earth—more than ruin, more even than death. Thought is subversive and revolutionary, destructive and terrible; thought is merciless to privilege, established institutions, and comfortable habits; thought is anarchic and lawless, indifferent to authority, careless of the well-tried wisdom of the ages." But this austere and radical philosopher contends that "no institution inspired by fear can further life. Hope, not fear, is the creative principle in human affairs."

LITERATURE AND ART

Deterioration of the Popular Magazine in America.

THE general lowering of popular magazine standards has been one of the noticeable developments of the present time." So declares Frederick W. Faxon in the *Bulletin of Bibliography*, discussing magazine deterioration from the point of view of the librarian. Twenty-five years ago, he points out, practically every popular-priced magazine was deemed worthy of a place in *Poole's Index*, which meant that it contained material of permanent reference value. He indicates recent changes:

"Within the last three years, however, an ever-increasing mass of trashy and oftentimes debasing 'literature' has appeared in new magazines. In fact, we see two types of story periodicals on all our news-stands to-day—the poorly written, colorless story, and the 'high-life' or 'breezy' kind. We are now on the crest of this flood, and our better magazines begin to show its baleful tendencies. *Cosmopolitan*, *Hearst's*, *McClure's*, have been won over already, *Century* is weakening. It is not of these known periodicals that I now write, but of the enormous output of story-magazines at 10 cents and 15 cents a copy which flaunt their 'girlie covers' on news-stands East and West, North and South. A flood of stories cheap, and many worse than cheap, fed to a public that is not reached by the public library. These and the moving-picture magazines seem to be the casual observer to be the only periodicals on sale.

"It is possible the moving-picture craze has caused the demand for such reading. These pernicious monthlies are bought by the thousands, as the tons in the second-hand shops will testify. I wonder if libraries, by excluding *Munsey*, *Cosmopolitan* and *McClure's*, are helping the public, or driving the very people they hope to protect into a field of reading infinitely worse?"

Literature of the "Ginger" Class.

M. FAXON admits that a few of these new magazines, of which the *Red Book Magazine* is an example, are really even better now than many of the standard "indexed" popular magazines. "The great majority of the country could very well do without," he continues, "and some, notably among those which have such a vogue as to be later issued bi-monthly or quarterly under another name, ought to be suppressed." This excerpt from *The Bang* is reprinted by Mr. Faxon as pertinent to the subject:

EDITORIAL JUDGMENT.

Percy Bysshe Shelley had just been kicked out of the office of *McClure's*.

"I tried to sell my ode to a skylark," he explained to John Keats, "but they objected to it as a violation of neutrality." "I can understand that," said Leigh Hunt, who joined the pair at Twenty-third street, "because McClure would be sure to think you meant a Zeppelin."

"But I thought McClure was such an admirer of the Germans," said Shelley. "Didn't he go all around the country once, imploring us to imitate the Germans?"

"Besides," interjected Keats, "McClure has nothing more to do with *McClure's*."

"His editorial judgment must still carry weight, tho," said Leigh Hunt. "They refused my poem, 'Jenny Kissed Me,' because I failed to make it clear that the parties were either married or engaged to be married."

"I shouldn't think McClure would care," said Keats sadly, "whether you and Jenny are married or not."

"He doesn't," explained Shelley. "But he can't run the risk of having a whole edition held up in the post office."

"Then why does he expose the female form the way he does on his covers?"

"That isn't the female form you're always seeing on the cover of *McClure's*. It's a lot of Harvard men in the same style of girl's bathing suit."

"Did you get your information," asked Shelley, "from McClure himself?"

"I didn't have to," said Keats. "You can always tell a Harvard man."

Mr. Faxon submits a list of new popular magazines as a commentary upon "what the public now reads." Leading in popularity are those periodicals which he classifies as belonging to the "ginger class." He includes the following in this list:

Smart Set. "A magazine for the civilized minority."

Breezy Stories.

The Parisienne.

Young's Magazine. "Realistic short stories."

Snappy Stories.

Live Stories. Formerly Women's Stories.

Ainslee's Magazine.

Clever Stories, no. 4, Nov., 1915. (This is a reissue of June and July, 1915, *Smart Set*, with all traces of the real source carefully removed.)

Pepper Pot, vol. 1, no 3 [1916]. (This is a reissue of 3 back numbers of *Live Stories* without any clew to the original name, or publisher.)

Ginger Jar, no. 13 [1916]. (This is a reissue of 3 back numbers of *Snappy Stories*, source concealed cleverly.)

Yellow Book, no. 20 [quarterly, 1916]. (This contains 3 back numbers of *Young's Magazine* or *Breezy Stories* without credit being given. C. H. Young is publisher of all three.)

A "Sympathetic" Diagnosis.
FROM another point of view, Max F. Eastman, the brilliant and rebellious editor of *The Masses*, attempts "sympathetically" to diagnose

magazine writing in America. He expresses the opinion (in *Vanity Fair*) that the chief trouble with such writing is that it is work, not play. "For that reason it is never profoundly serious, or intensely frivolous enough to captivate the soul. It lacks abandon. It is simply well done.... The professional magazine writers of America have the trade of literature polished to a pure silver finish. There is not a speck on it. But it does not captivate us. Professional excellence never does."

"The literature we love is the literature whose motive is *pure living*. It is the utter and extreme play of the central nervous system in an organism tragically committed by its heredity to the continual performance of work. In that play alone are the serious things born—the things of impersonal and universal import. In that play alone is the heart altogether gay and inconsiderate."

"Perhaps you will think that if gayety and serious passion are really captivating, they ought to sell at a high price, and therefore the commercial motive ought to reinforce instead of damping them. But for a peculiar reason you are wrong. The business motive is to please as many readers as possible, and to offend none. That is what the editor is hired by the stockholders to do, and that is what the editor hires the writer to do. And the writer can not do that by allowing himself to flow into his pen, for then, tho he will captivate those who like that kind of a self, he will offend those who do not. In order to please everybody and offend none, he must eliminate all these warm and spontaneous impulses that are his very own, whatever they be, and confine his efforts to the creation of superficially and obviously 'pleasant' qualities, like fluency, and wit, and the glamor of sexuality and money, and a few touches of pathos and purity, and no difficulties for the understanding. Everybody likes this a little, and nobody dislikes it much. Therefore it sells as widely as it is advertised. But as soon as one cuts loose, and lets riot his own unique forms of recklessness or religion, his writing gets a strong raw flavor that those who like it may like very much, but those who hate it will abhor. It might sell, but that would be an accident, and one can not support a family on accidents."

The Charm of Amateurism in Literature.

MAGAZINE writing in America to-day needs a standard of amateurism, Max Eastman declares. "That is what all art needs. We cherish that standard in sport, why not in the art of writing? We deprive an

Indian youth of the Olympian medal for all-round athletics, because somebody digs up a stale memory that he once played baseball in a bush league for money, as he had to. That is idealism of a kind. It is misplaced idealism. It ought to be placed in the world of art, where it would just save art from that professional standardization which continually kills it."

"Barring the hope of some profound revolution, which may give us all a chance to earn a quiet, useful living without frenzy, I see no glories ahead for magazine literature.

"The big circulation-getters with a gift for keeping everything interesting, the ordinary, will continue to buy up and dilute the best talent of the country; a few struggling amateurs will continue to exhibit a lower average of talent, but a more poignant variety of art; every once in a while a native popular genius will ride over all these tendencies of the time, until there comes some deeper change in the economic structure of our lives."

The standard of amateurism in authorship which is advocated by Mr. Eastman may not be soon realized if the proposed "Author's Union" is organized. The executive council of the Authors' League of America has unanimously approved the proposal that the league become affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. This would effect a startling change in the status of authorship, in the opinion of the *Providence Journal*. Even the long-suffering public would indirectly benefit, this paper facetiously notes. "A six-months' universal strike among the authors would be calculated to produce a sense of joyous relief in many quarters."

Unionizing the Authors.

MOST of the newspapers are quicker to detect absurdities in labor unions for authors than to detect benefits for literature. Thus the *New York Evening Post* discusses preliminary difficulties in the way of unionizing authors.

"After the novelists have been brought round to accepting the same hours and rates as the poets, the central question of the demands to be made upon the publishers will have to be settled. Shall piece-work be allowed, or must everybody be put upon the same footing? Anthony Trollope's voice, if it could be heard, would certainly be against piece-work. Two hundred and fifty words every quarter of an hour by the clock until the whistle blew, would be his proposal, at least for prose. Writings of *vers libre* might properly be required to exceed this stint. But what could be done with a Dr. Johnson who should violate all the union rules by writing a tale in the even-

ings of one week and then not writing anything for several days, until copy for the next *Idler* had to be provided? Suppose Kipling had 'knocked off' when he finished the 'Recessional,' the others about him were faithfully adding line to line in accordance with the last protocol between the verse-makers and the publishers. Gray and Coleridge would have been in some need of a 'helper,' while Wordsworth would as surely have stirred up jealousy by turning out more work than most of his fellow-laborers."

memorial in token of the debt of literature to the genius of Hawthorne."

"Here in Salem, on Union street, is the house in which Nathaniel Hawthorne was born. On Derby street is the dignified old Custom House in which he served as surveyor. On Mall street, off the Common, is the house in which he wrote 'The Scarlet Letter,' and that sketch containing the pen portraits of his associates in the customs which aroused contemporary local ire and won permanent fame as a classic of humor, introductory to a classic of romance. Here was the site, whether actual or fancied, of the 'House of Seven Gables.' Here, overlooking the ancient burial ground on Charter street, still stands the big square house which he linked with the name of Dr. Grimshawe."

Bela L. Pratt, the sculptor, has already submitted a sketch model of the proposed statue, with the following explanation:

"In designing the portrait figure of Nathaniel Hawthorne, I have kept in mind the great genius isolated by conditions and his own brooding spirit from those about him. It was his habit when in Salem to walk alone by the sea and to sit for hours looking across the water. It is thus that I have chosen to portray him, sitting on the rocks by the sea, as shown in the small sketch.

"The architectural surroundings will be in harmony with this idea, which I shall endeavor to develop further in making the full-size statue."

Putting Poe In His Proper Place.

THE new five-volume edition of the works of Poe, recently published in "The International Library" (Stokes), will give readers a new opportunity to make up their minds about him, declares "Penguin" in the London *Nation*. He contrasts the diametrically opposed estimates

of Henry James and George Bernard Shaw. In his book on Hawthorne, Henry James wrote of Poe's critical ability that it "is probably the most complete specimen of provincialism ever prepared for the edification of men." James admitted that here and there, sometimes at frequent intervals, "we find a phrase of happy insight embedded in a patch of the most fatuous pedantry." The James verdict was summed up in this statement: "An enthusiasm for Poe is a mark of a decidedly primitive stage of reflection." Shaw's estimate was presented at the time of Poe's centenary. At that time the dramatist wrote:

"He was the greatest journalist critic of his time, placing good European work at sight when the European critics were waiting for somebody to tell them what



A MONUMENT FOR HAWTHORNE

In this sketch for the proposed monument in Salem, Massachusetts, Bela L. Pratt depicts the great writer brooding by the sea, a genius isolated yet typical of his age.

EFFORTS of the Hawthorne Memorial Association to raise funds for a fitting monument to the author of "The Scarlet Letter" were interrupted by the devastating fire in Salem. Activities in this direction have now been renewed. Many distinguished men of letters both in this country and in England have accepted honorary membership in the memorial association. When the necessary fund of \$25,000 has been raised, a statue by Bela L. Pratt will be erected in Salem, not far from the Mall Street house in which Hawthorne wrote "The Scarlet Letter," probably upon the westerly edge of Salem Common. In the appeal sent out by the association, we read that "neither in Salem nor elsewhere has there yet been erected a worthy

to say. His poetry is so exquisitely refined that posterity will refuse to believe that it belongs to the same civilization as the glory of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's lilies or the honest doggerel of Whittier. Tennyson, who was nothing if not a virtuoso, never produced a success that will bear reading after Poe's failures. . . . In his stories of mystery and imagination Poe created a world record for the English language: perhaps for all the languages. The story of the Lady Ligieia is not merely one of the wonders of literature: it is unparalleled and unapproached."

A re-reading of Poe inclines the *Nation's* critic to side with Shaw rather than with James. "What writer of short stories is his [Poe's] superior in craftsmanship? He undoubtedly fixed the structure of the short story, gave it a concision and a unity which it did not possess, and set the standard by which every detail of setting or of style should point in one direction and produce a single effect."

"The detective story and the murder mystery are not forms of any great literary value, but I must confess to predilection for stories about crime, and there is some authority for the view that 'murder is the most gentlemanly crime that anybody can commit.' Those who share my taste for homicide in fiction—and I find it fairly widespread—have reason to be grateful to Poe. His Dupin is a prince of detectives and the father of an illustrious progeny; while such contemporaries of the law of the land as Raffles and Arsène Lupin are Poe's illegitimate children. Indeed, Poe's influence in France has been greater than among the English-speaking peoples. Every student of French literature knows that but for Poe, Baudelaire, Mallarmé, and Villiers de l'Isle-Adam would have been something very different from what they were, and M. Remy de Gourmont says in one of his penetrating essays that 'Eugène Sue, Gaboriau, and Dostoevsky, in "Crime and Punishment," have all taken lessons from Poe.' It would be interesting to study the way in which his technique of the short story was adopted and modified by Guy de Maupassant, and how, after having filtered through Maupassant's mind, it has returned to English literature through the medium of Mr. Kipling."

G. B. S. Discusses Chesterton—and Shaw.

ONE of the most interesting things about Mr. Julius West's study of Gilbert K. Chesterton (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is the review it has called forth in the pages of the London *New Statesman*, by George Bernard Shaw. The review strikes us as a fine example of the old Shavian wit of days before the war, and is probably no less arresting for the light it throws on Mr. Shaw himself than for its appreciation of the true Chestertonian characteristics. Shaw defines his illustrious contemporary as an anti-Socialist and anti-Modernist. "I recommend my own tracts to Mr. Chesterton to cure his

delusion that social salvation is attainable by a combination of personal righteousness with private property in the form of a picturesque allotment. When Mr. Chesterton combines a knowledge of the law of rent with his regard for the law of God, he will become a Socialist for the first time; and his Socialism will stick."

"But anti-Modernism is another matter. The law of rent and the law of value are, unfortunately, still in the technical sphere: they are not in the air: they are known only to those who have cared enough about the intellectual soundness of their politics to make a special study of economics. Diners-out do not talk of Gresham's law, or Ricardo's law, or Jevons's law, any more to-day than they did when they dined with Shakespeare at the Mermaid, with Johnson at the Literary Club, or with Dickens at Tavistock House. But they do talk about Evolution and Natural Selection (often, alas! confusing them damnable) and about Eugenics, about Darwin and Mendel, Bergson and Butler, Herz and Marconi, aeroplanes and trinitrotoluene.

"Now it is not conceivable that Mr. Chesterton is as ignorant of these matters as Shakespeare, Johnson and Dickens. He cannot believe that Marconi is a bookmaker with whom certain politicians had shady dealings; that Galton was a prurient blackguard who invented the word eugenics as a mask for disgusting improprieties; that Evolution is a silly and blasphemous attempt to discredit the Garden of Eden; that motor-cars are nuisances, aeroplanes toys to which Chinese kites are far superior, and war still an affair of battle-axes mightily wielded by armored athletic giants. Yet Mr. Chesterton has written a good many sentences which seem to mean either these things or nothing.

"I will even go so far as to say that it will serve him right if future professors, specializing in the literature of the Capitalistic Era, explain to their students that they must not rely on traditional dates, as it is clear from internal evidence that the Wells and Bennett and Chesterton are dated as contemporaries. Chesterton must have died before the middle of the nineteenth century, and may perhaps be placed as early as the fifteenth or sixteenth as a master of the School of Rabelais; Wells and Bennett, on the other hand, could not possibly have come earlier than the post-Ibsen period. As against this, we may conceive the future professor lecturing, 'it is alleged that one of Chesterton's best books is a monograph on Shaw, who is dated as a contemporary of Wells. But the best authorities are agreed that this extraordinarily enlightened author was one of the pioneers of the twenty-fifth century, and that the allusions to him in the books of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries are later interpolations, the pseudo-Chesterton book being probably by Shaw himself, a hypothesis which fully accounts for its heartfelt eulogy. It has been objected that the writer does not seem to have read Shaw's works; but this is clearly an intentional mystification, very characteristic of the freakish founder of the Shavians.'

Benjamin de Casseres Defines
Vers Libre in Vers Libre.

IF we are not mistaken, Benjamin de Casseres is the first artist of the "new poetry" to explain *Vers Libre* in *vers libre*. Recently he contributed a poem to Don Marquis's column of humor in the New York *Evening Sun* which that talented snapper-up of bright trifles declares the best thing he has read "in the way of an exposition of what the writers of *vers libre* are (or should be) aiming at." Mr. de Casseres writes:

VERS LIBRE.

I am the formless Form, the Line of Least Resistance, the Anarch and Dissolver of Style.

I am raw, primitive, a bridge between harmony and a newer and greater diapason.

I am a Beethoven of dissonance, The Paderevski of the calliope, A Paganini who saws out music on giant cables of catgut,

A grotesque democratic sky-scraper built of stones from the Parthenon, towers from the Kremlin, cornices and ruined balustrades from the Alhambra and gables from a mansion in the skies,

All slammed together whimsically, carelessly—

For I am *Vers Libre*, the careless god, As careless as Nature, dreams and little children,

Who have neither rhyme nor reason, and wot not;

As careless as Life, which has neither beginning nor end, nor meter, nor beat, whose cadences, like mine, begin Nowhere and go Nowhither.

Immanent, I existed before Mind or the beat of feet was born

In a state of flux, nebulous, fourth-dimensional, undimensional, protean, infoliate,

A Thought without words, a tongue that stammered out worlds.

But I have a rhythm all my own, latent in the unarithmetical smile of Æschylus, incarnate in the cosmomorphic visions of Blake, strophied in the brains of the Magis of Apprehension, who in the cave of the Great Sybil;

The rhythm of the God of Spinoza and the sweep of his giant modalities, And my beat is the battle-beat of Ahriman and Ormuzd.

I am the poesy of the Thing-in-Itself, unrelated, a-shimmer with Wonder.

I am *Vers Libre*, the Soul of Man, that beats with the Unknown and that rhymes with the eternal X.

The Pierre Loti of Brazil.

IN the death of José Verissimo, the foremost essayist and critic of Brazil, Latin America, if we may accept the opinion of Percy Alvin Martin, expressed in the Boston *Transcript*, has lost another truly great writer. Only too often, Mr. Martin writes, the gifted South American writers have sought their inspiration on the banks of the Seine rather than on the banks of the Amazon or Parana. The leg-

ends, traditions and customs of South America have too often been left to the mercies of the professional ethnologist or historian. But José Verissimo may be characterized as the Pierre Loti of Brazil. "In a series of wonderful word-pictures—which at times vividly recall the delicate touch of Pierre Loti—he has caught the illusive and lethal charm of this marvelous region, embalmed in literature many of the most striking types of the Indian and Brazilian inhabitants, and preserved for all time some of the most picturesque legends and much of the rapidly disappearing folklore. In charm of style, wealth of local color, and value of content, this work is in many respects unique in Brazilian literature." Veris-

simo's first book was "*Escenas da vida Amazonica*." He wrote also critical studies, essays on national education in Brazil, and four volumes on the literature of Brazil. Mr. Martin compares his critical style to that of his chosen master Renan. He possessed the subtle intelligence of a Faguet, the deep literary enthusiasm of a Brunetière. He was essentially a nationalist in literature.

"With all his breadth of culture, or perhaps because of it, José Verissimo was not a cosmopolite in the literary acceptation of the term. While freely acknowledging his intellectual obligations to Europe, and particularly to France, he always remained a Brazilian to the core. One of his constant preoccupations both as a critic and

an essayist was the cult of what he characterized as 'nationalism' in literature. To him Brazilian literature was great largely in so far as it reflected the life, the spirit, the ideals of the Brazilian people. Thus from the very outset of his career as an author he aligned himself with such well-known writers as Silvio Romero, Mello Moraes, and Araripe Junior as an ardent champion of intellectual freedom from purely European models. This patriotic impulse inspired his zeal for the collection and study of popular poetry, stories and traditions, and accounts in large measure for his interest in the rich folklore of Amazonia and of that strange and little-understood hinterland of northern Brazil known as the *sertao*. Brazilian letters owe him a debt of gratitude for having rescued from oblivion some of the nation's most valuable spiritual heritages."

O. HENRY BEGINS TO EMERGE AS AN INTERNATIONAL FIGURE IN LITERATURE

DIFFICULTIES beset the circulation of literary reputations to and fro across the Atlantic. International appreciation is slight and fortuitous, particularly if translation is involved. Yet there are vague indications that our most colloquial of story tellers is on the verge of becoming posthumously a world-figure in modern literature. A belated appreciation of the genius of the late Sydney Porter—"O. Henry"—is gradually being awakened in Great Britain. A new biography of O. Henry by Professor Alphonso Smith, which is soon to be published, suggests to Theodore Stanton, Paris correspondent of the Chicago *Dial* and American collaborator of the *Mercure de France*, the fact—"yet is it a fact?"—that O. Henry "is utterly unknown in France." Yet as we read Mr. Stanton's account, we gain the impression that he himself has aroused sufficient interest in Paris in this typically American storyteller to warrant translation of his stories. Mr. Stanton writes:

"The Paris National Library has on its shelves ten volumes of his fiction, one of which curiously enough appears to have reached its final resting place through the French dead-letter office. The other nine, I am assured, tho I am tempted to question the correctness of this assertion, were bought by the library. When I expressed surprise that the very limited resources of this institution should be spent on an author so little appreciated, one of the librarians made this reply: 'If O. Henry is not very well known in France, he deserves to be. We saw in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which contains annual supplements of literary criticisms, that this author stood very high in America. So we thought it would be interesting to enrich our collections by adding thereto his works. Hence these purchases.' But lest my own observations should be at fault, I have turned to several of my

French literary friends, and I find that their opinion on this matter agrees exactly with my own. Thus, M. Schalck de la Faverie, of the National Library, says: 'As far as I am aware, this author is unknown in France'; while M. Henry D. Davray, the critic for English books of the *Mercure de France*, is even more pronounced in his statement: 'I do not know anything about O. Henry, have never seen any student of his work, or heard of any of his stories being translated into our language.' The National Library also records the fact that none of O. Henry's stories has been translated and published in book form in France. I say translated and published, for I chance to know that one has been translated; and hereby hangs a rather curious tale."

The translation to which Mr. Stanton refers was made by M. A. Foulcher. The story is "Mr. Valentine's New Profession." The translator, according to Theodore Stanton, is a French civil engineer. In a letter to Mr. Stanton, he has recounted the fortunes of this O. Henry narrative with French publishers.

"'Mr. Valentine's New Profession,' the only thing of O. Henry's I ever translated, has a rather queer history in so far as I am concerned. I sent the manuscript to several periodicals, all of which declined it. But it suited the taste of a clever but not over-scrupulous well-known writer who made a scenic adaptation of it, of course without my consent or even knowledge; so that some five or six years ago, entering by chance the Vaudeville one fine evening, I had the pleasure of assisting at the performance of Mr. Valentine's feats in which, of course, I found neither glory nor profits. Mr. Valentine had once more changed his name, but he was the same man and played the same trick on the safe."

The play referred to was probably a French version of "Alias Jimmy Val-

entine," a play based on O. Henry's story, rather than a plagiarism from Monsieur Foulcher's unpublished translation.

O. Henry's literary reputation has suffered somewhat the same obscurity in Great Britain, tho to a lesser degree, if we may believe Stephen Leacock, the Canadian humorist. In his "Essays and Literary Studies" (Lane), Leacock pays an ardent tribute to the genius of O. Henry. Writing for his readers in Great Britain, he declares that "O. Henry is, more than any author who ever wrote in the United States, an American writer. As such his work may well appear to a British reader strange and unusual, and, at a casual glance, not attractive. It looks at first sight as if written in American slang, as if it were the careless unrevized production of a journalist. But this is only the impression of an open page, or, at best, a judgment formed by a reader who has had the ill fortune to light upon the less valuable part of O. Henry's output." He writes further:

"O. Henry was a literary artist first, last and always. It was the effect and the feeling that he wanted. For technical accuracy he cared—not one whit. There is a certain kind of author who thinks to make literature by introducing, let us say, a plumber using seven different kinds of tap-washers with seven different names; and there is a certain type of reader who is thereby conscious of seven different kinds of ignorance, and is fascinated forthwith. From pedantry of this sort O. Henry is entirely free. Even literal accuracy is nothing to him so long as he gets his effect. Thus he commences one of his stories with the brazen statement: 'In Texas you may journey for a thousand miles in a straight line.' You can't, of course; and O. Henry knew it. It is only his way of saying that Texas is a very big place. So with his tincture of aconite. It may be poisonous or it may be not.

But it sounds poisonous and that is enough for O. Henry. This is true art."

"The time is coming, let us hope," Professor Leacock concludes, "when the whole English-speaking world will recognize in O. Henry one of the great masters of modern literature." He explains why, in his opinion, the American writer is deserving of an international reputation:

"It is an error of the grossest kind to say that O. Henry's work is not sustained. In reality his canvas is vast. His New York stories, like those of Central

America or of the West, form one great picture as gloriously comprehensive in its scope as the lengthiest novels of a Dickens or the canvas of a Da Vinci. It is only the method that is different, not the result.

"It is hard indeed to illustrate O. Henry's genius by the quotation of single phrases and sentences. The humor that is in his work lies too deep for that. His is not the comic wit that explodes the reader into a huge guffaw of laughter and vanishes. His humor is of that deep quality that smiles at life itself and mingles our amusement with our tears.

"Still harder is it to try to show the

amazing genius of O. Henry as a 'plot maker,' as a designer of incident. No one better than he can hold the reader in suspense. Nay, more than that, the reader scarcely knows that he is 'suspended,' until at the very close of the story O. Henry, so to speak, turns on the lights and the whole tale is revealed as an entirety. But to do justice to a plot in a few paragraphs is almost impossible. Let the reader consider to what a few poor shreds even the best of our novels or plays is reduced when we try to set forth the basis of it in the condensed phrase of a text-book of literature, or diminish it to the language of the 'scenario' of a moving picture."

RODIN ENDOWS FRANCE WITH THE SPOILS OF HIS GENIUS

ONE of the most important events in the world of art since the outbreak of the war—the most noteworthy occurrence, according to some critics—has been the donation of his lifework to France by Auguste Rodin. The news was announced after the contract between the government of France and the sculptor had been duly signed. Rodin realized, we read, that the time in France to-day is not for preaching, but for the expression of patriotism. As a legacy to the future generations of France, Auguste Rodin leaves the clay casts of all his sculpture, on condition that it be displayed in the order and circumstances he indicates. The State is to provide the housing of these masterpieces in the famous eighteenth-century Maison Biron in the Rue de Varenne which Rodin has occupied for several years, and which, under the contract of donation, he is to continue to occupy to his death. Here the drawings, collections and sculptures will be exhibited permanently, and the museum shall bear the name of Rodin.

In this fashion has the genius of Rodin identified itself with the genius of France. Rodin's France, especially as indicated in his celebrated bust, is the indomitable, courageous, idealistic France. His statue defines and clarifies the essential character of the race, in the opinion of the English critic John Palmer, who thus describes it in the *Century*:

"We can read the genius and history of France in the face which here confronts us, including a history which, when Rodin fashioned it, was yet unwritten. He shows us the candid intellect of France looking straight at life without illusion and without fear,

but keeping, along with her knowledge, a perpetual youth. He has expressed in strange harmony the contradictory qualities of his race—qualities which have provoked observers alternately to declare that France is the most worldly and the most quixotic of nations. How, we ask, can a people which knows so much; which is so logical, critical, and skeptical; which has uprooted everything that does not square with right reason; which prudently enthrones the

golden mean in conduct and speculation; which satirizes all vague excess and desires to be quite rational even in its enthusiasm—how can this nation be still so obviously young and passionate, can still at bottom retain an inexhaustible idealism? How can a spirit fashioned for pleasure be so clearly urged by a restless intellectual prompting and so resolute a will to think and lead? How can disillusion lurk where youth persists, and how can innocence be so wary? Rodin has asked and answered these questions as only an artist can. He presents the enigma, and leaves it for the halting psychologists to explain. He shows us the intellect of France lying level upon her brow and looking out of her wide eyes; he shows us centuries of experience in her faintly hollowed cheek, an unworn capacity for pleasure in her full, firm lips, and in the lifted chin an alertness and a resolution, an eagerness to meet destiny half-way and to be spared no discovery or discipline which the future may contain. Above all, the faith of the artist has triumphantly declared that France has kept unspoiled her vernal capacity to be passionately moved in behalf of the simple virtues.

"Rodin, moreover, has expressed what some of us have long suspected of his country—a paradox obscured by accidental qualities which, as we shall see, the war has stripped away. When we have noted and analyzed our impressions of Rodin's France in detail, and can surrender ourselves to the general mood of the whole, we are made aware that the prevailing note is a note of discipline and austerity, of patience to endure, of an ascetic devotion capable of a firm frugality. Rodin interpreted the spirit of France at a time when few could have so bravely divined it. He looked beneath the social politics and pleasures of Paris, where the *arriviste* seemed to be a typical product of an age without a soul, and he showed us a France which seemed more fitted to be the inheritor of Sparta than of Sybaris."



THE CALL TO ARMS

This is one of Auguste Rodin's inspiring statues of patriotism which has won him the complete homage of the French race.



RODIN'S VISION OF FRANCE

No picture or poem has ever so completely presented to us, John Palmer suggests, the very genius and history of France as does this statue of Rodin's. Pleasure-loving yet sharply intellectual, France is here depicted as a daughter of Sparta rather than of Sybaris.

Rodin's latest act of patriotism, Muriel Ciolkowska suggests in the London *Egoist*, loses nothing of its significance even in such trying times for France as these are. Rather it vindicates his title as the greatest of living artists, "not only because he is the greatest artist but because, simply, he is a world-wide influence. He is in himself a monument of the best in his time and race."

"In Rodin are united the qualities of the French peasant and of the masterman. He has the sagacity and shrewdness of the one, the critical gifts of the other. He is sparing of speech like a peasant, lucid like a poet; tenacious and wary like the former; intuitive, tactful, feminine like the latter. He has a sense, too, of timeliness, as his last deed shows, for it is, in its way, a patriotic deed. He was himself timely in his appearance in the artistic cycle; some come too soon, others too late; some fall completely outside of their natural environment. They

are out of tune with their contemporaries. Rodin suffered from none of these errors of selection. Some are great artists, but not great, or even good, influences. Rodin's influence has been as vast as his genius. It was necessary, it was welcome, it has borne fruit. And there is no waste in his life. Effort has been proportioned to result, result to effort. He has, as far as can be judged, always given, or been able to give, form to his intentions; he has not aimed beyond or on one side of his possibilities of realization. His qualities have not been strained to the point of becoming faults. His idealism, for instance, has never developed into ideology."

For the first thirty years of his career as a sculptor, Rodin suffered insult and injury from critics and public in France, Gustave Coquiot informs us in his book published in honor of the sculptor by Bernheim-Jeune of Paris. Yet this has almost invariably been the fate of great French sculptors, of men

like Rude, Carpeaux, and Barye. It was due to the appreciations of such people as Leon Maillard, Judith Cladel, one of the most eloquent interpreters of Rodin's ideas, and Octave Mirbeau, whose appreciation of new talents has often been prophetic, that the soil for the admiration of "future ages" has been fertilized.

Another phase of the great Rodin's work which will be exhibited for the first time in the new museum are his drawings—he has made thousands upon thousands. Of these, hundreds, we read, are nothing less than miraculous. They are finer than the drawings made by painters. M. Coquiot wonders why Rodin is so secretive with his drawings. He shows them to no one; he hides them jealously just as he has hidden much of his modeled work. In his drawings, Auguste Rodin has depicted all possible human movements. He has gone beyond anything that the most curious or the most fantastic mind might imagine. The women of these drawings are almost acrobats in their strange posturings. Day upon day, at times, Rodin has indulged in passionate drawing. It is a pastime he has indulged in for more than fifty years. And yet there are superficial connoisseurs who refuse to look upon these frenetic, fervent lines as serious works of art!

But the real Rodin drawings are hidden under lock and key. You must wait until the formal opening of the Rodin museum in the Maison Biron for the opportunity to study them, explains M. Coquiot. Now they are locked up like things loved, cherished—sacred treasures not to be soiled by the glances of profane eyes. The revelation of these drawings is an event to be anticipated. Drawings of caressing tenderness, of exquisite delicacy, subtle with *nuances*, muscular details, all the charm, all the wonder of the divine is expressed among them. All the grace of the eighteenth century is locked up with these drawings, but transformed in a dazzling manner.

One of the regrets of Rodin's life is not to have made an equestrian statue. "For you know," he has told his disciples, "I do know how to model a horse!" But this exclamation never reached the ears of the public and never has the great Auguste Rodin been ordered to model a horse or equestrian figure. But this is only one of his dreams and projects that has never been realized. There is another the master still thinks of. It is "The Tower of Labor." He wished to raise this monument, with the aid of several collaborating sculptors. "Maecenases are rare!" No one aided him in this project. "Yet Rodin has given his genius to France. Thousands of works, everything he has created, everything he has collected! Future ages alone will appreciate this formidable legacy."

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JARGON—ITS CAUSE AND CURE: "Q'S" DIAGNOSIS OF A PREVALENT LITERARY DISEASE

JARGON is prose that is not prose. Yet it is by no means language of the species commonly known as jurnalese. Even at the worst, the journalist is an artist in his way. He paints the lily with a skill that is usually professional, even if his pigment is a flagrant one. These are reflections that we glean from Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in his new book, "On the Art of Writing" (Putnam). Sir Arthur is King Edward VII. Professor of English Literature in Jesus College, Cambridge. His analysis of jargon is one of a series of lectures delivered at Cambridge in 1913-14. He finds that jargon is a widely prevalent disease of modern writing. It is becoming the language of Parliament; it has become the medium through which Boards of Government, County Councils, Syndicates, Committees, Commercial Firms, express the processes as well as the conclusions of their thoughts and so voice the reason of their being. . . . "As a rule jargon is by no means accurate, its method being to walk circumspectly around its target; and its faith that, having done so, it has either hit the bull's-eye or at least achieved something equivalent, and safer." "Q" defines the two main vices of this type of writing:

"The first is that it uses circumlocution rather than short straight speech. It says: 'In the case of John Jenkins, deceased, the coffin—' when it means 'John Jenkins's coffin'; and its yea is not yea, neither is its nay nay; but its answer is in the affirmative or in the negative, as the foolish and superfluous 'case' may be. The second vice is that it habitually chooses vague wooly abstract nouns rather than concrete ones."

To avoid these vices, Sir Arthur suggests two or three rough rules. There are certain words to avoid: "*case, instance, character, nature, condition, persuasion, degree.*" The word "*Such*" is another spoiled child of jargon. Reliance upon these threadbare words, according to Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, results in "fogginess" of expression. The jargoneer shirks prose, palming off periphrases upon us when with a little trouble he could have gone straight to the point. The trick of Elegant Variation is another vice rampant among the victims of jargon. Not only in the sporting press is this a favorite trick, we read, but even among the literati.

He considers the vice of Elegant Variation in an undergraduate essay on Byron:

"In an essay on Byron, Byron is (or ought to be) mentioned many times. I expect, nay exact, that Byron shall be

mentioned again and again. But my undergraduate has a blushing sense that to call Byron twice on one page is indelicate. So Byron, after starting bravely as Byron, in the second sentence turns into 'that great but unequal poet,' and thenceforward I have as much trouble with Byron as ever Telemachus with Proteus to hold and pin him back to his proper self. Half-way down the page he becomes 'the gloomy master of Newstead'; overleal he is reincarnated into 'the meteoric darling of society'; and so proceeds through successive avatars—'this arch-rebel,' 'the author of Childe Harold,' 'the apostle of scorn,' 'the ex-Harrovian, proud, but abnormally sensitive of his club-foot,' 'the martyr of Missolonghi,' 'the pageant-monger of a bleeding heart.' Now this again is jargon. It does not, as most jargon does, come of laziness; but it comes of timidity, which is worse. In literature as in life he makes himself felt who not only calls a spade a spade but has the pluck to double spades and redouble."

Train your suspicions to double up, Sir Arthur warns us further, whenever you come across phrases like "as regards," "with regard to," "in respect of," "in connection with," "according as to whether," and the like. It is not enough to avoid them nine times out of ten. "You should never use them." The jargoneer would have written Hamlet's soliloquy somewhat in this style, says Sir Arthur:

"To be, or the contrary? Whether the former or the latter be preferable would seem to admit of some difference of opinion; the answer in the present case being of an affirmative or of a negative character according as to whether one elects on the one hand to mentally suffer the disfavor of fortune, albeit in an extreme degree, or on the other to boldly envisage adverse conditions in the prospect of eventually bringing them to a conclusion. The condition of sleep is similar to, if not indistinguishable from that of death; and with the addition of finality the former might be considered identical with the latter: so that in this connection it might be argued with regard to sleep that, could the addition be effected, a termination would be put to the endurance of a multiplicity of inconveniences, not to mention a number of downright evils incidental to our fallen humanity, and thus a consummation achieved of a most gratifying nature."

Particularize and define, the English teacher reiterates. Do not dissolve vivid energetic particulars into smooth generalities. Shakespeare and the English Bible are given as the greatest correctives against jargon.

"To write jargon is to be perpetually shuffling around in the fog and cotton-wool of abstract terms; to be for ever

hearkening, like Ibsen's Peer Gynt, to the voice of the Boyg exhorting you to circumvent the difficulty, to beat the air because it is easier than to flesh your sword in the thing. The first virtue, the touchstone, of masculine style is its use of the active verb and the concrete noun. When you write in the active voice, 'They gave him a silver teapot,' you write as a man. When you write, 'He was made the recipient of a silver teapot,' you write jargon. But at the beginning set even higher store on the concrete noun. Somebody—I think it was FitzGerald—once posited the question, 'What would become of Christianity if Jeremy Bentham had had the writing of the Parables?' Without pursuing that dreadful inquiry I ask you to note how carefully the Parables—those exquisite short stories—speak only of 'things which you can touch and see'—'A sower went forth to sow,' 'The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took,'—and not the Parables only, but the Sermon on the Mount and almost every verse of the Gospel. The Gospel does not, like my young essayist, fear to repeat a word, if the word be good. The Gospel says, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's'—not 'Render unto Cæsar the things that appertain to that potentate.' The Gospel does not say, 'Consider the growth of the lilies,' or even 'Consider how the lilies grow.' It says, 'Consider the lilies, how they grow.'

So it is with Shakespeare. He expresses himself in definite, particular, visualized images, instead of in the beautiful generalization or abstract terms employed by Marlowe in, for instance, "Hero and Leander." Sir Arthur thus summarizes his indictment against this most prevalent of modern literary vices:

"So long as you prefer abstract words, which express other men's summarized concepts of things, to concrete ones which lie as near as can be reached to things themselves and are the first-hand material for your thoughts, you will remain, at the best, writers at second-hand. If your language be jargon, your intellect, if not your whole character, will almost certainly correspond. Where your mind should go straight, it will dodge: the difficulties it should approach with a fair front and grip with a firm hand it will be seeking to evade or circumvent. For the style is the man, and where a man's treasure is there his heart, and his brain, and his writing, will be also."

Careless, inexact, stupid, long-winded expression, to sum up, is, to use an American expression, inefficient. It is a form of waste. Jargon is a disease of the cultured. They are often the worst offenders. There is virtue in the rough, swift, direct utterances of the unlettered. Accuracy, perspicuity, appropriateness and persuasiveness are the remedies for jargon.

VOICES OF THE LIVING POETS

THE best work of the Imagists lies in the prose arguments they present for their cult. The preface of an Imagist's volume of verse is usually the most interesting part of the volume. Of two new volumes just to hand we find this true. One is John Gould Fletcher's "Goblins and Pagodas" (Houghton Mifflin Co.), and the other is the yearly Anthology entitled "Some Imagist Poets" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). Mr. Fletcher gives us in his preface a sort of geometrical diagram of the difference between poetry and prose. "In prose," he writes, "the emotions expressed are those that are capable of development in a straight line. In so far as prose is pure, it confines itself to the direct orderly progression of a thought, or conception, or situation from point to point of a flat surface. The sentences, as they develop this conception from its beginning to conclusion, move on and do not return upon themselves." In poetry, we find instead of straight lines a succession of curves. "The direction of the thought is not in straight lines but wavy and spiral. It rises and falls on gusts of strong emotion. Most often it creates strongly marked loops and circles. The structure of the stanza and strophe tends to the spherical. Depth is obtained by making one sphere contain a number of concentric or overlapping spheres. Hence when we speak of poetry we usually mean regular rhyme and meter, which have for so long been considered essential to all poetry, not as a device for heightening musical effects, as so many people suppose, but merely to make these loops and circles more accentuated and to make the line of the poem turn upon itself more recognizably." Ability to write in regular lines and meters, Mr. Fletcher maintains, in itself no more makes one a poet than the ability to stencil wall-papers makes one a painter. "The difference between poetry and prose is, therefore, a difference between a general roundness and a general squareness of outline."

We find this suggestive. It tallies well, also, with the views put forth in the preface to "Some Imagist Poets," in which Mr. Fletcher is included. "The definition of *vers libre*," we are told, "is a verse-form based upon cadence." Cadence in poetry, the anonymous writer goes on to say, is the sense of perfect balance of flow and rhythm. "Not only must the syllables so fall as to increase and continue the movement, but the whole poem must be as rounded and recurring as the circular swing of a balanced pendulum. It can be fast or slow, it may even jerk, but this perfect swing it must

have. Even the jerks must follow the central movement."

All this pertains to the artistic form of poetry. When they come to the content of poetry, the Imagists seem to clash. Amy Lowell puts her stress upon "externality." Mr. Fletcher, on the contrary, seems to place his stress upon subjectivity. He takes for illustration a book lying upon his desk, printed on cheap paper and in a red binding. If he were a poet of the Victorian school, he says, he would write of the subject-matter of this book and his own sentimental reaction toward it. If he were a realist poet, he would dwell upon the red binding, the bad type, the ink-stain on page sixteen. Being an Imagist poet, this is the way he would write about it:

"I should select out of my life the important events connected with my ownership of this book, and strive to write of them in terms of the volume itself, both as regards subject-matter and appearance. In other words, I should link up my personality and the personality of the book, and make each a part of the other. In this way I should strive to evoke a soul out of this piece of inanimate matter, a something characteristic and structural inherent in this inorganic form which is friendly to me and responds to my mood."

But this does not strike us as corresponding at all to Miss Lowell's idea of externality. It results in even more subjectivity and less externality than the Victorian poets give us. We quote illustrations of Mr. Fletcher's method. They are from the first section of his book, "Goblins and Pagodas," the section being entitled "The Ghosts of an Old House."

FROM "THE GHOSTS OF AN OLD HOUSE."

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

IN THE ATTIC.

DUST hangs clogged so thick
The air has a dusty taste:
Spider threads cling to my face,
From the broad pine-beams.
There is nothing living here,
The house below might be quite empty,
No sound comes from it.
The old broken trunks and boxes,
Cracked and dusty pictures,
Legless chairs and shattered tables,
Seem to be crying
Softly in the stillness
Because no one has brushed them.
No one has any use for them, now,
Yet I often wonder
If these things are really dead:
If the old trunks never open
Letting out gray flapping things at twilight?
If it is all as safe and dull
As it seems?
Why then is the stair so steep,
Why is the doorway always locked,
Why does nobody ever come?

have. Even the jerks must follow the central movement."

THE CALENDAR IN THE ATTIC.

I wonder how long it has been
Since this old calendar hung here,
With my birthday date upon it,
Nothing else—not a word of writing—
Not a mark of any hand.

Perhaps it was my father
Who left it thus
For me to see.

Perhaps my mother
Smiled as she saw it;
But in later years did not smile.

If I could tear it down,
From the wall
Somehow
I would be content.
But I am afraid, as a little child, to touch
it.

THE LITTLE CHAIR.

I know not why, when I saw the little
chair,
I suddenly desired to sit in it.

I know not why, when I sat in the little
chair,
Everything changed, and life came back
to me.

I am convinced no one at all has grown
up in the house,
The break that I dreamed, itself was a
dream and is broken.

I will sit in the little chair and wait,
Till the others come looking after me.

And if it is after nightfall they will come,
So much the better.

For the little chair holds me as tightly as
death;
And rocking in it, I can hear it whisper
strange things.

IN THE DARK CORNER.

I brush the dust from this old portrait:
Yes, it is the same face, exactly,
Why does it look at me still with such a
look of hate?

I brush the dust from a heap of magazines:
Here there is all that you have written,
All that you struggled long years and
went down to darkness for.

O God, to think what I am writing
Will be ever as this!

O God, to think that my own face
May some day glare from this dust!

Two awards, of \$125 each, have been made by the Poetry Society of America for the best two unpublished poems read (anonymously) and discussed at its meetings during the season of 1915-16. The awards go to a charming little lyric entitled "Debts," by Jessie B. Rittenhouse, and to the following poem, which comes direct from the heart of the writer and goes straight to the heart of the reader. We reprint it from the July *Forum*:

THE CHILD IN ME.

BY MAY RILEY SMITH.

SHE follows me about My House of Life

(This happy little ghost of my dead youth!)

She has no part in Time's relentless strife,
She keeps her old simplicity and truth

And laughs at grim mortality—

This deathless child that stays with me—

This happy little ghost of my dead youth!

My House of Life is weather-stained with years—

(O Child in Me, I wonder why you stay).

Its windows are bedimmed with rain of tears,

Its walls have lost their rose—its thatch is gray:

One after one its guests depart—

So dull a host is my old heart—

O Child in Me, I wonder Why You stay!

For jealous Age whose face I would forget

Pulls the bright flower you give me from my hair

And powders it with snow—and yet—and yet—

I love your dancing feet and jocund air,
And have no taste for caps of lace
To tie about my faded face:

I love to wear your flower in my hair!

O Child in Me, leave not My House of Clay

Until we pass together through its door!
When lights are out, and Life has gone away,

And we depart to come again no more,
We Comrades, who have traveled far,
Will hail the twilight and the Star
And gladly pass together through the Door!

Another of the poems read before the poetry Society and which was well up to the front in the voting on the best poem read during the year was published in the *Century* for June. It is as follows:

THE WISHING-BRIDGE.

BY RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL.

TIS years agone I saw herself, a warm and wishful day in June—

A tourist lady, silken fine, and me the ragged wild gossoon.
I ran beside her stumbling nag, a hard-mouthed creature, old and slow,
The seven murdering Irish miles up through the Gap of old Dunloe.

And him that rode foreinist herself, and edging nearer all the while,
The fat-jowled, ugly old mudhoon (may devil take his oily smile!),
I saw her turn her head aside the whiles he'd whisper in her ear;
I saw the stricken eyes of her, so lost and lone and filled with fear.

But her old mother rode behind. She watched her like a pouncing hawk,
And purred like any pussy-cat, and strained her ear to catch their talk.

His words were fair (bad scram to him!), but, oh, her mouth that drooped forlorn!

Alone, for all the tourist folk, and lone some as the moon of dawn.

"Now sorrow take your gold!" thinks I.
"What's jewels, lands, and satin clothes?

If you'd be King of France itself, 't is like a pig would eat a rose."

The furze was gleaming in the sun, and when we climbed the topmost ridge,

"Miss dear," I points, "St. Patrick's Lake!
'T is there we cross the Wishing-bridge."

"The Wishing-bridge," she says and smiles, and, oh, her smile was worse nor tears!

"Give him the no, Miss, dear," I says too low for any other ears;

And then rose-red she went, the lamb, from her white neck until her hair, And "Funny Irish boy," she says, "how did you guess? How do you dare?"

"Alannah, is it blind I am? Sure, he's an owl if you're a lass.

Lay your left hand upon your heart, and all you wish shall come to pass.

Not while the furze is gold," I says, "should young hearts ever mate with old,

Or love be sold for pounds or pence—and, faith, the furze is always gold."

She stayed her nag upon the bridge; I saw her half-scared glances dart;

She fetched a long and quivery breath; she laid her left hand on her heart.

I saw her eyes the like of stars. "Ochone," thinks I, "sweet saints above!

Who wouldn't sell his soul itself to be the man you're thinking of?"

Then he caught up and whispered low, but "No" she gave him, loud and clear,

Her head held up like any queen, and bold enough for all to hear;

And she rode on, and paid no heed to the black rage behind her there—

The purple, poisonous look he had, the mother fit to tear her hair.

And then that furze was twice as gold, and like an angel's cloak the skies, For whiles she hummed deluderling tunes, and whiles she dreamed with misty eyes.

Too soon we reached Killarney's Lake; she paid me well, and went her ways, And, oh, the light was on her face! God save her kindly all her days!

Traveling folk come year by year; I guide and serve them as before.

I tell them tales, I earn my hire, I see the likes of her no more.

It warms me now, on winter nights, to mind her look that day in June—

A tourist lady, silken fine, and me the ragged wild gossoon.

Sometimes we think that the chief difference between the writers, both in prose and verse, of the twentieth century and those of the preceding century lies in the note of tenderness that the earlier writers gave us and which is far less noticeable to-day. Bliss Carman retains that note and it is very observable in his delightful little vol-

ume, "April Airs," just published by Small, Maynard & Company. Here is the first poem of the book:

THE DESERTED PASTURE.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

I LOVE the stony pasture
That no one else will have.
The old gray rocks so friendly seem,
So durable and brave.

In tranquil contemplation
It watches through the year,
Seeing the frosty stars arise,
The slender moons appear.

Its music is the rain-wind,
Its choristers the birds,
And there are secrets in its heart
Too wonderful for words.

It keeps the bright-eyed creatures
That play about its walls,
Tho long ago its milking herds
Were banished from their stalls.

Only the children come there,
For buttercups in May,
Or nuts in autumn, where it lies
Dreaming the hours away.

Long since its strength was given
To making good increase,
And now its soul is turned again
To beauty and to peace.

There in the early springtime
The violets are blue,
And adder-tongues in coats of gold
Are garmented anew.

There bayberry and aster
Are crowded on its floors,
When marching summer halts to praise
The Lord of Out-of-doors.

And there October passes
In gorgeous livery,—
In purple ash, and crimson oak,
And golden tulip tree.

And when the winds of winter
Their bugle blasts begin,
The snowy hosts of heaven arrive
To pitch their tents therein.

Robert Underwood Johnson is another of our living poets who harks back to the Victorian days and retains the note of tenderness in his lines even when he is scouring the wrong-doer. He is doing some of his most virile work to-day, and his new volume, "Poems of War and Peace" (Bobbs-Merrill Co.), tho it follows the older traditions of the poetic art, has many subjects that throb with modernity. We like best the following poem, which, however, we can reprint only in part:

THE CORRIDORS OF CONGRESS.

(REVISITED IN VACATION.)

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

TREAD soft, intruding step, this empty haunt
Of swirling crowds has sanctity of grief;
Precincts of sadness are these gilded halls—

The silent crypts of far and turbulent years.
These stairways have been treadmills of despair,
Runways of greed these narrow passages—
The skirmish-lines of battles fought within,
Where many a hope, sore-wounded, struggled on
To perish in the din of others' joy.

Let Fancy listen at these listening walls
And give us back the record that they bear,—
These phonographs of sorrow, where are writ,

In Time's attenuated echoes, sounds
Not louder than the falling of a tear
Or sigh of lovers hiding from pursuit.
Fancy, our finer ear, may here disclose
Whispers of corner-born conspiracies;
The embrasured window's furtive interview;

The guarded plot; the treacherous promise given;
The tragedy that here was masked as hope.
Here the dark powers conspired, using as bribes
Our dearest virtues—goodness, friendship, love.

Here many who came with dawn upon the brow,
A voice of confidence, a knightly port,
Noble expectancy in every step,
Their own ambition with their country's, one,
Forgot their holy dreams beneath the stars,
Sunk in a noonday stupor of prudent air,
Or, caught by tyrannous currents of routine,
Swept, first resisting, then resisting not,
Into that pleasant land of Compromize
That neighbors Hell.

But one may read a cheerier record here:
The statesman rare, compact of bold and wise,
Loving his country like an ancient Greek,
Physician to the body politic,
And with physician-chivalry so imbued
The honest crave his voice, and every rogue

Reckons him enemy; the sturdy drudge
Who knows the elusive fact cannot be caught
In nets of intuition,—sentinel
Upon the nation's treasure-castle walls,
Alert to stealthy peril in the night
From Waste the Traitor as from Greed the Foe;

The civic soldier, fighting for his land
As truly as the veteran who defied
Ambush of fen or forest, standing firm
To conscience' needle, tho' from every point

The shifting winds be clamoring for the wrong.

What Iliads of siege these walls could tell!
What shattered lines a hundred times retrieved
From lingering defeat—now by the swords,
Now by the shields, of some sworn group of knights—
To sweep at last to wreathed victory!
What single combats while the hosts looked on!

What hopes forlorn that failed so gloriously
That History dropped her stylus to admire!

Nobody but an eremite needs more than one guess at the subject of Berton Braley's poem in the *Metropolitan*. Even those who would like to add to the portrait numerous other adjectives of a more sulphurous hue will not hesitate over the right name. The wonder is to find this eulogy from the pen of one of the peace delegates who went on Mr. Ford's peace ship.

GUESS WHO?

BY BERTON BRALEY.

SOMETIMES fantastical,
Often bombastical,
Always dynamic and never schoolastic,
Slightly uproarious,
Bracing as Boreas,
Living each day with a zest that is glorious,
Bane of the highbrows and folk hypercritical,
Subject of many a plutocrat's curse,
Buried in state by his foemen political
Only to climb up and pilot the hearse.

There is an air to him,
There's such a flare to him,
There's such a rare, debonair do-and-dare to him!
Bulldog tenacity,
Mixed with vivacity,
Tempered with humor and sense and sagacity;
What if his speeches are crowded with platitudes,
Somewhat he's built on the popular plan,
Actions and manner and sayings and attitudes,
All of them prove him a Regular Man!

Quite undistressable,
Most irrepressible,
Open and frank—yet a problem unguessable,
Terse, the didactical,
Learned, but practical,
Strong for preparedness, moral and tactical.
Vivid and vital and very and vigorous,
Simply and humanly "playing the game,"
Preaching and living a life that is rigorous,
—Give you three guesses to call him by name!

George Sylvester Viereck, amid his duties as editor of two magazines—*The International* and *Fatherland*—still finds time at rather long intervals to sojourn on the slopes of Mount Parnassus. His latest poems have been collected under the title, "Songs of Armageddon and Other Poems," and published by Kennerley. Many of them are political and all of them have a gripping quality. Their grip, however, is upon the mind, seldom upon the

heart. Love, in his verse, continues to be animalistic rather than romantic. His poems on the war have much of the same terrible directness and power that made Lissauer's "Hymn of Hate" so notable, and they are almost equally one-sided. We select the following as most characteristic of Mr. Viereck's recent mood:

THE GERMAN AMERICAN TO HIS ADOPTED COUNTRY.

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

THE great guns crashing angrily
Sound, distant echoes, in our ear.
We pray for those beyond the sea
Whose lives to us are very dear.

We catch a mother's smile. We seize
In thought a father's hand again.
We see the house and through the trees
A girl's face in the window pane.

May God above them stretch His hand,
For men are mowed as fields of rye.
Destruction rides on sea and land
Or drops, like thunder, from the sky.

Columbia, tho' thou shed no tear,
Shall they fan hate with evil breath
Half-witted, scribbling fools who sneer
While these our brothers go to death?

Upon their page with hellish glee
They prance their joy in black and red,
While Teutons strike for liberty
And Teuton mothers count their dead.

While Death and warring Cherubim
O'er blood-red fields of battle flit,
Upon the shining mail of him
Who leads God's hosts, they puke their wit.

Shall these that are thy children fling
Their gibes upon our brothers' scars?
We taught our hearts thy songs to sing,
Ay, with our blood we waged thy wars.

We fought thy fight when Britain's paw
Upon thy country's heart was laid,
When the French eagle's iron claw
Perturbed great Montezuma's shade.

The dry bones of our kinsmen rot
In Gettysburg. Was it for this?
Are Schurz and Steuben both forgot?
Nay, thine is not a traitor's kiss.

Let not thy words belie the right,
Turn not from them that are thy kin!
Thy starry crown will shine less bright
If freemen lose, if Cossacks win.

The Red Czar's blight shall never fall
Upon the earth, nor freedom pale,
While the white blade of Parzival
Still guards the Teuton's Holy Grail!

Another first volume of poems—if we are not mistaken—is "The Road to Everywhere," by Glenn Ward Dresbach (Gorham Press, Boston). Mr. Dresbach ranges everywhere for his subjects and he is fairly successful in all that he essays. It is a book of promise, tho', rather than of perform-

ance. Here is one of the "best composed" poems in it:

MOON MAGIC.

BY GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

THE Moon drops back her purple robe
Of clouds that trail the shadow sea,
And glides in silk of silver mist
Down star-lit lanes of amethyst;
And lo, she smiles so magically
That shapes of Day scorned to the sight
Become the glories of the Night.

This shattered tree I saw by day,
Weak after battles with the blast,
Stands robed in garb of victory.
With gaunt arms lifting bare and free,
As some wild warrior of the past.
Crowned as no king is crowned it stands
The sentinel of the shadow-lands.

On this old house I saw by day,
With moss-grown roof and rotting eaves,
The benediction of the Moon
Has fallen, and I hear the croon
Of nun-like winds and lisp of leaves.
And somewhere in the rooms above
I hear the restful voice of Love.

This old hill road I saw by day
Wind long and gray, and silently,
Now leads to bloom-sweet vales of Night,
And fairy-folk with lanterns bright
Go dancing on the way with me.
Yet once I cursed on this same road
The weary miles, the crushing load.

O Moon, smile magic on my heart
Some silver night within the years,
As on the tree that lost its leaves,
As on the house with rotting eaves,
As on the road I trod with tears—
And somewhere in the rooms above
O leave the restful voice of Love!

THE RETURN TO FAVOR—A SKETCH BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

In his longer and more ambitious novels Mr. Howells sometimes grows tedious to us; in his short stories, sketches and plays, never. In his longer work, we come in contact with an uncompromising Literary Conscience, which we greatly respect but do not always enjoy. In his lighter work, a Sportive Fancy is so much in evidence that we do not see the Literary Conscience unless we begin to look for it. This story seems to us thoroly delightful. The satire on the ladies is so kindly, the portrait of "Mr. Morrison" is drawn so deftly and yet so caressingly, that the tale lingers in the memory like pleasant music. The sketch is printed, by permission, from Mr. Howells's new volume, "The Daughter of the Storage" (Harper & Brothers).

HE NEVER, by any chance, quite kept his word, tho there was a moment in every case when he seemed to imagine doing what he said, and he took with mute patience the raking which the ladies gave him when he disappointed them.

Disappointed is not just the word, for the ladies did not really expect him to do what he said. They pretended to believe him when he promised, but at the bottom of their hearts they never did or could. He was gentle-mannered and soft-spoken, and when he set his head on one side, and said that a coat would be ready on Wednesday, or a dress on Saturday, and repeated his promise upon the same lady's expressed doubt, she would catch her breath and say that now she absolutely must have it on the day named, for otherwise she would not have a thing to put on. Then he would become very grave, and his soft tenor would deepen to a bass of unimpeachable veracity, and he would say, "Sure, lady, you have it."

The lady would depart still doubting and slightly sighing, and he would turn to the customer who was waiting to have a button sewed on, or something like that, and ask him softly what it was he could do for him. If the customer offered him his appreciation of the case in hand, he would let his head droop lower, and in a yet deeper bass deplore the doubt of the ladies as an idiosyncrasy of their sex. He would make the customer feel that he was a favorite customer whose rights to a perfect fidelity of word and deed must by no means be tampered with, and he would have the button sewed on or the rip sewed up at once, and refuse to charge anything, while the customer waited in his shirt-sleeves in the small, stuffy shop opening directly from the street. When he tolerantly discussed the peculiarities of ladies as a sex, he would endure to be laughed at, "for sufferance was the badge of all his tribe," and possibly he rather liked it.

THE favorite customer enjoyed being there when some lady came back on the appointed Wednesday or Saturday, and the tailor came soothingly forward and showed her into the curtained alcove where she was to try on the garments, and then called into the inner shop for them. The shirt-sleeved journeyman, with his unbuttoned waistcoat-front all pins and threaded needles, would appear in his slippers with the things basted together, and the tailor would take them, with an airy courage, as if they were perfectly finished, and go 'in behind the curtain where the lady was waiting in a dishabille which the favorite customer, out of reverence for the sex, forbore to picture to himself. Then sounds of volcanic fury would issue from the alcove.

"Now, Mr. Morrison, you have lied to me again, deliberately lied. Didn't I tell you I must have the things perfectly ready to-day? You see yourself that it will be another week before I can have my things."

"A week? Oh, madam! But I assure you—"

"Don't talk to me any more! It's the last time I shall ever come to you, but I suppose I can't take the work away from you as it is. When shall I have it?"

"To-morrow. Yes, to-morrow noon. Sure I!"

"Now you know you are always out at noon. I should think you would be ashamed."

"If it hadn't been for sickness in the family I would have finished your dress with my own hands. Sure I would. If you come here to-morrow noon you find your dress all ready for you."

"I know I won't, but I will come, and you'd better have it ready."

"Oh, sure."

The lady then added some generalities of opprobrium with some particular criticisms of the garments. Her voice sank into dispassionate murmurs in these, but it rose again in her renewed sense of the wrong done her, and when she came from the alcove she went out of the street door purple. She reopened it to say, "Now, remember!" before she definitely disappeared.

"Rather a stormy session, Mr. Morrison," the customer said.

"Something fierce," Mr. Morrison sighed. But he did not seem much troubled, and he had one way with all his victims, no matter what mood they came or went in.

ONE day the customer was by when a kind creature timidly upbraided him. "This is the third time you've disappointed me, Mr. Morrison. I really wish you wouldn't promise me unless you mean to do it. I don't think it's right for you."

"Oh, but sure, madam! The things will be done, sure. We had a strike on us."

"Well, I will trust you once more," the kind creature said.

"You can depend on me, madam, sure."

When she was gone the customer said: "I wonder you do that sort of thing, Mr. Morrison. You can't be surprised at their behaving rustily with you if you never keep your word."

"Why, I assure you there are times when I don't know where to look, the way they go on. It is something awful. You ought to hear them once. And now they want to wote." He rearranged some pieces of tumbled goods at the table where the customer sat, and put together the disheveled leaves of fashion-papers which looked as if the ladies had scattered them in their rage.

One day the customer heard two ladies

waiting for their disappointments in the outer room while the tailor in the alcove was trying to persuade a third lady that positively her things would be sent home the next day before dark. The customer had now formed the habit of having his own clothes made by the tailor, and his system in avoiding disappointment was very simple. In the early fall he ordered a spring suit, and in the late spring it was ready. He never had any difficulty, but he was curious to learn how the ladies managed, and he listened with all his might while these two talked.

"I always wonder we keep coming," one of them said.

"I'll tell you why," the other said. "Because he's cheap, and we get things from a fourth to a third less than we can get them anywhere else. The quality is first rate, and he's absolutely honest. And, besides, he's a genius. The wretch has touch. The things have a style, a look, a hang! Really it's something wonderful. Sure it iss," she ended in the tailor's accent, and then they both laughed and joined in a common sigh.

"Well, I don't believe he means to deceive any one."

"Oh, neither do I. I believe he expects to do everything he says. And one can't help liking him even when he doesn't."

"He's a good while getting through with her," the first lady said, meaning the unseen lady in the alcove.

"She'll be a good while longer getting through with him, if he hasn't them ready the next time," the second lady said.

BUT the lady in the alcove issued from it with an impredicable smile, and the tailor came up to the others, and deferred to their wishes with a sort of voiceless respect.

He gave the customer a glance of good-fellowship, and said to him, radiantly: "Your things all ready for you, this morning. As soon as I—"

"Oh, no hurry," the customer responded. "I won't be a minute," the tailor said, pulling the curtain of the alcove aside, and then there began those sounds of objurgation and expostulation, altho the ladies had seemed so amiable before.

The customer wondered if they did not all enjoy it; the ladies in their patience under long trial, and the tailor in the pleasure of practising upon it. But perhaps he did believe in the things he promised. He might be so much a genius as to have no grasp of facts; he might have thought that he could actually do what he said.

The customer's question on these points found answer when one day the tailor remarked, as it were out of a clear sky, that he had sold his business; sold it to the

slipped journeyman who used to come in his shirt-sleeves, with his vestfront full of pins and needles, bringing the basted garments to be tried on the ladies who had been promised them perfectly finished.

"He will do your clothes all right," he explained to the customer. "He is a first-rate cutter and fitter; he knows the whole business."

"But why—why—" the customer began.

"I couldn't stand it. The way them ladies would talk to a person, when you done your best to please them; it's something fierce."

"Yes, I know. But I thought you liked it, from the way you always promised them and never kept your word."

"And if I hadn't promised them?" the tailor returned with some show of feeling. "They wanted me to promise them—they made me—they wouldn't have gone away without it. Sure. Every one wanted her things before every one. You had got to think of that."

"But you had to think of what they would say."

"Say? Sometimes I thought they would hit me. One lady said she had a notion to slap me once. It's no way to talk!"

"But you didn't seem to mind it."

"I didn't mind it for a good while. Then I couldn't stand it. So I sold."

HE SHOOK his head sadly; but the customer had no comfort to offer him. He asked when his clothes would be done, and the tailor told him when, and then they were not. The new proprietor tried them on, but he would not say just when they would be finished.

"We have a good deal of work already for some ladies that been disappointed. Now we try a new way. We tell people exactly what we do."

"Well, that's right," the customer said, but in his heart he was not sure he liked the new way.

The day before his clothes were promised he dropped in. From the curtained alcove he heard low murmurs, the voice of the new proprietor and the voice of some lady trying on, and being severely bidden not to expect her things at a time she suggested. "No, madam. We got too much work on hand already. These things, they will not be done before next week."

"I told you to-morrow," the same voice said to another lady, and the new proprietor came out with an unfinished coat in hand.

"I know you did, but I thought you would be better than your word, and so I came to-day. Well, then, to-morrow."

"Yes, to-morrow," the new proprietor said, but he did not seem to have liked the lady's joke. He did not look happy.

A few weeks after that the customer came for some little alterations in his new suit.

In the curtained alcove he heard the murmurs of trying on, much cheerfulness murmurs than before; the voice of a lady lifted in gladness, in gaiety, and an incredible voice replying, "Oh, sure, madam."

Then the old proprietor came out in his shirt-sleeves and slippers, with his waist-coat-front full of pins and needles, just like the new proprietor in former days.

"Why!" the customer exclaimed. "Have you bought back?"

"No. I'm just here like a journeyman already. The new man he want me to come. He don't get along very well with his way. He's all right; he's a good man and a first-class tailor. But," and the former proprietor looked down at the basted garment hanging over his arm, and picked off an irrelevant thread from it, "he thinks I get along better with the ladies."

THE ARID LIFE OF JOHN B. HILL—A TALE IN FREE VERSE

In our April number, we reprinted a story, in "free verse," telling of the futile life of Albert F. McComb, The Man Who Waited Too Long. The sketch below is by the same writer—Henry B. Fuller, of Chicago. He published it in the *New Republic*, under the title "Aridity." As we dislike an abstract title, we take the liberty of turning it into a concrete title.

THE world is all before us, where to choose:
Spoon River or Bird Center,
Or something in between—
Nay, that's not so;
Youth does not choose; age cannot.
Often the young
Accept the world-scheme far too readily;
The older man, if he objects,
Objects too late; he's lived to find
The world now woven for him.
Enmeshed, he can but be—
What he has come to be—
As here, as there;
Or, indeed,
As anywhere.

Well, to begin again:
The happy man is he
Who lives by something
And for that something dies.
Number One lives, let us say,
By wife and child,
And dies for them
Upon the threshold of the blazing home.
Number Two lives by his college
And dies for it upon the gridiron
Amid the shouts of pleasured thousands.
Number Three, indulging an odd passion,
Lives by hoary, violent Rome,
And dies there, or thereafter,
Of fever, or malaria
(I sweep aside all newer thought
On the mosquito),
Or sheer homesickness;
O Rome, so fair, so old, so far away!
Number Four—
Well, Number Four was John B. Hill,
And he lived by and died for
The Merchants' National Tax-Title & Trust Co.

Hill made his début
By helping to take orders, 'cross a counter,
For abstracts of title: an uncle found the job.
The docile boy, mouldable to anything,
Slid into the place without a question.
Within a fortnight he was quite at home;
And soon he saw, beyond mistake,
His life road open.
Thence to law-school at night;
Then, laureled.
Back for the remainder of his days
To snuggle up against the nourishing breast
Of the Trust Company.

Five decades followed, years
Of instruments, continuations,
Quit-claims, release, what you will.
Kinks, kinks, kinks—

Sometimes he put them in,
Sometimes he put them out;
But either, and ever,
With relish and enjoyment.
He never rose to be the head of all,
Yet in his own department
He was perfect, prized, well-paid.

He frilled the leaves of abstracts all day long;
Then took them home at night
And read them in his den.
Like Descartes, he could say:
"I think; therefore I am."
A new Spinoza, he was drunk
Not with God, but with God's footstool.
Like Herbert Spencer, he could clip close
Th' Unknowable—
(Unknowable to us, but plain to him).
He knew the city's spread
From Rogers Park to Hegewisch,
And out past Austin:
Subdivision by subdivision,
From Original Town
To last Addition.
A Simeon Schopenhauer,
He looked down from his lonely column
And viewed the world,
Not as *Wille und Vorstellung*,
But as sheer Real Estate.
And he was always making points—
An Indian fakir on his bed of spikes.

Man (1stly) delighted him not (Shakespeare):
He saw the Bête Humaine
(O Zola! O thy chanting quires!)
Merely as Granor and Grantee;
Nor (2ndly) a dark eye in woman (Byron):
He married early a pale-pupiled blonde,
And there it ended;
Nor (3rdly) childhood's happy laughter
(Anybody).

At home he was only
The passive background.
His wife had clubs and causes,
And made as if they satisfied her.
His adopted son—or hers—
Went off to college, much to Hill's relief.
Thus domesticity slid by the board;
And so did civics, art, church, charity,
And all the rest.
Once he was asked to go
Before the Tax Commission
And aid reform.
But no; that interest, tho allied,
Was not his, quite:
He kept his special corner.

This corner was retired
From natural daylight

And from outside air,
And he lived there for years,
And years:
The Company was always going to build—
And never did.
When he was nearing fifty
Quarters such as these
Began to tell:
His boy, returning home,
Found him more sapless,
More jejune, than ever;
He was drying up.

They pushed him toward the links.
He sat upon the club-house porch
And viewed the landscape o'er:
A spread-out checker-board of quarter-sections,
Beneath a sky
"Clear" sometimes, sometimes "clouded."
And here he amorously eyed
His pocketful of memos.—
Such was his exercise.

The years went on—
Ten, twelve, fifteen.
He was but a wraith,
A disembodied intellect.
He never made complaint,
Even on his poorest days;
No protest at the start,
No protest now.
For him, one life,
And he was leading it.

He never longed for alma mater;
He never whined for Rome.
And then, at sixty-six, the end.
No hope for a continuation:
He quit-claimed life;
And Death, the Great Conveyancer,
Carried him away.
Perhaps 'twas pernicious anemia;
Perhaps, arterial sclerosis;
Perhaps—Why should we specify?

Heigh-ho!
Eight ascetic verbalists,
Drawn from the office,—
Eight grammarians
(A reference, properly obscure,
To Browning),—
Bore him to the grave.
Well, well;
Here ends his abstract and brief chronicle.
Of course I cannot speak for you;
But as for me
(Despite the consolations of philosophy
Attempted near the start),
It makes me rather sad.

THE BUSINESS WORLD

AGNES C. LAUT, Department Editor

THE MERCHANT-MARINE SITUATION OF THE WORLD

IT is hard to realize that only two years ago, suits were in progress in the Federal Courts of New York and hearings were being held by Congressional Committees in Washington to dissolve the iron-clad monopoly in which foreign shipping "pools" and "trusts" had blanketed the seas. The shipping combines of Great Britain and Germany were locked and interlocked in "gentlemanly agreements" that charted and mapped the seas of the world in "zones" from which every independent was excluded as effectively as if barred by lock and key.

"The ocean free!" exclaimed Mr. Douglas, a member of the Marine Committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce in a hearing at Washington. "No greater fallacy was ever uttered. The ocean is mapped in zones and pools to-day from which every independent is rigidly excluded."

"Is it true," a member of the Congressional Committee asked the freight manager of a great European line, "that if an independent intruded on these zones you would use 'the fighting fleet' against him and put him out of business by ruinous competition?"

"That is what our fighting fleet was for," answered the European manager.

Rebates were unlawful to vessels under the American flag. Rebates were the weapons used by the European competitor. Uncle Sam's ships were literally forced out of foreign trade. Less than a dozen sailed the Pacific. (They have since gone out of business on the Pacific.) Less than eight plied the Atlantic. Uncle Sam did not carry 9 per cent. of his own foreign traffic. Europe grew rich on the freight rates levied on American traffic.

Congress was wrestling—and so were the Courts—with the difficulties besetting the dying remnant of an American Merchant-Marine when the war came. At one stroke, the war dissolved foreign trust and pool. A special act permitted the admission to American registry of vessels built abroad. Neutral vessels did not rush to take advantage of this permission because the cost of operating American vessels is 40 per cent. to 60 per cent. higher than the cost of operating foreign vessels; and the Seamen's Bill, providing a language test, practically abolished oriental labor on American vessels plying the

Pacific. As the world knows, part of the Pacific fleet was sold to a combination of two American corporations to ply between New York and South America, and another part of the Pacific fleet went to the International Mercantile Marine Corporation, which has just resold them to Japan.

As an interesting side light on marine matters, it may be stated that Japan paid a price four times greater than the appraised value of the vessels before the war. Japan to-day dominates the Pacific Ocean.

The phenomenal jump in Atlantic rates has already been told in CURRENT OPINION. Wheat is a familiar example. Wheat jumped from 3 cents and 5 cents a bushel in 1914 to 16 cents and 24 cents in 1915, and to 35 cents and 46 cents in 1916 from Atlantic ports to Liverpool. Nearly one-third the market value of wheat in 1916 went for Atlantic freights. The rise was proportionately as great in nearly all lines. Charter rates for Atlantic voyages increased from \$30,000 a month to \$60,000 and from \$60,000 to \$75,000, and in the case of one line to \$120,000.

The immediate effect on American ships was that coastal lines like the American-Hawaiian, the Luckenbach, two of the White Stars, some of the Robert Dollar, went out of coastal business into Atlantic trade. To-day every line built for Panama Canal traffic has been diverted to Atlantic traffic. Oddly enough, but naturally, Japan has put an extra line in Panama Canal traffic.

The world's tonnage of ocean-going vessels is usually given at forty-five millions plus; but when you deduct old sailing tubs, tramps, interned vessels and two million tons lost in war, the total is nearer thirty millions than forty-five millions. Of these thirty millions, 64 per cent. has been requisitioned for war purposes—troop transports, food, munitions; and of these 14 per cent. to 16 per cent. is permanently chartered conveying food supplies for the Allies. This leaves a very small percentage for world traffic; and Atlantic traffic has been increased by the war over four-fold.

There are two other potent causes of complications; one is delays and the other is the cost of delays. In one continental harbor, fleets of twenty vessels have been tied up in idleness for so long as a month to be in readiness for

troops. In two Russian harbors, fleets of as many as sixty vessels have been delayed a month loading and unloading in crowded berths; and these delays cost the vessels in wages, fuel, insurance, charter rates, as high as \$5,000 a day. Wages now include war bonuses running from \$15.00 to \$25.00 per month per man.

Every day the War lasts, tonnage is bound to become scarcer. Whether rates will go higher is a guess. For instance, last winter the British Board of Trade became so solicitous for food supplies that it relaxed regulations. It offered to permit the use of the interned belligerent ships by neutral nations. It also ruled that a certain proportion of cargo space in vessels under the British flag should be reserved for wheat; but the rates were so high for wheat and returns so small to the producer that almost simultaneously the shipments of wheat slackened. There is more unshipped wheat in America than there was a year ago; and again this appears to be a case of sheer luck to Uncle Sam: for the prospects are an exceedingly short crop in 1916, and the producer will obtain higher prices for his 1915 crop in 1916 than he would have obtained six months ago. Neither did the permission for neutral nations to use interned ships relieve the shortage of tonnage. That is, England guaranteed not to seize these ships if used by neutral nations. One is constrained to smile at the transparent *simplicity of duplicity in diplomacy*. England's guarantee was instantly checkmated by the decree of Germany and Austria not to sell these ships. Two years ago the seventy-two Teutonic ships in American waters could have been bought at \$50.00 a ton. Last winter, they were for sale at \$70.00 a ton. To-day they could not be bought for \$150.00 a ton. Two years ago it would have relieved Teutonic financial needs to have taken \$50.00 a ton for these ships and the sale was attempted through Danish and American brokers. Breitung's *Dacia* was one. The dozen Jansen ships negotiated in Denmark were others. The Allies short-sightedly seized these ships under their new ownership. Capital would not venture to be "stung" twice and withdrew: so it is not surprising, when the Allies had at last awakened to the fact that the use of the interned ships would benefit

them more than the gold for the ships would benefit Germany and Austria, that Germany and Austria checkmated the move; and Lloyd George's swan-song of "too late" marked the failure of such efforts.

It may be said that American industry is no longer embarrassed by lack of tonnage. Boston vessels have had to come down to New York to fill their cargo space and Philadelphia vessels have gone to Baltimore—American tramps, of course, for foreign vessels are not permitted to go from point to point on the American coast, but only from a point on the American coast to a foreign harbor. It may also be said that while freights have not gone higher in the last three months, and have eased so that you do not need to fight for cargo space, they have not come down perceptibly to the naked eye. Two other facts may be connoted—whether the American shipping bill receives the President's signature or his veto, it will make no difference by as much as one ton or one dollar in the situation, because:

1. There is no place where the American Government can have these \$50,000,000 worth of ships built.
2. There is no place where the American Government can buy these \$50,000,000 worth of ships.

Every shipyard in the world is booked ahead four years. Two months ago, the United States had two hundred vessels under way. To-day four hundred vessels are on the stocks; and it is a safe estimate that six hundred more are ordered.

Japan has bought two vessels at four times their book value, but Japan can afford to do so since she has literally come into absolute dominance on the Pacific. Could Uncle Sam afford to buy vessels at four times their real

value for Atlantic trade, in competition with merchant fleets that buy and build four times lower than present prices and operate always at 40 per cent. to 60 per cent. lower than American ships can operate?

Changes in shipping in the past two years have been so revolutionary as to be almost incredible; and it is harder to forecast the future than to credit an impossible past. When the war stops, will rates slump? If the war goes on, will rates go on up? One man's guess is as good as another's; and the most experienced men will not utter a guess. All are taking such profits that they could afford to sink their vessels after the war.

Only one fact is set down with definite certainty by the big shippers. Whether ruined Europe continues to buy largely from us, or stops buying everything but the primal necessities, rates cannot immediately drop very far. Of the 64 per cent. of tonnage requisitioned for war, it is known that a great many ships have been badly damaged in the rough seamanship required by the risks of war. Hulls have been battered; keels have deteriorated; boilers have rusted; and countless pieces of mechanism have gone "patched," because of time and naval exigencies. "Granted the war stops in 1916," say the shipping men, "it will be two years before damaged ships are repaired. It will be four years before destroyed ships are replaced. At present rates, ships are paying their cost in one voyage; and the only factors that will lower rates are a sudden stoppage of cargo or a sudden increase of tonnage. We do not anticipate either, for the United States produces 76 per cent. of the world's corn, 70 per cent. of the world's cotton, 72 per cent. of the world's oil, 59 per cent. of all the cop-

per, 43 per cent. of the iron, 37 per cent. of the coal, 35 per cent. of the tobacco, 26 per cent. of the silver, 25 per cent. of the wheat, 21 per cent. of the gold. These things, the world must buy from us, and with tonnage decreased 50 per cent. by loss of damage, we have no fear of a sudden slump."

Two things might bring ruin to shipping; but it may be said that they are in the realm of possibilities rather than probabilities.

If the British patrol fleet were destroyed, the life of our Atlantic cargo vessels would not be worth the paper on which the insurance policy is written. Consider that of the five billion dollars' worth of exports estimated to go from America and Canada through American ports in 1916, 80 per cent. goes to the Allies. If Germany had control of the sea lanes, how much do you think would go through?

The other possibility is more subtle. You have heard of an Economic Alliance proposed by the Allies? Do you know what that means specifically, not vaguely? It means that the nations now fighting purpose a tariff league among themselves—a preference tariff sufficient to amortize gradually the frightful loss of the war. The fighting nations not only purpose this but they now have young diplomats in training with the big banks to handle the situations. If the Economic Alliance contemplated tariffs only against its belligerent neighbors, shipping in the United States would be unaffected; but if the tariff preference shuts out neutral nations, American shipping will receive a staggering blow. Against this likelihood is the prepondering free-trade sentiment of England. So the wisest prophet is back where he began—at an era of continued high ocean rates.

MARKETING BY MAIL ORDER

WHY should the marketing of food products have become such a tangle of waste and extravagance, when our ancestors managed this business with a living profit to the seller and not too extravagant a cost to the buyer?

Consider for a moment.

To-day there live in New York City and its environs as many people as lived in all England in the days of Queen Elizabeth. There live in New York City and its environs as many people as in the whole Dominion of Canada. There live in Chicago as many people as in three New England States. There live in San Francisco or Los Angeles as many people as formerly lived on all the Pacific Coast. Each city of first rank has a more complex feeding problem than the commissariat of the biggest army.

Who attends to the job? Nobody, anybody, everybody. It's one grand grab, catch as catch can.

In the old simple days it was a comparatively easy matter for the butcher and baker and milkman to deliver their wares; but to-day, when one building houses, say, 4,000, as some hotels do, and one city houses two millions, as half a dozen do, this delivery of food is the most complex and complicated problem of daily life. The man who buys is paying extortionate prices for his food. The man who raises food is frequently going into bankruptcy because the fact is that he can't sell the food he raises.

Is that putting it too strongly? *Fruit from the West last year did not pay the cost of handling it. Milk in the East last year did not pay the cost of labor. Handling absorbed from 20 to*

50 per cent. of the market price of meats and wheat foods.

What are we to do about it? State marketing is the obvious answer. But what does that mean? More grading laws, more packing laws, more fool inspectors? We have laws and inspectors to burn.

David Lubin, the agricultural expert, is the only man who has proposed a remedy which seems workable. When the big mail-order houses of Chicago were asked if Lubin's scheme would work, they said it undoubtedly would.

Here is Lubin's scheme roughly.

Use the post office universally. Sell tags as we now sell stamps, red and green and blue and purple and white and black and multicolor tags. White tags, we'll say, stand for white leghorn eggs. Red tags for a beef steak. Blue tags for a cord of wood. Green

tags for greening apples. And so on down the list of farm produce.

Now it is obviously impracticable to put a beef or a porker in a mail box, not to mention a barrel of apples or some over-ripe eggs. But the farmer buys the tags as he would buy postage stamps. When he has eggs for sale, the farmer brings an egg tag to the post office and puts it in his mail rack. The householder comes. She wants eggs. The postmaster looks over the racks and takes out the tag. The price of the eggs is such and such. The housekeeper pays the price and the farmer delivers the goods.

There are, of course, difficult questions regarding quickly perishable products like milk, and regarding the quality of goods delivered. Also there might be a glut at one point and a scarcity at another. But, as two of the biggest mail-order houses in the world point out, these are complications that must be gradually worked out as the plan develops. They explain that their own business has grown from small beginnings—nickels and dimes—and the mail-order business in direct marketing would not begin in an avalanche. The difficulties would have to be met as they arose. When houses like Sears

Roebuck and Montgomery Ward pronounce a favorable verdict on such a solution of a difficulty it is worth trying. It is doubly worth trying when you consider that living has reached a cost that is extortion to the man of moderate means—32c. a pound for meat, for instance—and that the farmer, who has food for sale, cannot make a living because he cannot sell that food to pay the cost of labor. Flawless apples at \$1.00 a box, for example, did not net the grower 11 cents for 108 apples.

Lubin is worth heeding because he is practical and his plans are workable.

THE FARM MORTGAGE COMING INTO ITS OWN AS AN INVESTMENT

WHEN the European war broke out, only a few far-seeing financiers realized in the slightest degree what the terrible calamity might mean in the way of prosperity to the United States. These were the same men who a year before the war felt the roil of an undertow and turned their assets into cash in a strong box. When the war came, they were ready. When the rest of the world was paralyzed and terrified, they had the cash and the courage behind the cash to plunge into a suspended market and buy at slaughter prices. They were the men who bought Bethlehem Steel at \$30 and the U. S. Steel at \$40, and sold out at \$500 and \$75.

But they went deeper than mere stock plunging. These men had their agents in Europe one month after the storm broke—agents for machinery, agents for motors, agents for ammunition and electrical devices, agents for food and food products. When it became apparent that the war was to be decided by machinery, one firm in the United States went out and practically “cornered” lathes. Another got options on huge quantities of wire rope. A third “cornered” a certain type of metal tubing. Others bought brass and copper at a time when financiers were proving that American mining companies were ruined as long as the war lasted. Having bought, they sat back and waited. The profits made by the firm buying the metal tubing—real profit, not paper ones—far transcended anything made in war stocks.

The men who foresaw what the war was going to accomplish for America are to-day shaping their course to a new undercurrent in financial affairs.

Have you noticed lately how all the financial advertisements are giving prominence to farm mortgages?

Why this new featuring of land investments?

Twenty-five years ago the phrase “farm mortgage” was enough to give

cold shivers to conservative people. Trusts and loan companies handling the accounting of farm purchases had loaned up to two-thirds of values. I think this condition prevailed from Ontario, Canada, to Mississippi and Missouri. Then there came the furious trek to new Western lands. Eastern holdings fell to half their mortgage face-value. Indeed, throughout the late '80's and early '90's they could not be sold at any price. Loans and trusts found themselves loaded up with white elephants. To make matters worse, just preceding the collapse of '93 the same form of financing overran the booming West like a prairie fire. Many an Eastern investor who had lost savings in local Eastern trusts and loans tried to recoup himself by plunging on these new Western ventures, with the result that when the collapse of '93 came it tied all his available assets up for ten years.

Farm mortgages and land bonds fell into disrepute. Look up the list of such organizations that failed in '93!

Why, then, have the most far-visioned financiers returned to this type of investment?

Because every factor making for the collapse of '93 has been reversed.

There are no more cheap lands to lure to far fields.

Eastern lands are the cheapest they have been in a generation, the cheapest they will be in a generation.

While Western and Middle Western lands are high, they are bound to go higher. They are bound to go higher because they are yielding high rates of interest on the present ruling prices.

Also, while European bonds may fluctuate in value; while, indeed, the bonds of some of the belligerents must ultimately be repudiated from sheer inability of human beings to pay the costs of the war; while every form of foreign investment may be imperiled by war, *land cannot run away*. It can't go up in battle smoke. “Nature ever

faithful is to such as trust her faithfulness.” If you have the land, come what may in the clash of nations, you have what will feed you and roof you and let you lie down in peace and security.

These are the big elemental reasons for the turning of financiers to land investments; but a peculiar set of circumstances is shaping for the prosperity of the American farm.

We may like the Farm Credits bill or we may dislike it (Myron T. Herrick, who favors farm credits, condemns the bill; so do most of the private trust and loan companies); but the fact remains that *it marks the most important mile-post on the way to farm prosperity in the United States*. Farm mortgages and land bonds are going to have the imprint and backing and sponsorship of Uncle Sam. They will be secure as government bonds or minted gold. The majority of the private companies now doing business may be rated first rank; but to remain doing business in competition with Uncle Sam, *all farm-mortgage companies must rank up in the first class*. When CURRENT OPINION first took up the subject in 1915, furious protests came in denying that any such rates as 12 to 100 per cent. were being charged the farmers. CURRENT OPINION took its figures from a careful government report, and the report was perfectly correct. In certain sections, these loan-shark rates were being charged. In old conservative sections, such rates were unknown; but now that farm credits are to become a part of Uncle Sam's job, extortionate rates and “kite” companies will surely be wiped out.

This makes for security, for stability, and for standard rates of interest.

The other reason for the dawning change in farm affairs concerns markets—the 35-cent dollar.

At which the cynic may utter a shout: Hah! With the farmer receiving less

than 30 per cent. of the market price—say 2 cents a quart for milk when the consumer pays 9 to 11 cents—with the area of abandoned farms increasing, with fruit a dead loss and a glut on the market in 1915, and wheat “soaked” 50 per cent. of its value for Atlantic transportation—where is the prosperity in farming? Isn’t America the only land in the world where the farmer is not the financial aristocrat? Isn’t it the only land in the world where land-owners net less than \$300 a year income? How about your fine farm prosperity here?

That’s just where the big financiers see dawn coming up “like thunder” over the farm. We have been issuing wads of theory on how to grow rich farming. We have spouted from the platform and from the press. Kid-gloved gentry who never handled a clod of mud have been much in evidence. They have kept at it until the farmer has been constrained to shout back: “Shut up! You have loaded up the statute books with fool laws enough to break the back of a jackass! Farmers, for instance, have been fined millions of dollars for selling ‘bob veal.’ Men have been ruined and sent to jail because fool scientists of twenty years ago, after making half-baked experiments, said that ‘bob veal’ is unwholesome. To-day every investigator, from the Federal Bureau at Washington to the Veterinary Department of New York State or the laboratories

of Germany, pronounces ‘bob veal’ pure, wholesome, nutritious. Does that undo the fines and ruin you have wrought in the past?

“You have loaded the dairyman with various useless restrictions, until you have put milk beyond the price of the poor, built up milk trusts that hold the cities by the throat and driven tens of thousands of dairymen out of business. What we want is not theory and the kid-glove piffle of job-holders who make a living by spouting. *What we want is direct access to our markets*, direct control of our markets and direct touch with the consumer. Give us that, and we will work out our own salvation.”

For the first time, Uncle Sam has set himself to a serious consideration of farm marketing.

Get the report of David Lubin’s testimony before a Congressional Committee last winter!

Uncle Sam is going to solve this market job if he has to turn the whole post-office department over to it.

New York State has a state marketing system.

South Carolina, Wisconsin, California, have all taken a step in the same direction; and South Carolina has gone far enough to pronounce the trial a success.

A dozen other states are watching ready to fall in line!

When men like Theodore N. Vail form a big national organization to

find out what is the matter with farming, things are going to happen.

The consumer has never paid such high prices for farm produce; the farmer, except for wheat and corn, has seldom received lower prices. Fruit-growers last year did not clear freight. Milk-farmers are to-day not paying the cost of labor. What is the matter? Uncle Sam has gone at the job with his sleeves rolled up, and he is going to see what is the matter. And he is going to put it right. The day the farmer receives 60 per cent. of the consumer’s price, he will roll in opulence.

Now to go back to the farm mortgage—what do the big financiers see?

Land is the cheapest it will ever be.

No matter what cataclysms come, land cannot burn up or go off in cannon smoke.

Federal farm credits are going to stabilize and standardize this form of investment all over the country.

Once the problem of farm markets is solved, land in America will go up to the values of the best European agricultural centers. Financial control will shift from the banker to the farmer, who will be the banker. When \$20-an-acre land goes up to \$300, and \$300-an-acre land goes up to \$1,000, the land companies financing such lands will enjoy a proportionate increase in the value of their shares.

That is why the farm-mortgage investments are bulking large in the financial vision.

STRIKES—THE ONE CLOUD ON OUR INDUSTRIAL HORIZON

AMERICA is to-day enjoying the most abounding prosperity in her history of a century and a half. Railway traffic, exports, wages, dividends, domestic commerce, are the highest ever known.

There is not within the boundaries of the United States a man, woman, or child willing and able to work, who cannot sell that work at the highest price ever known in the labor market.

This is another way of saying there need not be a single idle worker within the boundaries of the United States to-day.

In a year when the whole world needed crops, the United States had superabundant crops.

In a year when the whole world was plunged in bloodshed and havoc, the United States remained an oasis of peace in a desert of waste and havoc. Ascribe it to luck, ascribe it to the blessing of an old-fashioned God on a nation that for a century and a half has been the refuge and haven of freedom for all peoples of the earth, ascribe it to what you will—the fact remains that the United States to-day is com-

mercially in the highest prosperity, national or individual, ever known in the history of the world.

Figures need hardly be given to support this statement.

Where wages were a few pence a day in the era of Queen Elizabeth, or a few dollars a month in the era of the American Revolution, they are now \$2.00 a day for the cheapest form of labor (\$45.00 a day for workers in munition factories). That is, a workman to-day earns as much in a week as he formerly earned in a month; an artisan earns in a day as much as he formerly earned in a month. And the nation as a whole exports twice as much as ever before of American produce, and imports four times as much foreign gold as ever before.

And yet there is a cloud on the horizon. It is no bigger than a man’s hand, and yet it is a cloud that may wreck American prosperity.

Also, don’t forget that no problem has ever confronted the American people which they have not met and solved.

The cloud on the horizon is best illustrated by concrete facts.

In spite of high wages, we never before had as many impending strikes as we now have. In spite of the rapid advance of an eight-hour day, we never before had as many impending strikes. At the time of writing this, strikes are impending among all telegraph operators from Chicago to New York, among all train men, among all garment workers, among the anthracite coal miners.

Munition workers are receiving all the way from \$45.00 a day down to \$3.00 a day, and there is not a munition plant in the country, from Bridgeport to Calgary, where strikes have not taken place or are not impending. Longshoremen and dockmen netting \$6.00 to \$4.00 a day are on strike in one harbor. Longshoremen and munition workers, the latter receiving four times as much as a foreman who has spent ten years preparing for his job, four times as much as a banker who has spent ten years preparing for his job, nine times as much as a teacher or college professor who has spent seven years preparing for his job, are on strike for one of two things—higher

wages or shorter hours; in some cases both.

As long as our abounding prosperity lasts, we can pay the higher wages for the shorter hours, raise the cost of living to meet the higher wages for the shorter hours, and raise the wages to pay the higher cost of living for the higher wages and shorter hours—what the late James J. Hill described as “a fatal spiral” to a peak, from which we might all tumble over a precipice. That is, as long as the war lasts and we are wallowing in prosperity from the misfortunes of others. But when the war stops, what? Wages shoot up, but they cannot come down without causing a riot or a strike.

The extremists say that wages are bound to go up and up, and hours to come down and down, until labor has expropriated capital. Capital says, the minute higher wages and shorter hours destroy returns, industry will be wrecked and ruined. Between these two is a chasm. He who bridges the chasm will avert catastrophe.

The most hopeful phase of the situation is that the most brilliant minds and powerful men of affairs in the country are to-day setting themselves to bridge that chasm. They are setting themselves not theoretically but practically. John D. Rockefeller Jr.’s ten days in the coal mines of Colorado taught him more of the difficulties of industry than a library of books on economics could teach; and it is a pretty good guess that the experiences of Mackenzie King in Canada as a minister of labor were more enlightening to him than his post-graduate courses first in American universities, then abroad. George Perkins, Gompers, Schwab, Warren S. Stone, Cyrus McCormick—all are graduates from practical life rather than university halls; and each is setting himself to the problem.

“It is like this, men,” Rockefeller said, addressing the Colorado miners:

“Every corporation is composed of four parties. First, there are the stockholders. They put up the money which pays the wages, builds the plants, operates the business, and they appoint the directors to represent their interests in the corporation. We have, secondly, the directors, whose business it is to see that the chief executive officers of the company are carefully and wisely selected, to plan out its larger and more important policies, particularly its financial policies, and generally to see to it that the company is wisely administered. And, thirdly, we have the officers of the company, whose duty it is to conduct the current operation of the business. While last, but by no means least—for I might just as well have started at the other end—we come to the employees, who contribute their skill and their work.

“Now, the interest of these four parties is a common one. An effort to advance

one interest at the expense of any other means loss to all, and when any one of the four parties in this corporation selfishly considers his own interest alone, and is disregardful of the interests of the other three parties, sooner or later disaster must follow. This little table [exhibiting a square table with four legs] illustrates my conception of a corporation; and there are several points in regard to the table to which I want to call your attention. First, you see that it would not be complete unless it had all four sides. Each side is necessary; each side has its own part to play. Now, if you imagine this table cut into quarters, and each quarter separated from the others, what would happen? All of them would fall down, for no one could stand alone, and you would have no table. But when you put the four sides together, you have a useful piece of furniture; you have a

table.

“Then, secondly, I call your attention to the fact that these four sides are all perfectly joined together; that is why we have a perfect table. Likewise, if the parties interested in a corporation are not perfectly joined together, harmoniously working together, you have a discordant and unsuccessful corporation.

“Again, you will notice that this table is square. And every corporation to be successful must be on the square—absolutely a square deal for every one of the four parties, and for every man in each of the four parties.

“I call your attention to one more thing—the table is level. Each part supported by its leg is holding up its own side, hence you have a level table. So equal responsibility rests on each one of the four parties united in a corporation.

“When you have a level table, or a corporation that is on the level, you can pile up earnings on it [piling coins on the table]. Now, who gets the first crack at the earnings? You know that we in New York don’t. Here comes along the employees, and *first of all they get their wages* [removing some of the coins] every two weeks like clock-work, just what has been agreed on; they get the first chance at the pile. You men come ahead of the president, the officers, the stockholders and directors. You are the first to put a hand into the pile and take out what is agreed shall belong to you. You don’t have to wait for your share; you don’t have to take any chances about getting it. You know that there has never been a two-weeks’ period that you have worked when you have not been able to get your pay from this company; whatever happens, so long as the company is running, you get your pay.

“And then the officers and superintendents come along, and they get theirs; they don’t get it until after you have gotten yours [removing more coins].

“Then come the directors, and they get their directors’ fees [removing the balance of the coins] for doing their work in the company.

“And, hello! There is nothing left! There is nothing left! This must be the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company! For never, men, since my father and I became interested in this company as stockholders, some fourteen years ago—never has there been one cent for the common stock. For

fourteen years the common stockholder has seen your wages paid to you workers, has seen your salaries paid to you officers, has seen the directors draw their fees, and has not had one cent of return for the money that he has put into this company in order that you men might work and get your wages and salaries. How many men in this room ever heard that fact stated before? Is there a man among you? Well, there are mighty few among the workers who have heard it. What you have been told, what has been heralded from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is that those Rockefeller men in New York, the biggest scoundrels that ever lived, have taken millions of dollars out of this company on account of their stock ownership, have oppressed you men, have cheated you out of your wages, and ‘done’ you in every way they could. That is the kind of ‘dope’ you have been getting, and that is what has been spread all over the country. And when that kind of talk was going on, there were disturbances in this part of the country because the four sides of this table were not square and the table was not level. There were those who in the streets of New York and in public gatherings were inciting the crowd to ‘shoot John D. Rockefeller, Jr., down like a dog.’ That is the way they talked.

“The common stockholders have put \$34,000,000 cash into this company in order to make it go, so that you men will get your wages, you officers have your salaries, and the directors get their fees, while *not one cent has ever come back to them in these fourteen years.*”

Mr. Rockefeller did not add, tho he might have added, that from the time the “labor leg” went out from under the table ruin came to the four parts of the table. The result of bridging the chasm between Mr. Rockefeller and the Colorado Iron and Fuel miners was the Industrial Plan, which is being tried out under a new working agreement until 1918. This provides a constitution by which labor and capital bind themselves to abide until they have tried it out. In brief it provides for no reduction of wages, an eight-hour day, half-monthly payments of wages, fixed charges for rent, light, water, fuel, powder, observance of both State and Federal law, no discrimination for or against union labor, and a board of management composed of wage-earners self-elected in conference with the officers of the company. Each district is to have self-elected committees in conference with representatives of the employers. This board of management with its sub-committee will rule in all industrial matters from the location of a bath house to the question of wages. As a final resort, any man may appeal over the heads of his representatives to the president of the company. The Colorado Industrial Plan is nothing more than an attempt to establish constitutional representative government on a small local scale in every industrial center.

Why cannot this plan be adopted to

settle strikes everywhere? First, I suppose it has not been tried, but chiefly because elsewhere both sides have not suffered so disastrously in strikes as the Colorado people suffered. They have not suffered enough to pool their differences in an agreement. For instance, the agreement establishes the eight-hour day. There is a strike along the New York water front at the time of writing this for a six-hour day. Now, very few capitalists restrict their own labors to an eight-hour day. Perkins, Schwab, McCormick, Farrell, work oftener sixteen hours a day than six; but it is a safe guess that if these dock workers had had such local government, the dispute over time would never have come to a strike.

The most generally known plan to eliminate strikes is profit-sharing. In the United States more than two hundred such plans are being tried; I suppose as many again have been tried and given up as failures. Against profit-sharing plans, organized labor sets its face like flint for reasons given by the head of an engineering society when Sir Christopher Furness' partnership colliery plans were rejected—"profit-sharing would smash the union."

In the words of Gompers, "some employers who have inaugurated systems of so-called profit-sharing have pared down the wages of their employees so that the combined sharing of profits and their wages did not equal the wages of the employees of other companies in the same line of industry."

Says Andrew J. Furuseth of the Seamen's Union: "Profit-sharing is a truce that the employers seldom enter into except with the purpose of holding the wages down. You cannot get any arrangement with the employers unless you are strong enough to compel them to pay."

Warren Stone, Grand Chief of Locomotive Engineers, declares: "I am opposed to profit-sharing, of any kind, under any name. I believe in paying the worker fair wages and allowing him to look after his own interests. All forms of profit-sharing, be they a

cash distribution or a bonus or the selling of stock at low rates, are subject to the same abuses. They have a tendency to speed up the worker, and, in addition to that, they make him resigned to work under conditions which otherwise he would not tolerate for a single day. When an employee is induced to invest his savings in stock of the company for which he works, there is brought about a situation the practical result of which is an insurance against strikes."

These objections, oddly enough, miss the cardinal defects in profit-sharing as a modus operandi between employer and employee. Profit-sharing is based on the assumption that the laborer invests his time. The value of his time for a year is pitted against the value of the share-holders' capital, and dividends are paid pro rata. This sounds all right. As Mr. Rockefeller said, one set of men invests money, the other set invests muscle, and both sets of men are entitled to conditions of living to realize the best of life. If the worker cannot sell his services for a single day in the year, that day is as vital a loss to him as money stolen from the capitalist would be to him. It is money stolen from the mouths of the worker's family. John D. Rockefeller was too true and accurate an economist to go on and recommend profit-sharing as a remedy. To begin with, there had been no profits for the Colorado Iron and Fuel Company.

The flaws in profit-sharing schemes are these:

The worker pits his muscle against the capitalist's cash. All right. Muscle is a tangible thing to be sold like the kilowatts of electric power; but too often the capitalist's cash is water. In nine corporations out of ten it is forty and fifty per cent. water. If the capitalist is to be paid dividends on water, on what zero is the worker to get his dividends?

Second, how about years when there are no dividends? Capital can consume its own fat and yet live. The worker without a surplus cash cannot

consume his own fat and live. This objection held good of all copper mines and 99 per cent. of the factories the last half of 1914.

Third, how about the workman's returns when the corporation goes to smash? In 1915, one-sixth of the railroads in the South were in the hands of receivers. Not less than 200,000 people depended on these railroads for a living.

There is another objection that materialized in United States Steel. Some of the men bought the steel stock low. When the steel rose, it gave the workmen better profit to sell that stock than to hold it.

And yet over 200 concerns in the United States and over 100 in England work prosperously and contentedly under profit-sharing schemes. Over twelve million people in England work under profit-sharing arrangements, and in England the failures in profit-sharing have been 163 out of 299.

The percentage of profits paid in the United States runs all the way from twenty-five per cent. down to one and two per cent. There are concerns like the munition factories, that pay uniformly high wages, and then a percentage ranging, according to length of service, from five per cent. to two-year men to twenty per cent. for fifteen-year men.

Possibly the average profit percentage paid workmen in the United States would be close to ten per cent., closer to 10 per cent. than to 8 per cent.; but this average is brought up by concerns like Bethlehem Steel, which pays very moderate wages and colossal profits, running as high as \$100,000 to \$600,000 a year to executives who have risen from the ranks within ten years.

Strikes are impending in every section of industrial life in the United States in this the most prosperous era ever known. Whether Rockefeller's industrial scheme be adopted, or a profit-sharing scheme, some plan must be devised to avert the most wasteful luxury of modern industrial life—the stoppage of the wheels.

THOSE "DANGEROUS" FARM CREDITS

NO better example was ever given of how completely citified we have become mentally as a nation than the political and editorial comment on the Farm Credits Bill as it worked its way through the committees.

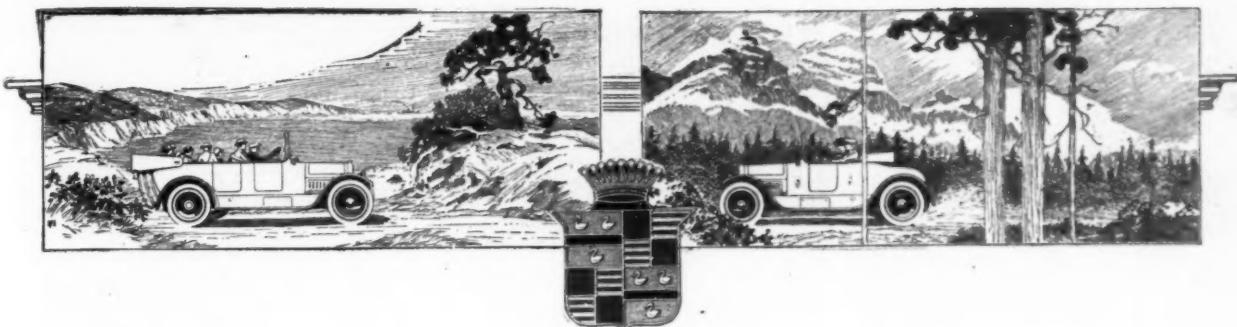
In a word, we were told that this bill set a dangerous precedent of taking the money out of one class of pockets to subsidize another class of pockets. We were given to understand that "Rube was pilfering us bad." We were going "straight to the bow-wows on socialism" with this bill. Even

such staunch old supporters of the Democratic Administration as the New York *Times* read us deadly solemn lectures on "the farmer picking the lock off the national till." Naughty, naughty farmer! He is clearing \$300 a year in many sections—the Federal Government figures. And, Rube looks so hayseedly innocent. Let us hold our breath till we *bust* and pray for the rascal's reform!

It's all right for the farmer to pay a tariff of 10 to 60 per cent. out of his pocket into the pocket of the manu-

facturer on everything he buys—machinery, steel, clothing, leather—but it's awful and "combusting of the constitution" for the farmer to ask tariffs kept on the things he raises to sell, so that he may take a little out of the consumer's pocket and put it in his own. Milk for instance! Free milk means a cent a quart off every quart of milk sold in cities within 48 hours of the Boundary.

It's all right for Uncle Sam's Treasury to come behind the Federal Reserve Banks of the financial centers



T O U R I N G

In The Eight-Cylinder Cadillac Holds New Fascinations

ONE of the greatest booms which the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac confers upon motorists is, that it removes the strain and the weariness from long distance motor travel.

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The Cadillac "Eight" has supplied the last necessary link in the chain of causes which constitute the thing called luxury.

It sets the traveler free from taut nerves, from tense muscles, and from constant concentration on the performance of the car.

All the glorious tingle of a noiseless flight through space is there in increased measure.

But the strain is gone—gone and forgotten, because the flow of power is so continuous, so smooth, so flexible and so quiet that you are scarcely conscious that the engine exists.

There are no convulsive movements of the motor, no noise of straining and labor, no irritating vibration.

You relax and rest, in the Cadillac, because the unpleasant reminders of effort and labor are removed.

You forget the engine, you forget the mechanical system which is carrying you forward. You luxuriate in a sense of serene well-being and comfort.

Your mind is released from its thralldom to the car, and turns a thousand times more often to the beauty of the road, of the sky and of the landscape.

The joy of touring is not only a greater joy in the Cadillac, but it calls into being a new set of physical and mental sensations.

Heretofore, no matter how gallantly your car

mounted a hill, you were conscious every moment that it was climbing—that it was laboring.

Now you know that the hill was high, only because you saw it before the mount began—or looked back after the crest was reached.

You travel almost continuously on high gear—under throttle control.

The power-application is so fluid that, when you accelerate the speed, the effect is very much as though you had "turned on" the power, as you "turn on" water by opening a spigot.

As for sound and vibration, the engine scarcely seems to be energizing at all.

The car simply glides from one rate of travel to another, without apparent effort or hesitation.

The mind is lulled into repose and the body obeys the impulse of the mind.—

Cadillac thoroughness is responsible for the accuracy of every function which contributes to the efficiency of the engine.

The known stability of the Cadillac inspires a confidence which removes all anxiety for your safety.

The pleasures of today are not marred by apprehensions for tomorrow.

And, too, the spring suspension, the deep soft upholstery, the smooth, easy acting clutch and brakes, the ease of handling and control, all share in resting and soothing mind and body.

With bad roads largely robbed of their terrors, and good roads made almost doubly delightful—with hills no longer to be dreaded—with a sense of velvet softness in every motion of the car and every movement in its operation, there is a renewed and irresistible call to long distance touring which—in the Cadillac—becomes an unalloyed delight.



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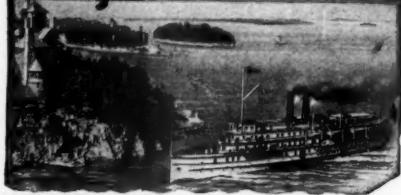
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special aid—as it did in the War month of 1914—but it's "robbery and socialism and state paternalism" for Uncle Sam to give his support to Farm Banks selling farm bonds secured by first mortgage loans.

It's all right to squander \$600,000,000 as we have in twenty years on rivers and harbors "pork" for towns and cities, where the politicians round up carpet-bag and boarding-house ward votes; millions on which no interest is paid; millions which are not a loan but a hold-up for hogs and pirates and thieves; but it's a "subversion of the constitution"—whatever that is, the editors said so—for Uncle Sam to permit Treasury funds as a loan secured by double-barreled collateral of a bond and land to launch a system of Farm Banks and Credits.

It's all right to spend millions financing public highways. Of course, the highways aren't for motor cars! They are for farmers; but it is dangling danger above the inferno, to finance the farmers, who use the highways.

It's all right to appropriate millions to tell farmers what to do; but it's catastrophic to finance farmers in the doing thereof.

Farmers don't say all this; but the editors do; and it all depends on the point of view; and if each man could stand on his own stomach as a point of view, he might modify his judgment. There is no use telling a farmer what to do, if he can't finance himself doing it; and for every farmer put out of business because he can't finance farming, the cost of living to the city man is increased just by that decrease of farm produce. We are a nation with 40 per cent. feeding 60 per cent. of the population now. If farms continue to be abandoned, the proportion will continue to shift from country to town. Within twenty years, the price of food has increased four-fold. With population increasing and farms decreasing, the cost of food will still further rise. That is why a workable system of Farm Credits is as vital to the nation as Federal Reserves or armaments.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE MILK STRIKE

THE Illinois farmers, who went on strike and held back the milk supply of Chicago till they received their asking price, are being congratulated far and wide. Hundreds of agricultural journals, that hung back when the fight was on, or accepted an advertisement from the milk trust and published straddling articles, are now trumpeting the triumph of the united farmers and preaching little sermons about "united we stand, divided we fall."

Is it any wonder farmers pray to be

saved from such friends and spew such congratulations from the polluted air? It is easy to be congratulatory to the winning side; but the farmers in New York and New England are to-day receiving a lower price than that for which the Illinois dairymen struck. Are the friends of the successful Illinois men taking a stand for the New York and New England dairymen? Not much they are! They are going round with gum-shoes and Maxim silencers. If you ask their opinion of the Eastern situation, they hum and haw, and theorize, and see-saw, and hee-haw till the poor dairy-cow looks up expecting to see an ass; and she isn't disappointed.

THE TALE OF THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF A SUB-MARINE ATTACK

[At first there were fourteen survivors of the torpedoed *Amiral Charny* clinging to a raft in the Mediterranean. But at last there was only one, Joseph Cariou, who tells this story of terrible days and nights to *l'Illustration*, Paris. It is translated for us by Helen E. Meyer.]

ON the eighth day of February, in the morning, we lay off Beirut eleven miles out. I was on the after deck. The weather was fair; it was not very cold, and there was little wind. As I stood there, looking off, I thought of the submarine we had seen in the region of the island of Rouad the night before.

Then I heard a heavy noise, and some one cried: "That was a torpedo!"

I wanted to get a warmer blouse, but I had no time; in an instant I was thrown forward. Then the ship went down.

When I came to the surface I was close to a broken hencoop, and a raft was coming toward me. There were six or seven men on it. After they had dragged me up and settled me on the raft some of them went into the water to get planks. They expected a heavy load. They wanted to strengthen the raft.

By nine o'clock in the morning there were fourteen of us and we had nothing to eat or to drink. The first day the weather was fair; the sea was calm but most of the time we were ankle-deep in the wash because the raft was overladen.

Toward ten o'clock that night, a quartermaster lost his head. He ordered us to land and get him a drink of water. When he saw that we were not going to obey him, he made violent motions and most of us went

overboard. We kept our heads above water and, in the morning, some of us succeeded in getting back onto the raft.

THE second day there was a storm and the wind carried us further from the land. The clouds were dark; we could not see the coast. It was bad but not as bad as the night before when we had been forced to stand in the sea treading water, clinging to the raft with one hand while we fastened on the planks. All that

night I had been as sick as a dog from swallowing sea-water!

That second day there were not as many of us. Some of the men who went into the water as result of the effervescence of the crazy man did not come back. All told there were only six on the raft.

When night was coming on, the third day, three men jumped off; I saw them do it; they went in the same way, one after the other. One of them went because he wanted some tobacco. After those three went there were

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HERE ARE THE FACTS:
TEST GIVEN LEONARD CLEANABLE REFRIGERATOR,
STYLE 4405, BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE.
NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 1st, 1910.

CONSTRUCTION—Good—This refrigerator is a "side icier" with an ash case $34\frac{3}{4}$ " x 20 " x 47 " high. It is insulated with Polar Felt. The provision chamber is lined with a single piece of porcelain fused on heavy sheet steel. The shelves, ice rack, drain pipe and trap are all removable. The hardware is made of nickelized brass. Strong springs ensure tight fitting of doors. This latter point is a new and marked improvement over previous models.

EFFICIENCY OF DESIGN AND OPERATION—Good—The refrigerator was kept filled to capacity with ice for 100 consecutive hours. Readings of room and food compartment temperatures, and ice added, were taken hourly each day from 9.30 A. M. to 5.30 P. M.—41 readings in all. The results of this test are shown below. The increased refrigerating efficiency of this model is undoubtedly due to some extent to the stronger, better designed hardware which ensures tightly closed doors, reducing the quantity of ice demanded. The refrigerator is well constructed, easily cleaned and shows good efficiency in securing low temperatures within the food compartments.

EFFICIENCY TEST—100 HOURS.

Ice Capacity.....	.Ibs.	.90
Volume of Food Compartment.....	cu. ft.	4.38
Duration of Test.....	Hrs.	100
Average Room Temp.—t.....	°F.	74.5
Average Food Compartment Temp.—t'.....	°F.	46.6
Reduction of Temperature.....	°F.	27.9
Total ice consumed in 100 hours.....	Ibs.	84.5
Ice consumed per hour.....	fraction of a lb.	.845
Ice consumed each 24 hours.....	Ibs.	20.28

Furnished in Ash, Oak or Porcelain Cases, 50 styles from \$16.50 up. Style shown is No. 4405, size $34\frac{3}{4} \times 20 \times 47$, price \$35.00. Freight prepaid as far as the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Money-Back guarantee. It is truly like a "clean china dish," with no cracks or crevices in which dirt and grease can collect.

While the Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator is for private use, it is possessed of the power of doing a public service. It will inspire you to live a little better, have more comfort, more convenience, more ambition. That is growth and uplift. Write for catalogue today. Ask for sample of the Porcelain and I'll mail my booklet, "Care of Refrigerator," All free. Address C. H. Leonard, President,

Grand Rapids Refrigerator Company
146 Clyde Park Ave.

three left—a quartermaster-nurse, who had agonizing pains in his bowels; a young sailor, a boy too far gone to speak; and myself. The quartermaster was light-headed; whenever he turned his eyes toward the horizon he thought he saw torpedoes. He was hungry. He wanted to land so that he could go to a restaurant and eat something. There was no way to quiet him. He tried to get me to put him ashore. Toward sunset he jumped into the sea.

I was alone with the boy. About midnight, as near as I could make it out, the boy went. I did not notice how he did it, or what led up to it.

I WAS alone. Two days and nights went by. I was in torment. Worst of all I was freezing and, at the same time, I was on fire with thirst. My teeth were blazing hot. By that time my head was splitting and I was getting the heavy swells of some storm in mid-ocean. The raft rose on a long roller, then she sank as if falling. I watched for my chance. When she went down in the trough I clung to her with one hand, hollowed the other hand, scooped water and rinsed my mouth. I was better for a few minutes, then I was as bad as ever.

I cut the end of my little finger with my pocket knife. I sucked the blood but I could not swallow it. I thought the blood of my arm might go down, so I tried to open a vein, but I was too weak. I cut myself but I did not draw blood. My hand shook too much.

On the fourth day I saw a ship. I tied my drawers to my oar, and planted the signal. But just then the raft went down between two hills of roaring green and when I came up the ship was gone. I watched for her.

At night the wind fell; it was dead cold. It is the cold that hurts me worst! I said—"the water is warmer than the air. I will take a dip, that will warm me." I clung to the raft and went in. It warmed me some . . . but I thought of the cramps, and I was afraid. I was clinging by my left hand. When the swell raised me I swung aboard. I crawled away from the edge and by and by I was in the middle. I was glad to feel planks under me once more. I was drowsy and I said to myself: Now I can rest!

THAT day the sea was calm. But I was sick of it! They all went overboard, thought I—maybe now is my time! I thought of the folks at home . . . waiting for me. I braced up, and after a while I went asleep.

I have no means of knowing how long I slept. When I awoke my courage had come back.

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About seven o'clock Sunday morning I saw a ship. I stood the oar up with my signal waving. I may have held it up five minutes. . . . I was weak. I had to let it fall.

But they had seen it! At first they took it for a periscope. When they saw that it was not a periscope, they signaled to me—and then I saw them rising and falling with the sea . . . coming for me!

* * * *

They poured hot milk and rum down my throat and put me to bed; but four days and four nights passed before I could sleep.

I am well but no one believes it. I do not like the hospital. I shall be thankful to be at home, in Clohars-Carnoët.

On the *Charny* a man was with me who had escaped from the *Léon Gambetta*. We spoke of destiny; *he had escaped death*.

That first day when we were crowded together on the raft I saw that same man. He was in the sea 500 meters away from us. *It was his destiny to die.*

Shear Nonsense

War-time Stories.

The crop of humorous war stories in England appears to be largest as the distance from the front grows. Here is a sample collection from issues of *Titbits*.

The other day at the Front a hand grenade whizzed toward an Irishman's head. Pat dodged it with a low bow, and it went by, taking off the head of a man behind him.

"Faith," exclaimed Pat, "ye niver knew a man to lose anything by bein' perlite!"

A soldier who has been twice wounded, on the last occasion of injury was in the trenches, when suddenly a man by his side was hit in the wrist. Clapping his hand upon the wound, he exclaimed:

"Got it! I've been waiting for this since last August." Then, putting his left hand into his pocket, he pulled out a mouth-organ, and played "Home, Sweet Home."

Who but an English Tommy could or would do that?

A local Territorial was placed on guard for the first time. About midnight he observed a shadowy form approaching from the distance. Fulfilling his duty, he immediately presents and shouts: "Halt! Who goes there?"

A somewhat husky voice replies: "Shut up! I ain't going, I'm coming back!"

A soldier whose head and face were heavily swathed in bandages, and who obviously had had a bad time, was being feelingly sympathized with by the solicitous lady.

"And were you wounded in the head, my poor fellow?"

"No, ma'am," Tommy replied. "I was wounded in the ankle, but the bandages slipped."

"Bang!" went the rifles at the maneuvers. "Oo-oo!" screamed the pretty girl—a nice, decorous, surprised little scream. She stepped backward into the arms of a young man.

"Oh!" said she, blushing. "I was frightened by the rifles. I beg your pardon."

"Not at all," said the young man. "Let's go over and watch the artillery."



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All advertising that is fraudulent or questionable, whether financial, medical or any other; all advertising that is indecent, vulgar or suggestive either in theme or treatment; that is "blind" or ambiguous in wording and calculated to mislead; that makes false, unwarranted or exaggerated claims; that makes uncalled-for reflections on competitors or competitive goods; that makes misleading free offers; all advertising to laymen of products containing habit-forming or dangerous drugs; all advertising that makes remedial, relief or curative claims, either directly or by inference,

that are not justified by the facts or common experience; and any other advertising that may cause money loss to the reader or injury in health or morals or loss of confidence in reputable advertising and honorable business.

RESOLVED that we recognize our own obligation as advertisers to conform to these principles.

RESOLVED that we urge upon all publishers and upon all sellers of advertising space or service, a strict adherence to these principles and that in so far as the exigencies of our individual business will permit, we direct our advertising to those mediums which make the observance of these principles their rule and practice.

The Association of National Advertisers represents the leading advertisers of America. They stand as one man behind these resolutions. They are determined to do everything in their power to

MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE ADVERTISING FRAUD TO LIVE

At one of the military camps some recruits were being put through the riding test. One man didn't know much about horses, but trusted to luck to get through. He had not properly adjusted his saddle, and on mounting he swung—saddle and all—right under the horse's body between its legs, where he was suspended for a few seconds.

"Hi, there!" yelled the non-com., in derision, "call that riding, do you?"

"Oh, no, Sergeant," was the instant answer, "that's a new trick for the Dardanelles. Riding under here's a fine protection from the sun."

While a sergeant of the — regiment was engaged with a company of National Reservists a short time ago in physical drill, a drill that demands, to say the least of it, a small amount of agility, a private, who looked as if he had been younger in his days, complained to the non-commissioned officer in charge that he was too old for that sort of practice.

"How old are you?" said the instructor.

"Forty-three," said the private.

"Why," exclaimed the instructor, "the Romans used to do this sort of thing at the age of sixty."

"That may be," said the private, "but I'm not a Roman, I'm a Wesleyan."

"Look here," said the sergeant to a very raw recruit, "to-morrow the colonel is coming to inspect you, and I hope you will answer the questions promptly."

"I will do my best, sir," said Muggins.

"Now," said the sergeant, "the first question he will ask is, 'How old are you, my man?' You will reply, 'Twenty-five.' He will then say, 'How long have you been in the service?' You will say, 'Three months, sir.' He will then say, 'Are your clothing and rations in every way satisfactory to you?' You will say, 'Both, sir.'

Muggins kept repeating this for the remainder of the day, till he had it all perfect for the morrow.

The colonel arrived, and Muggins was duly called out. "How long have you been in the service, my man?" was the colonel's first question.

"Twenty-five years, sir," promptly replied Muggins.

The colonel opened his eyes very wide.

"How old are you then, my man?"

"Three months, sir."

The colonel foamed with rage, and yelled:

"Are you a fool, my man, or am I?"

"Both, sir."

The soldier was telling the workman about a battle that he had once been in that had lasted from eight o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night. His description was most graphic, and he became very enthusiastic as he lived through the stirring scenes again.

"There's one thing I can't understand about the story," said the workman, slowly, when he had finished. "You say that the battle began at eight o'clock in the morning and lasted until seven o'clock at night?"

"Yes, that's so," was the reply.

"Then," retorted the workman, with a puzzled air, "what I can't make out is, how did you manage about your dinner-hour?"

Andrew Lang on Advertising.

"When a goose lays an egg," said Mr. Lang, "she just waddles off as if she was ashamed of it—because she is a goose. When a hen lays an egg—ah, she calls heaven and earth to witness it! The hen is a natural-born advertizer. Hence the demand for hens' eggs exceeds the demand for goose eggs, and the hen has all the business she can attend to."

General Funston's Jolt.

While General Funston guards the Mexican border, this story told on himself is revived from the *Sunday Fiction Magazine*.

As commander of the southern department, United States Army, he was the guest of honor at a banquet given by the leading citizens of San Antonio. He was referred to in very laudatory terms by the different speakers of the evening.

In his reply to these expressions of fulsome flattery, General Funston denied that he was a hero, a great man or a great soldier.

"If I ever had any idea that I was a hero, it was taken out of me when I first came back from the Philippines by a Kansas City barber," he said, with a broad smile. "I had just arrived in Kansas City and went to a shop to have my beard trimmed before visiting my parents. My picture had been in the papers considerably just previous to that time. I noted the barber looked at me rather closely in that way one man has of sizing up another."

"When did you get in?" he asked, as he went to work on my beard.

"I told him that I had arrived on an early morning train."

"Where are you from?" was the next question. I told him that I was from down in Allen County, Kansas. That seemed to satisfy him and he went to work. After he had finished the job he asked:

"Did you know who I thought you were when you first came in?"

"I thought you were that d— false alarm, Funston."

A Discouraged Weather Prophet.

In a certain town the Chicago *News* tells of the local forecaster of the weather who was so often wrong that his predictions became a standing joke, to his no small annoyance, for he was very sensitive. At length, in despair of living down his reputation, he asked headquarters to transfer him to another station.

A brief correspondence ensued.

"Why," asked headquarters "do you want to be transferred?"

"Because," the forecaster promptly replied, "the climate doesn't agree with me."

He Tempered the Law.

The late Deaa Pigou had a fine collection of stories, and he loved to retail them. One, quoted by London *Titbits*, concerned the reverend, who was a latitudinarian in matrimonial matters. It was his business to settle all questions connected with banns, and he was examined with severity when it was found that he had allowed the dean to marry a man to his deceased wife's sister.

"Well," he replied, "one of the parties was eighty-four and t'other eighty-six. I says to myself, 'Lord, it can't last long—let 'em wed, and bother the laws!'"

Women's Club and Shakespeare's Centenary.

A literary club was recently organized by women in a suburban town, not specified by the N. Y. *Times-Magazine*, which relates the story. For a while everything went along beautifully.

One evening, while the Browns were having dinner, Mr. Brown asked:

"Well, Inez, did you have a pleasant meeting at your club this afternoon?"

"Oh, yes, dear," replied Mrs. Brown with great enthusiasm. "It was really a splendid meeting. About the best we have had, I think."

"Indeed," said the husband, who was not a firm believer in women's clubs, "what was the topic under discussion to-day?"

Mrs. Brown couldn't seem to remember at first. Finally, however, she exclaimed triumphantly:

"Oh, yes, I remember! We discussed that brazen-looking woman with red hair that's just moved in across the street, and Shakespeare."

Conductorette on the Job.

While the men are off to the front *Titbits* notes that the repartee of the conductorette may not be so full-blooded as that of her male counterpart, but its rapiere-like qualities are decidedly more effective.

"Alloa, Ethel!" shouted a jovial carman to one of the fare ladies one chilly morning recently. "Feeling cold, old dear? Why don't cher turn yer collar up like me?"

"Well, you see," sweetly replied the girl, "I've got a clean neck."

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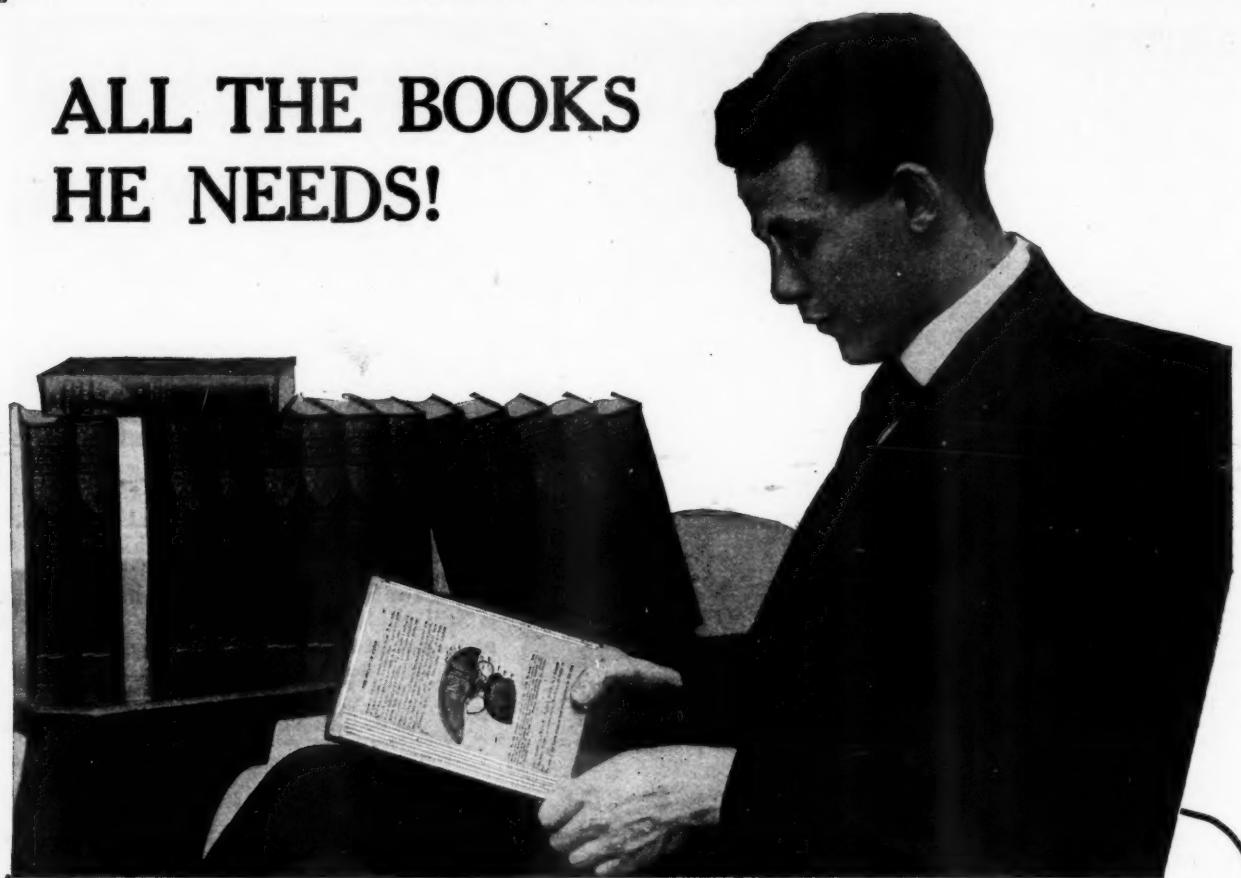
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